LIFE



PEGGY LLOYD

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Those who serve speak their thoughts in letters. They know that the more letters they send, the more they get back! The Voyager will help speed their precious words to you.

A convenient, compact and complete writing kit that fits snugly in the duffel bag or sea bag, the Voyager contains all the materials necessary for writing V-Mail letters. Each necessary item is carefully packed in the ready-to-mail kit—so you can send it quickly, easily and safely. The Voyager will be useful to men and women in service. Send a Voyager today to a service man or woman stationed in the United States. They'll use it now for writing V-Mail letters to their friends who are already overseas. And—when they are sent to fighting fronts themselves, they'll take it along and use it for speeding V-Mail letters to you! Don't wait until a service man or woman is sent out of the country—send them the Voyager now. (The Voyager can not be mailed overseas to Army men unless requested, and the request approved by a Commanding Officer. It can be sent to men in the Navy, Marines and Coast Guard anywhere without any request.) Wherever they go—they'll want to write as well as fight! Get a Voyager for yourself! . . . a convenient V-Mail writing kit for the home!

Use V-Mail . . . the safe Speed-Mail! V-Mail letters are photographed in strictest privacy on 16 mm. film—flown overseas by plane—reproduced and delivered in a fraction of the time ship mail takes!

V-Black Skrip is the writing fluid for V-Mail use. Black photographs best. V-Black Skrip writes black—stays black! Insures legibility when your letter is delivered! Quick-drying, free-flowing, keeps pens clean by not allowing them to get dirty! W. A. Sheaffer Pen Co., Fort Madison, Iowa; Toronto, Ontario, Canada.

***Listen to* SHEAFFER'S WORLD NEWS PARADE with UPTON CLOSE • *NBC Network*—Sundays 3:15 P. M. E. W. T.**

Contents: V-Black Skrip, Fineline leads—Black for V-Mail, 50 V-Mail letter forms, pen wiper, calendar, ruler and pen care instruction card—in sturdy fiber container.

SHEAFFER'S

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You're in the Army now,
You're not behind the plow,
While doing the hitch
Fight flakes and itch . . .

IT MAY BE

Infectious Dandruff

Get after it now with LISTERINE ANTISEPTIC

That's a swell treatment whether you're in the Service or out, whether you're a man or a woman. It's the tested treatment that has helped so many to control this troublesome condition.

Kills "Bottle Bacillus"

Just douse Listerine Antiseptic on scalp and hair twice daily and follow with vigorous and persistent massage. What coolness! What freshness! And what germ-killing power!

The minute Listerine Antiseptic hits the scalp it starts to kill millions of germs accompanying infectious dandruff including the "bottle bacillus." This ugly little customer is held, by numerous dermatologists, to be a causative agent of infectious dandruff.

Don't Delay. Start Now!

After a few treatments you'll be delighted to see how quickly flakes and scales, inflammation and itching begin to disappear. That is what 76% of dandruff sufferers found in a carefully supervised test.

If you have any of these symptoms don't delay. Start now. Remember, the infectious type of dandruff is a germ infection and, naturally, calls for germ-killing treatment. Remember, Listerine Antiseptic is the same antiseptic that has been famous for more than 60 years in the field of oral hygiene. Lambert Pharmacal Co.

the Tested Treatment

Dear Mom:
One of the things I miss most in Camp is that good old Listerine Tooth Paste that does such a nifty job of cleansing and makes your mouth feel so clean. For Pete's sake, mail me a tube—the Post Exchange is sold out.

This One
6FDN-99P-U8XQ

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LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

TEXAS SHORTCHANGED?

Sirs:

In your article on the "Not-So-Solid South" (LIFE, May 3) you refer to Texas as being 74% white and 16% Negro.

What happened to the other 10%?

JOHN FOX

Memphis, Tenn.

Sirs:

In LIFE's map on the "Not-So-Solid South" the box carrying data captioned "Texas" states:

Population:
White—74%
Negro—16%

The math authorities at the University of Chicago, without exception, maintain the correct total of the two figures above indicated is 90%.

I am aware that Texas car-hops and former Governors are difficult to count, but I had no idea they amounted to 10% or 641,842 persons.

R. P. JONES

Chicago, Ill.

Sirs:

I have no doubt that this has already been called to your attention by many readers, but you make the great state of Texas, my former home, suh, only 90% alive!

AUGUSTA LEE POWERS

Akron, Ohio

● LIFE's statistic on the population of Texas was correct. Texas is the only state in the South which has a large percentage of people who are neither white nor Negro, but Mexicans of Indian stock.—ED.

SOUTH AFRICA

Sirs:

The photographic essay on the Union of South Africa (LIFE, May 3) was remarkable publicity for that Dominion. I have seen LIFE in a great many South African homes, Afrikaans-speaking homes as well as English-speaking homes, and South Africans will fully appreciate the compliment of LIFE's interest in themselves and their country. Above all, they will welcome the generous tribute to the Union's war effort and to South Africa's soldiers whose long and bitter fighting in this war has taken place largely out of the limelight.

It seems such a pity, therefore, that the great goodwill which one senses in this essay should, in part, be destroyed by unqualified and misleading statements about the treatment of the Natives. It is not true that Natives who do not pay the $4-a-year tax "may be jailed, whipped or recruited for the gold mines." Tax defaulters, whites as well as Natives, may in very bad cases be fined or jailed after being given every opportunity to defend themselves in a court of justice, but the suggestion that Natives are "whipped" for that default is so fantastically untrue that it almost beggars comment. Natives voluntarily go and work in the gold mines or in any other South African industry, and they are not "rented in batches from the tribal kings." Every cent of the $4 tax goes into the Native Development Fund to which the Treasury annually contributes large sums.

It is just as misleading to state that "the South African Negro, in general, eats less and dies earlier than any other Negro in the world." There is malnutrition in some areas, just as there is amongst whites in some of the older countries, but the Native Affairs Department, in cooperation with the Department of Public Health, is keenly alive to this problem and has already done much to alleviate it. A scientifically balanced diet is provided for the mineworkers. Census figures show that South Africa's Native population is steadily increasing. Generally speaking, the standard of life of the South African Natives compares very favorably with that of the peasant class of many of the older European countries. The average South African farmer-employer usually works as hard as his hired Native servants.

There are other minor misstatements, including the one that the Dutch Reformed Church (some of whose leading men have studied in America) considers modern machines "atheistic!" But as a "Boer" myself I must say a word for our "humorless...icy-eyed Calvinists." American visitors, whom South Africa welcomes in goodly numbers in peacetime, will find in the Afrikaans-speaking homes of the Union life, laughter and a warmth of hospitality and human sympathy and understanding that will delight their hearts.

HENRY M. MOOLMAN

Legation of the Union of South Africa
Washington, D. C.

Sirs:

In the May 3 issue of LIFE you show an interesting group of photographs taken in South Africa. One was a picture of an old Dutch farmhouse built in 1796. The caption read: "This lovely architecture is pure Afrikaans, with a faint Flemish origin."

With that photograph from far-off South Africa in mind, you probably will be interested to see a picture of the clubhouse on the young women's suburban campus of Boston University's College of Practical Arts and Letters. The buildings seem to be almost identical.



AFRIKAANS FLEMISH



AMERICAN FLEMISH

Quite probably the Flemish influence which made them so much alike is much more than faint.

T. L. DAVIS
Dean

College of Practical Arts & Letters
Boston University
Boston, Mass.

HALLORAN'S FORERUNNER

Sirs:

In your article on Halloran Hospital in the May 3 issue of LIFE you show wonderful pictures of the full resources of modern medicine and surgery in its 83 buildings and 4,750 beds, 3,800 miles from the battlefield.

To dramatize what all this means, I give you a comparison with former times by the enclosed following quotation from *Reminiscences* by Carl Schurz, volume three, page 39:

"At Gettysburg the wounded, many thousands of them, were carried to the farmsteads behind our lines. The houses, the barns, the sheds, and the open barnyards were crowded with moaning and wailing human beings, and still an

(continued on p. 4)

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"Just getting the wire laid was a tough problem. Keeping it intact in bombings, shellings and adverse weather is a twenty-four-hour proposition. . . . Wire repair crews are made up of four men. Three stand guard while the other works."
(From story by Sgt. James W. Hurlbut, Marine Corps Combat Correspondent)

Telephone Exchange on Guadalcanal

Marine communications men built it under fire. And it has been kept built. The "Guadalcanal Tel & Tel" covers well over a thousand miles of wire.

That is where some of your telephone material went. It's fighting on other fronts, too. We're getting along with less here so they can have more over there.

Telephone lines are life-lines and production lines in a war. Thanks for helping to keep the Long Distance wires open for vital calls to war-busy centers.

WAR CALLS COME FIRST

BELL TELEPHONE SYSTEM

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We're All in Step!

As "Sandy" goes to war, his masters work for Victory here at home. Men and boys alike, Rely on Reliance Ensenada Suits. Practical and long-wearing—Ensenadas are in step with the times. Finest values in smartly tailored shirts and slacks — plain or two-tone combinations, in blues, browns, greens and tans. "In-and-outer" shirts, with short or long sleeves. Buy genuine Ensenada Slack Suits at Reliance dealers everywhere —and take your change in War Stamps!

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Reliance ENSENADA

LETTERS TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

unceasing procession of stretchers and ambulances was coming in from all sides to augment the number of the sufferers. A heavy rain set in during the day and large numbers had to remain unprotected in the open, there being no room left under roof. I saw long rows of men lying under the eaves of the buildings, the water pouring down upon their bodies in streams. Most of the operating tables were placed in the open where the light was best, some of them partially protected against the rain by tarpaulins or blankets stretched upon poles. There stood the surgeons, their sleeves rolled up to the elbows, their bare arms as well as their linen aprons smeared with blood, their knives not seldom held between their teeth, while they were helping a patient on or off the table, or had their hands otherwise occupied; around them pools of blood and amputated arms or legs in heaps, sometimes more than man-high. Antiseptic methods were still unknown at that time. As a wounded man was lifted on the table, often shrieking with pain as the attendants handled him, the surgeon quickly examined the wound and resolved upon cutting off the injured limb. Some ether was administered and the body put in position in a moment. The surgeon snatched his knife from between his teeth, where it had been while his hands were busy, wiped it rapidly once or twice across his blood-stained apron, and the cutting began. The operation accomplished, the surgeon would look around with a deep sigh, and then—'Next!'"

L. R. HIRSCH
New Orleans, La.

STALIN'S TRIBUTE

Sirs:

I wonder if you have seen the enclosed tribute to LIFE's Russian issue which appeared in the May 5 issue of the New York *Times:*

"*Wireless to the New York Times.* Moscow, May 4—It was said in American diplomatic circles today that Ambassador William H. Standley had received a personal message of appreciation from Premier Stalin in thanks for a copy of an issue of LIFE Magazine devoted to Russia, which the envoy had sent to the Kremlin."

This doesn't say much but is probably the highest praise you have received for the issue. The Russians are notoriously reserved in official utterances.

THOMAS L. BENSINGER
Elizabeth, N. J.

PUZZLING LEGS

Sirs:

As a charter reader of LIFE I always feel disgruntled when you leave me guessing. Like in the layout on Columnist Sidney Skolsky in the May 3 issue



HIDDEN ACTRESS

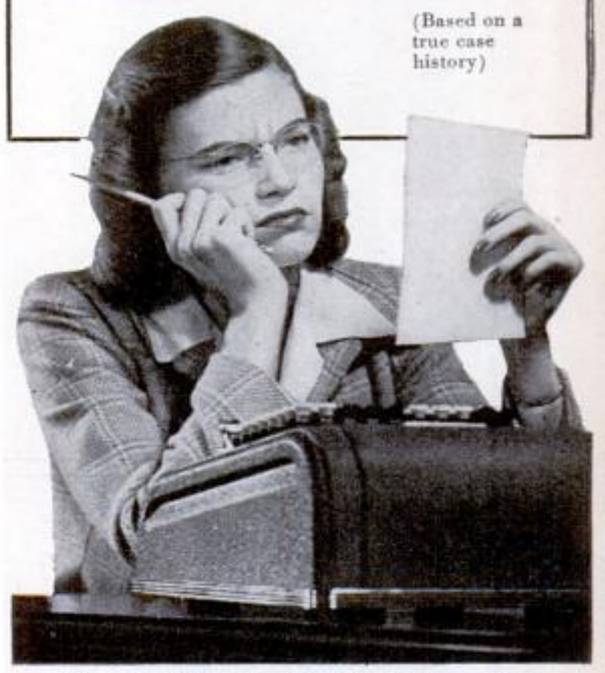
where you show him buttoning (or unbuttoning) the chemise of Miss Lillian Porter. Does Skolsky always carry an extra pair of legs around with him, or who owns the disembodied pair which appear in the background?

LT. (j. g.) ALFRED WRIGHT JR.
San Francisco, Calif.

● Actress Jean Gale, a friend of Miss Porter's. Above, a picture of Miss Gale in her entirety.—ED.

But 12 and 4 can't make 18!

(Based on a true case history)



I'M A COMPTOMETER OPERATOR, and a very good one. But when I began to make such silly mistakes, I knew that something was wrong. The figures would dance in front of my eyes. Reading—even at home—became uncomfortable . . . *difficult!* Could it be my glasses?



TO MAKE SURE, I went back to have my eyes examined again. "Your prescription is correct," I was told, "but your eyes are sensitive to glare." Soft-Lite Lenses were prescribed. Now, not only has my work improved, but I know what real eye comfort is!

Is glare playing tricks with your eyes?

Glare alone may often be the enemy that sabotages your sight. Many people, accurately fitted with glasses, nevertheless continue to complain of strain, headaches and other signs of defective vision. For them, the needed correction in Soft-Lite Lenses is often prescribed.

ASK ABOUT SOFT-LITE

Soft-Lite Lenses are scientifically designed to filter out glare. When ground to your individual prescription, they provide the needed correction plus the comfort of glare-free vision. Soft-Lite Lenses are made by Bausch & Lomb, are available in single-vision and bifocal forms. They are slightly flesh-toned, therefore less conspicuous and better looking. Ask about them when your eyes are examined.



There is only one Soft-Lite—identified by this certificate.

Soft-Lite Lenses

Soft-Lite Lens Company, Inc.
745 Fifth Avenue, New York

AMERICA NEEDS YOUR EYES

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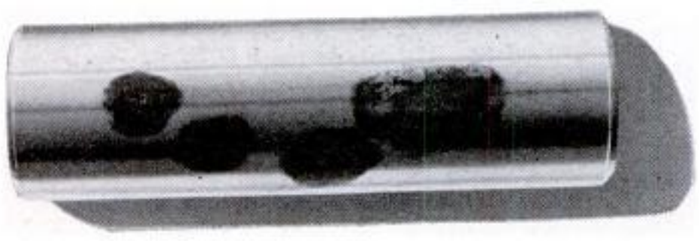
The hand with a telltale touch



THOSE SKILLED, SENSITIVE fingers belong to one of Packard's finest precision craftsmen.

Just the man, you'd think, for the most exacting work—like finishing the microscopically-accurate wrist pins for Packard-built Rolls-Royce aircraft engines and PT boat motors.

You'd be right, except for one thing. This man's perspiration happens to be slightly acid. Even a fingerprint from his touch is enough to ruin a wrist pin.



Engine wrist pin—ruined by an acid touch

For these vital engine parts are polished to such incredible smoothness that the slightest touch of acid will spoil their mirror-like finish. Sooner or later, that blemished part will fail.

This is only one example of the unbelievable care that governs every step in making these magnificent engines. From beginning to end, they are machined, inspected and assembled like the finest watches—yet today, Packard is turning them out in *mass-production quantities, by mass-production methods!*

To the men who fight for freedom *in the air*, Packard's output of Rolls-Royce engines means better planes . . . *more* planes. For this versatile engine powers not only Warhawk and Hurricane fighters, but multi-engined Lancaster and Mosquito bombers.

To the men who fight for freedom *on the seas*, the output of Packard marine engines built with the same precision care means more PT boats—more "mighty midgets" to send more enemy tonnage to the bottom.

And to you, this Packard combination of superb craftsmanship with mass production, solidly founded on precision-trained manpower and supervisory personnel, means finer, better Packard cars when this war is over.

Ask The Man Who Owns One

. . . keep your car up to par

See your Packard dealer for a "car health" check-up. He has an ample supply of spare parts and skilled mechanics, proud of their ODT badges.

For qualified buyers, under OPA's recent liberalized rules, brand-new 1942 Packard Clippers are still available—also fine used cars not subject to sales restrictions.

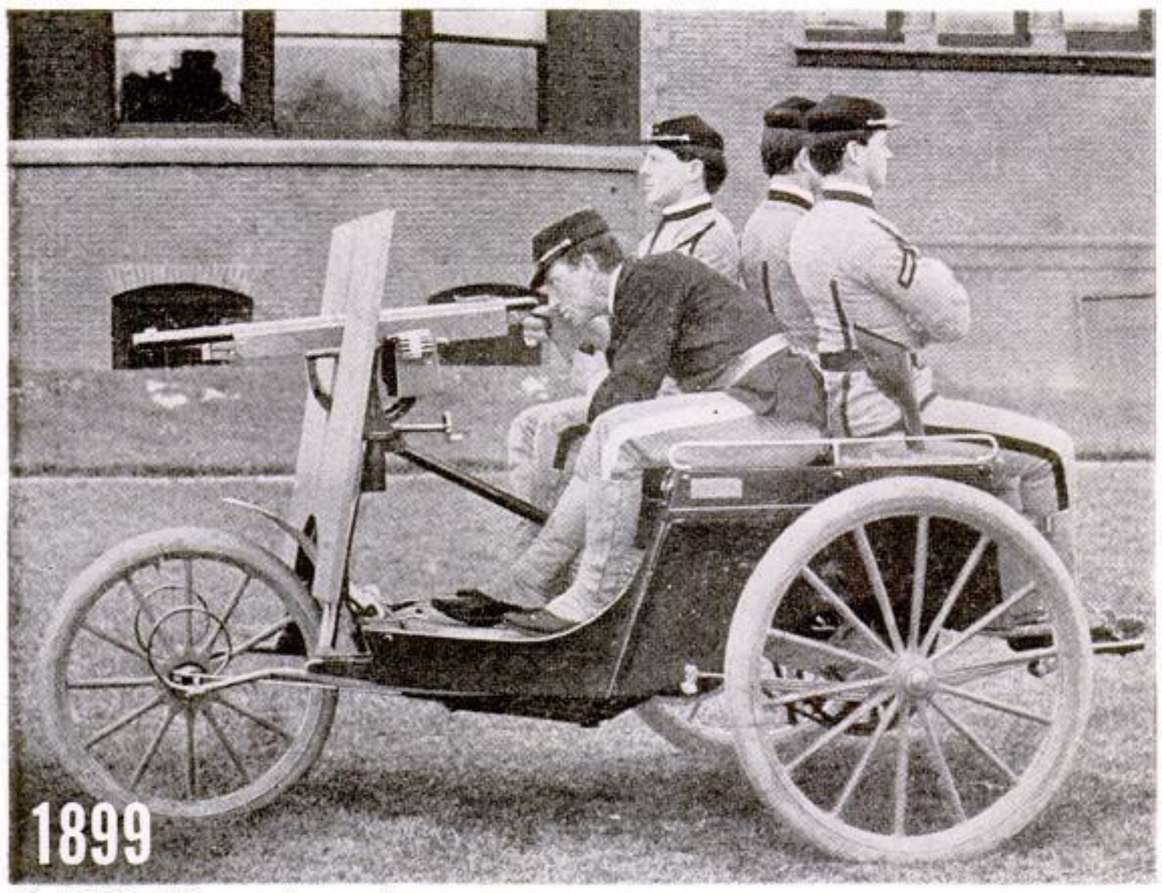


PACKARD

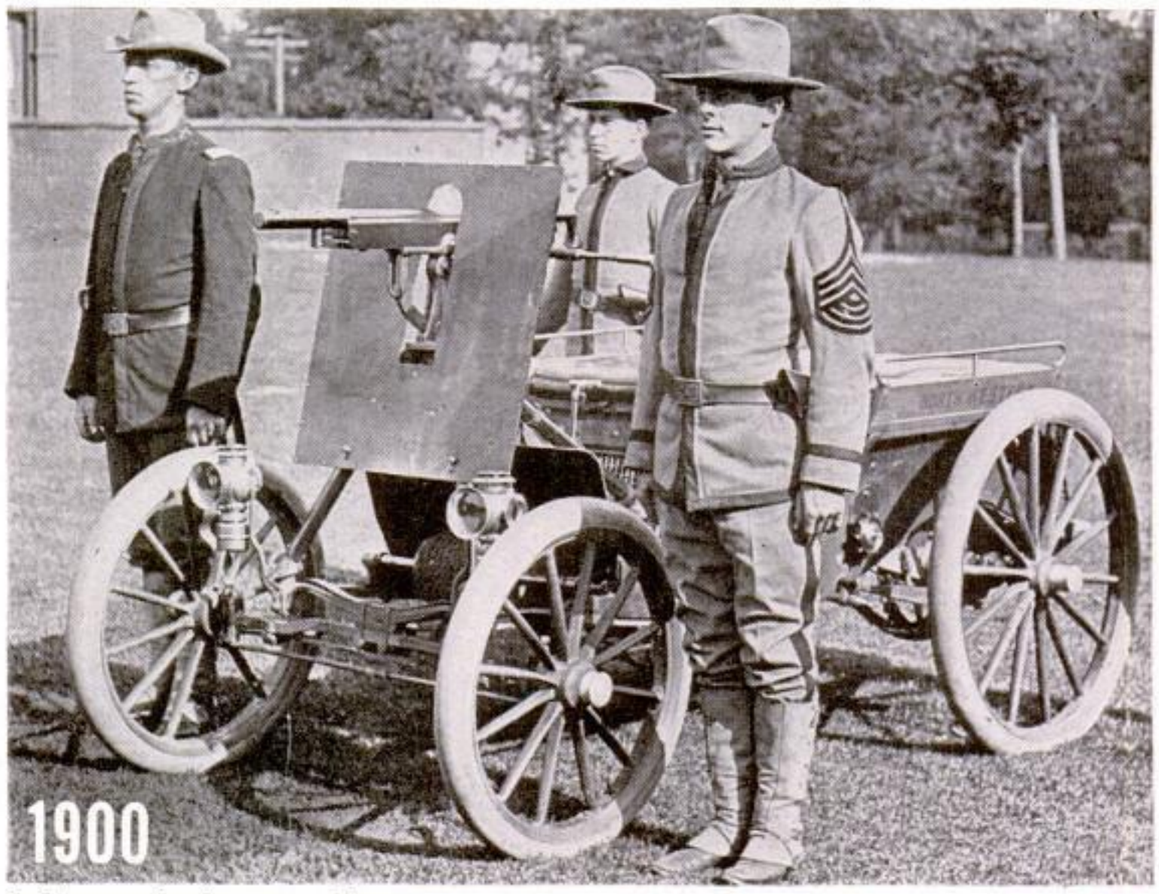
Precision-Built Power



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First U. S. military motor carriage was invented by Major R. P. Davidson. It ran by gasoline, and had a Colt automatic gun mounted on the front. A bulletproof shield protected operator.



An improved motor-gun carriage was soon turned out with four wheels instead of three. A carriage like this tried to make a trip from Chicago to Washington but got stuck in La Porte, Ind.

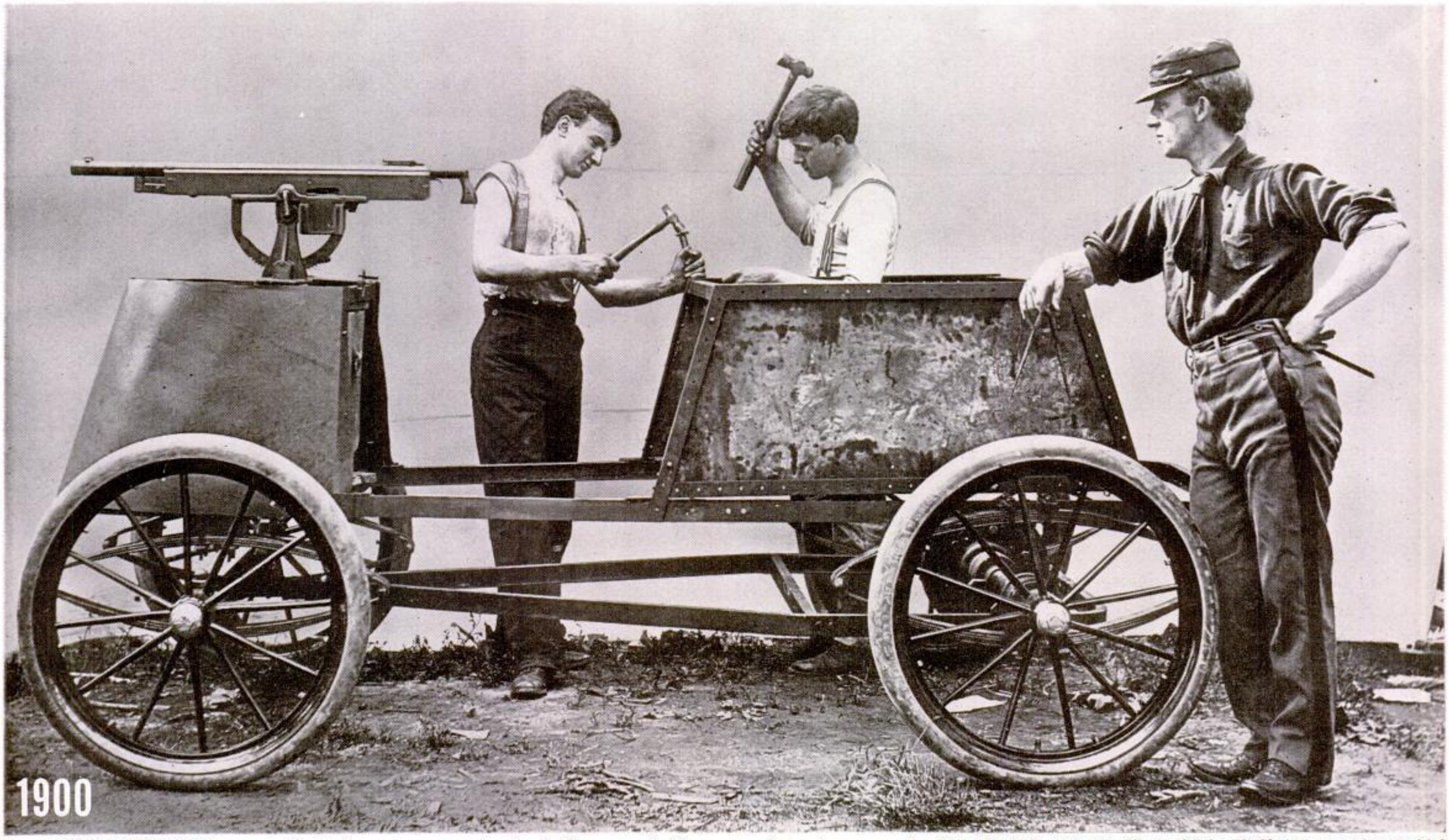
SPEAKING OF PICTURES

. . . THESE SHOW U. S. TANK DEVELOPMENTS

For 3,000 years tanks have played a part in warfare. Their earliest ancestors probably were the war chariots of Greeks and Trojans. Then came elephants used as tanks and armored knights of the Middle Ages. In 1482 Leonardo da Vinci wrote, "I am building covered chariots which are invulnerable, and when they advance with their guns into the midst of the foe, even the largest enemy masses must retreat."

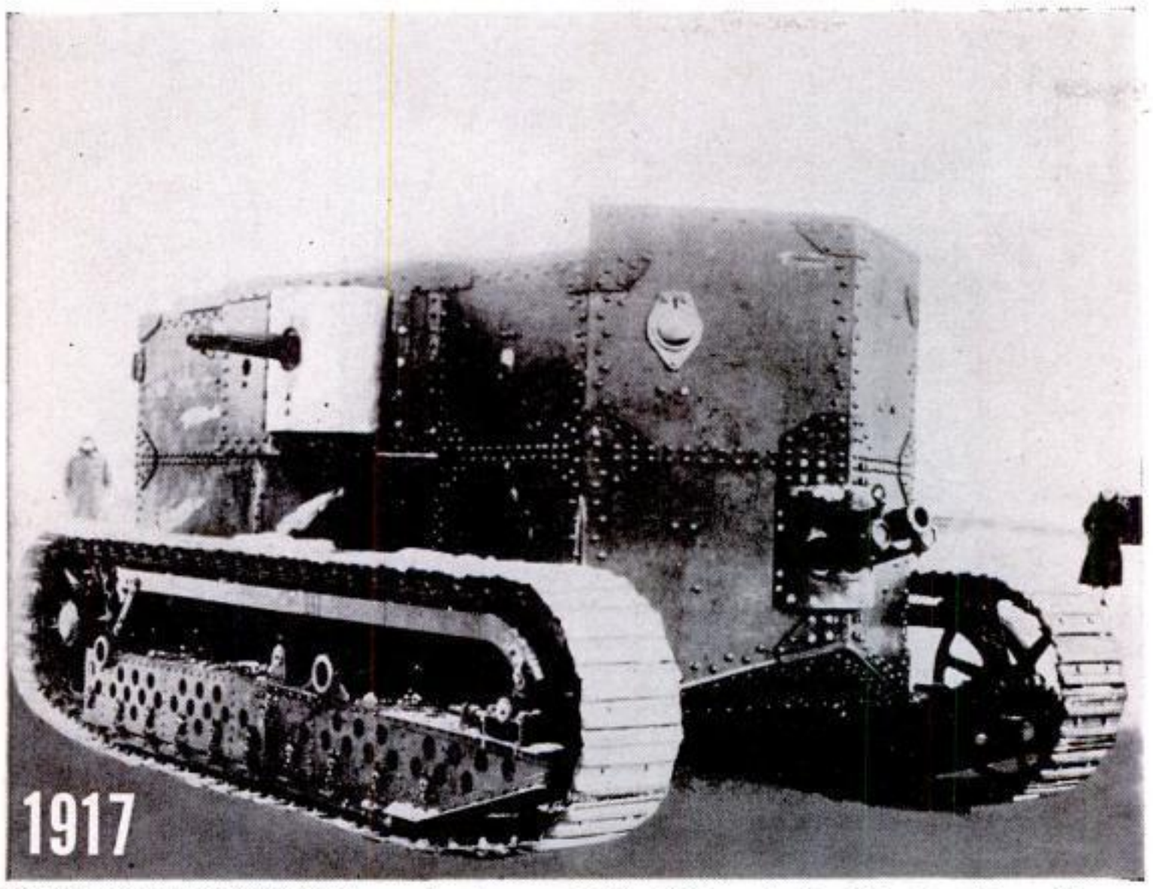
But it was not until the invention of the steam and gasoline engines during the 19th Century that tanks, as we know them today, began to develop. Among the early experiments with guns mounted on automobile carriages were the machines pictured above and below. They were produced by Major R. P. Davidson, commandant of Northwestern Military Academy in 1899. Tanks were first used successfully in war by the British in the battle of Cambrai on Nov. 20, 1917.

The pictures to the right and on the next page show the development of U. S. tanks since 1917. The development process, of course, received a great stimulus from the success of the German armored forces in Poland, France and the Lowlands. But it is a military axiom that every war weapon will eventually find its counter. In World War II, the tank already seems to have more than found its match in the tank-destroyer (*see p. 8*) and the concentrated use of field artillery.

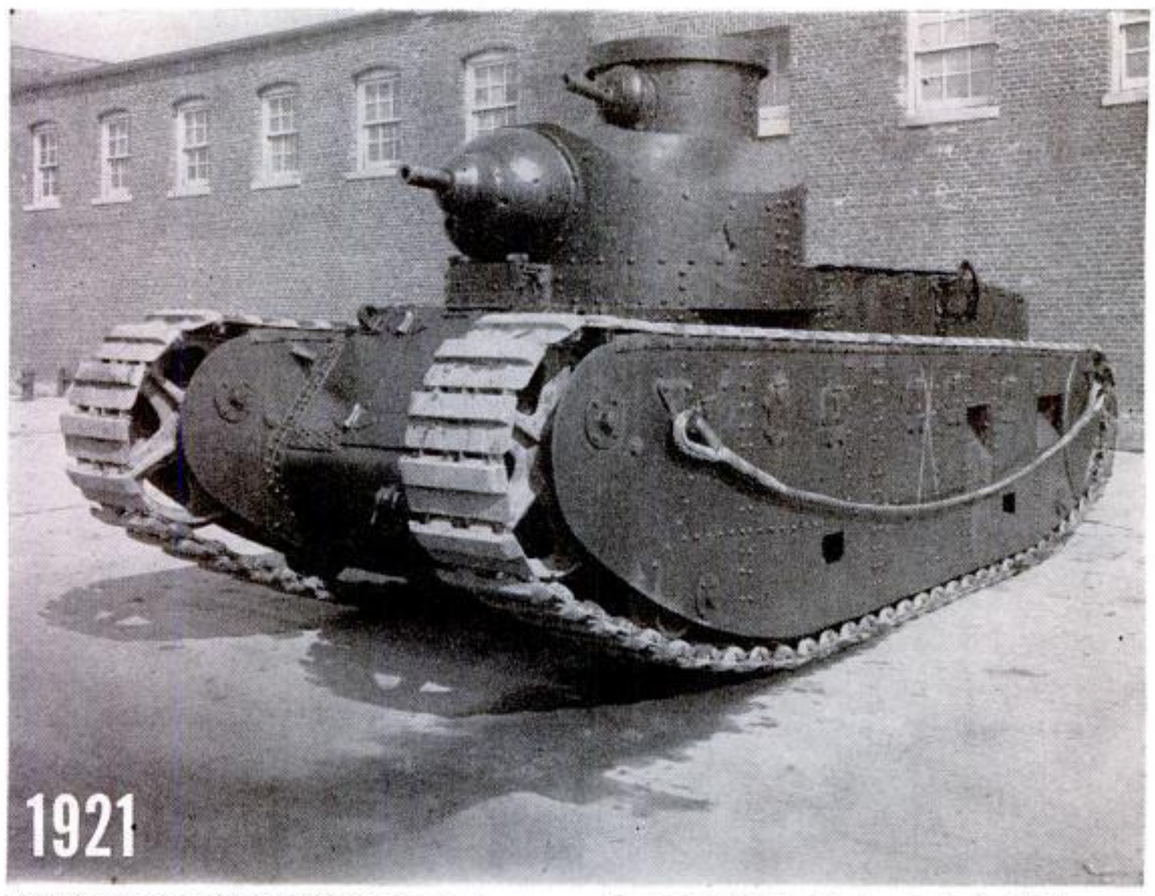


A rounded shield of armor plate was added to the motor gun carriage to give it more protection. Said the New York *Tribune* on July 1, 1900, of this vehicle, "This carriage has never been upset. It will run 30 m. p. h., discharging bullets at the rate of 480 a minute." The pictures above and on the next page were furnished LIFE by Brigadier General John K. Christmas, assistant chief of the Tank-Automotive Center, Detroit, and one of the country's leading experts on tank development. General Christmas had an active part in developing all of the latest U. S. tanks.

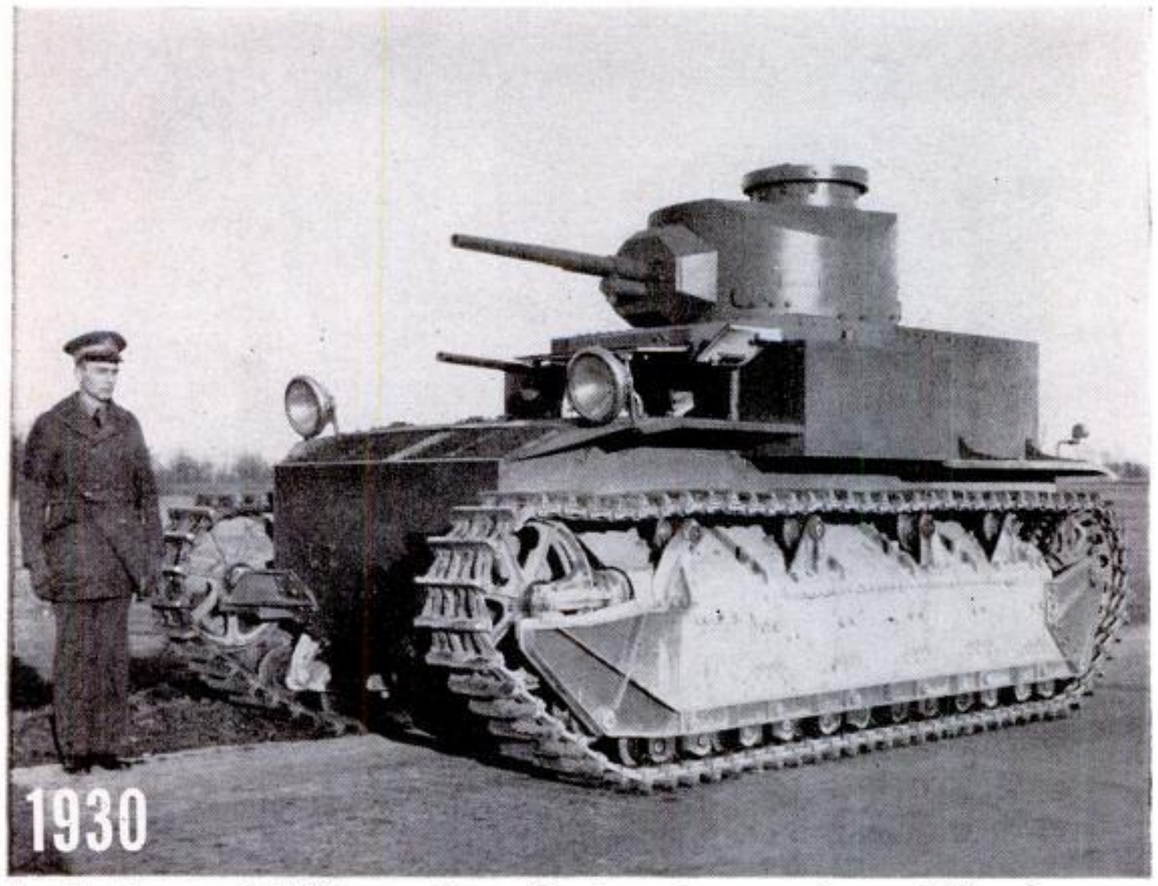
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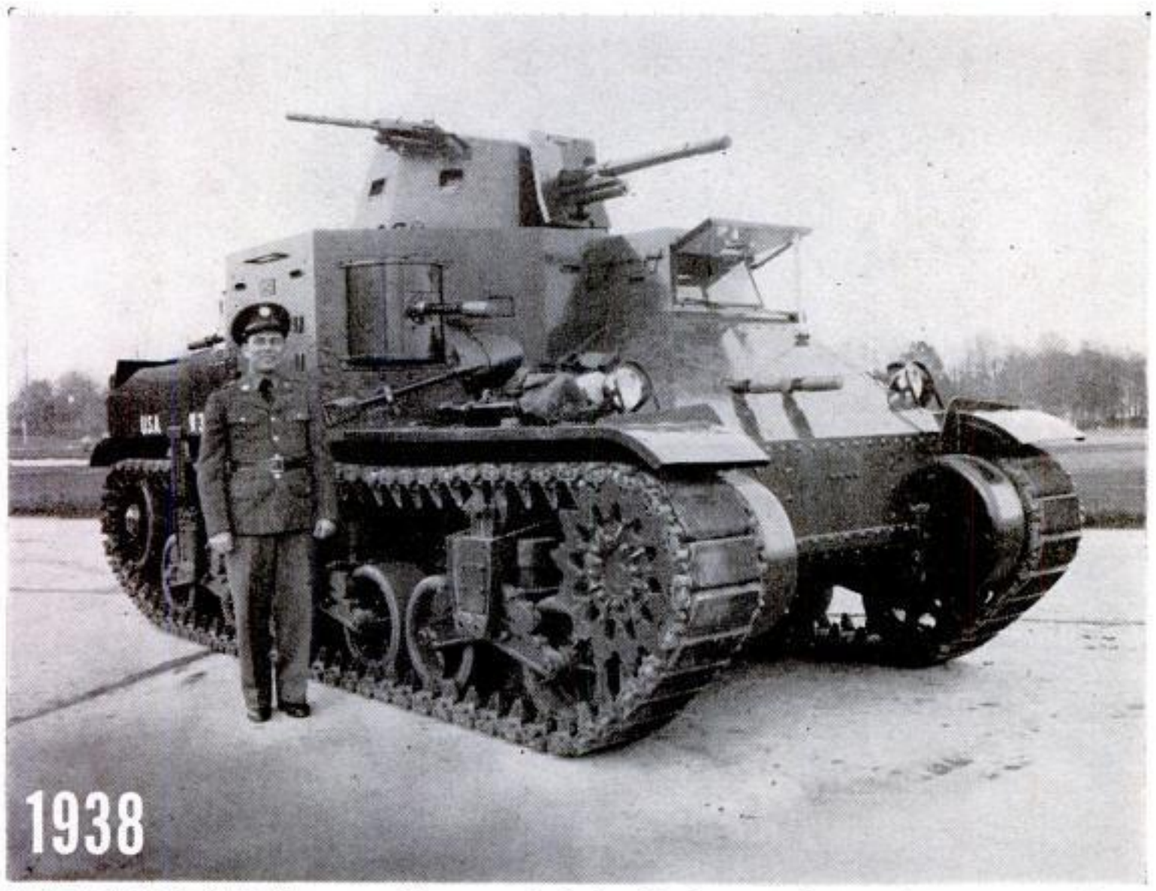
First American medium tank was a development of the Holt agricultural tractor. It was clumsy, lightly-armored, and had a top speed of only 6 m. p. h. It mounted one 2.95-inch Vickers mountain gun, plus several Vickers water-cooled machine guns. It had a semicircular side-gun turret.



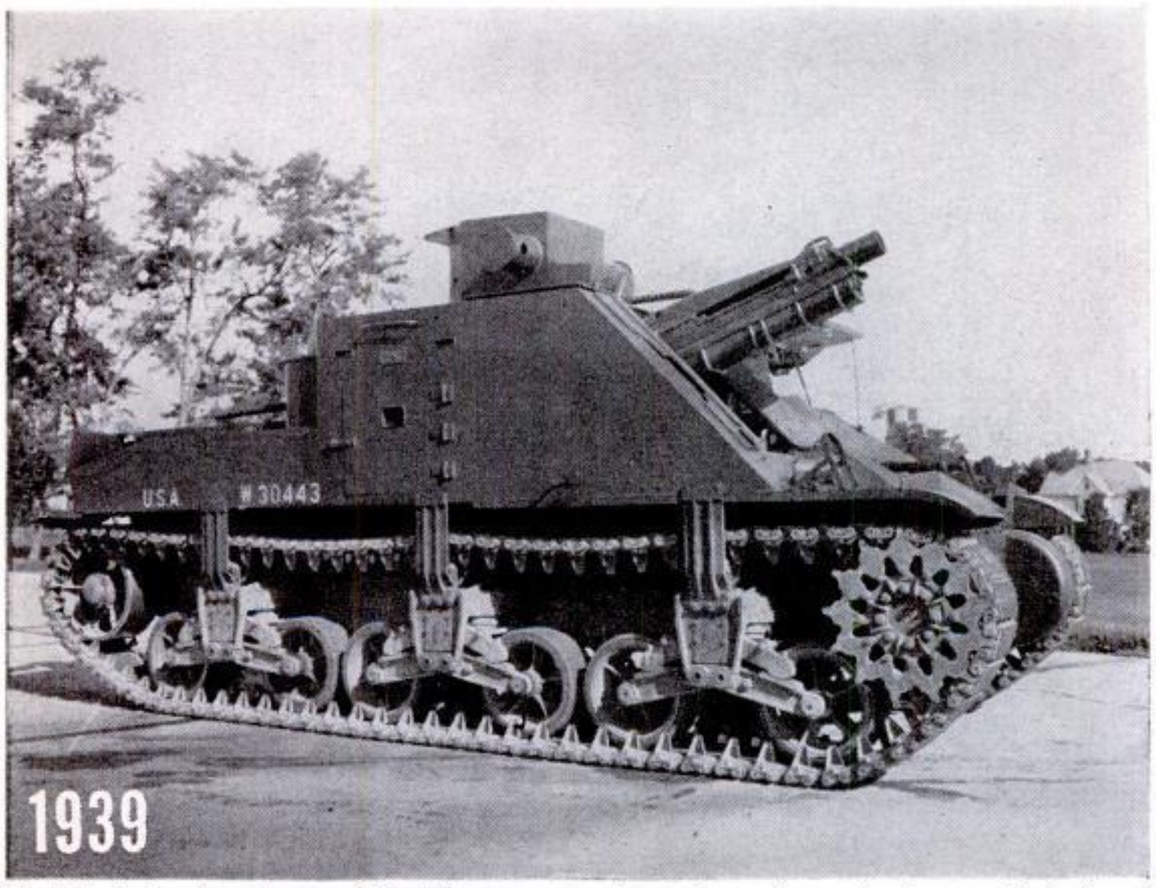
After four years of experiments, this tank appeared in 1921 with double turret, inch-thick armor plate, a speed of 15 m. p. h. and two turret-mounted guns—one 47-mm., one .30-cal. machine gun. Emphasis was on speed and mobility. Light armor plate, now a defect, was then adequate.



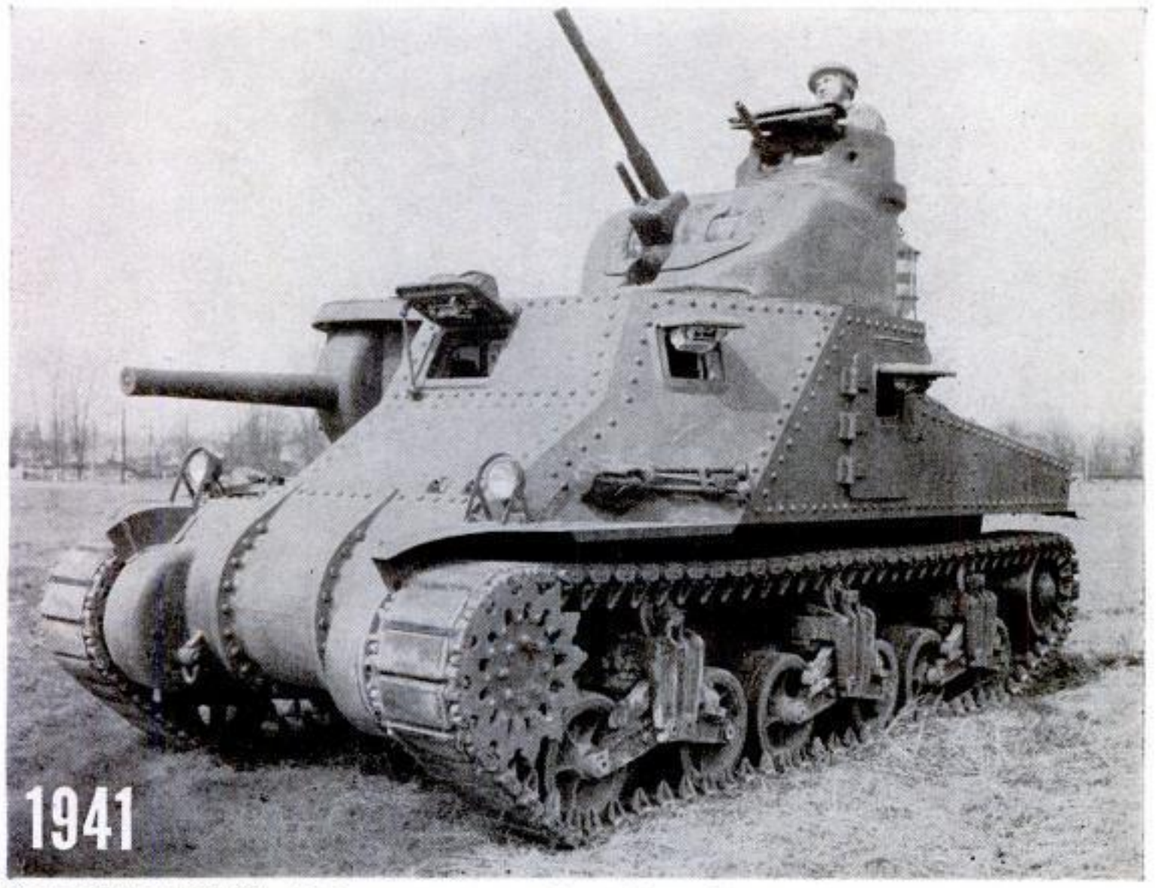
Speed and maneuverability were still considered most important in 1930. This tank went 20 m. p. h., weighed only 15 tons, had 47-mm. and 37-mm. guns. Its thin armor, flat surfaces (offering opportunity for shell penetration) and engine location in front are now considered defects.



First modern U. S. tank appeared in 1938. It had welded armor plate on the turret, simplified high-speed suspension for the track, rubber track blocks, armor castings in rear drive and radial air-cooled engines. Defects were its lack of firepower, its thin armor, and its flat surfaces.



First tank developed around the 75-mm. gun reflects change in tactics from tanks designed to support infantry to tanks fighting on their own. Periscope sights were provided for driving tank and aiming guns, but lack of a revolving turret for the main gun reduced effectiveness.

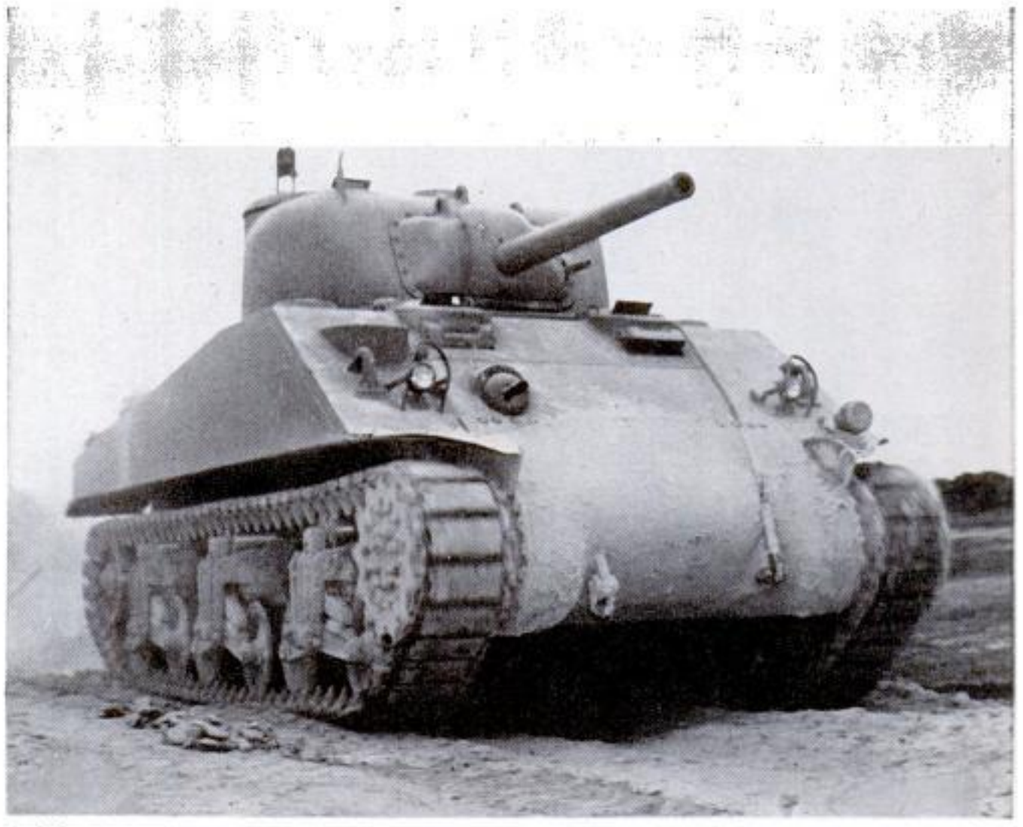


General Grant (M-3) with heavy armor was first U. S. medium tank to fight in World War II. The .75 was now a high-velocity gun. Grant had a cast-armor revolving double turret. Defects were side-turret gun mounting, which cut down firing radius, a high silhouette, riveted armor.

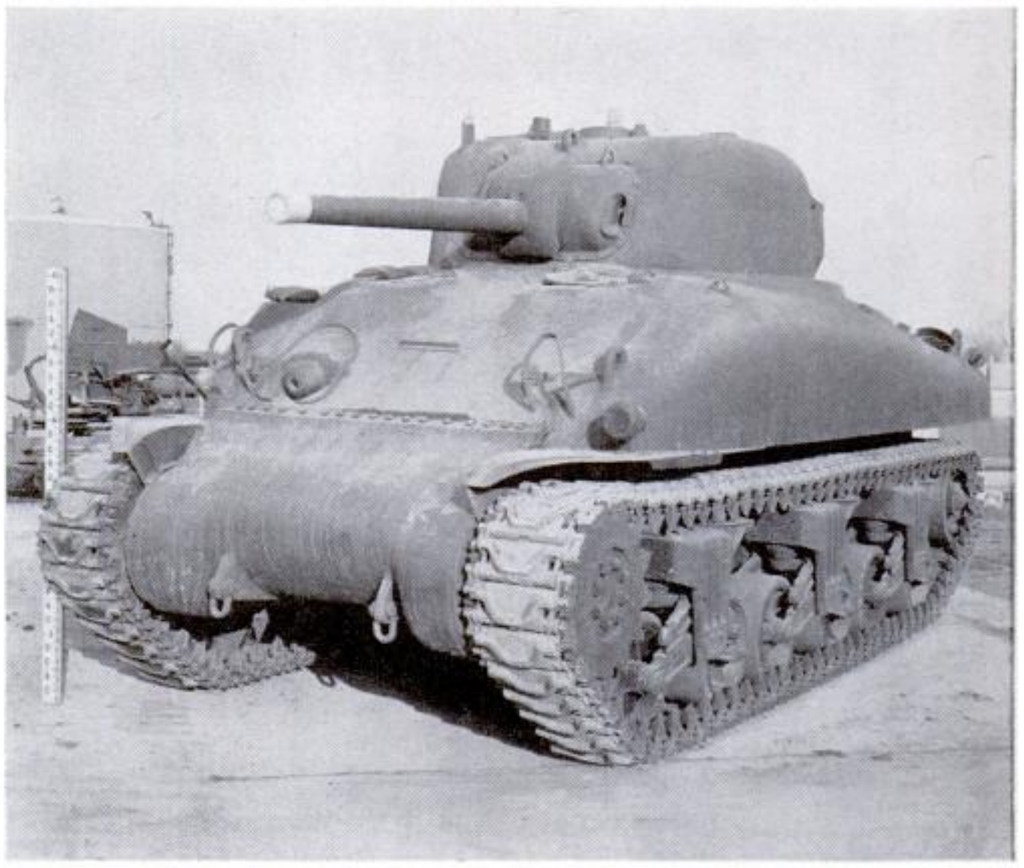
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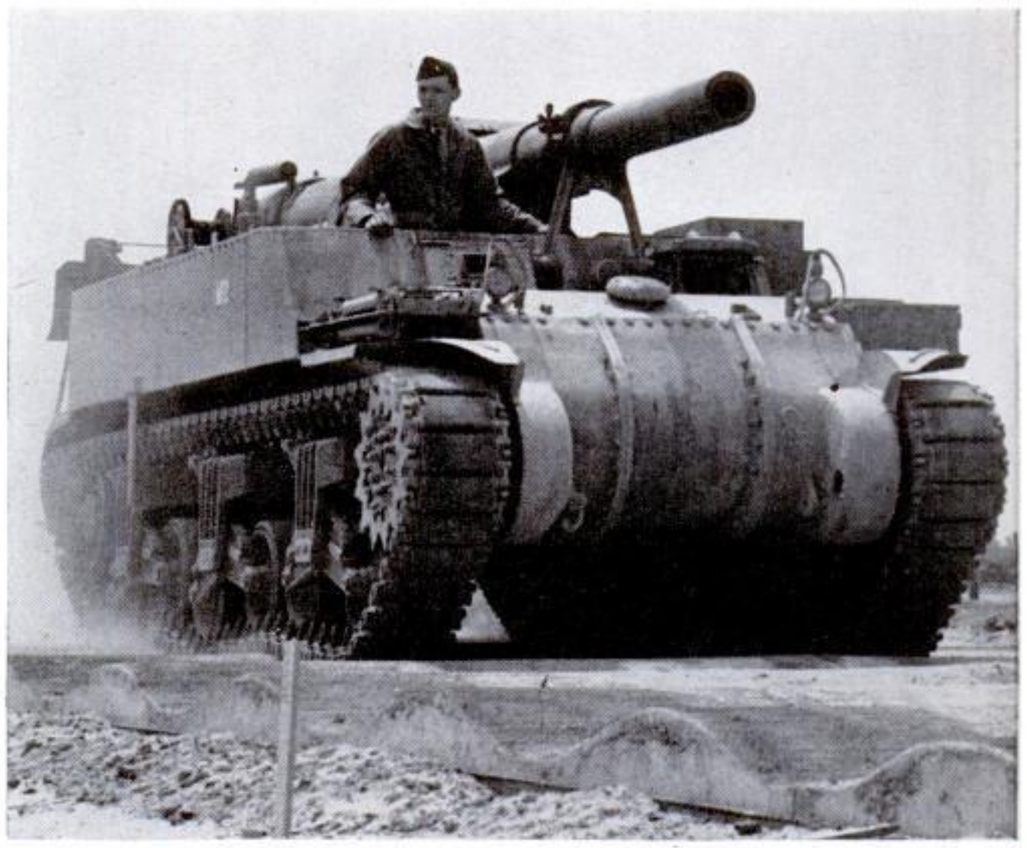
SPEAKING OF PICTURES
(continued)



Original General Sherman M-4 was welded. Still being used in Africa, it is fast and bristles with guns. Double turret is changed to a single turret, silhouette lowered, flat frontal surfaces eliminated. Turret is electrically operated and swings in 360° circle.



New General Sherman M-4 is completely cast, eliminating flat surfaces. It is the best medium tank ever made in U.S. Its silhouette is only nine feet high and its 75-mm. gun has increased velocity. It has steel treads and a single forward machine gun.



M-12 mobile siege gun is latest development following pattern of tank destroyers. It is a 155-mm. gun mounted on M-3 chassis. Although slower than a medium tank its firepower can knock out any tank built. It can throw a 95-lb. projectile ten miles.

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Your American Duty...

To keep well...
and keep working!





ONLY MIRACLE-TUFT OFFERS THESE
exclusive advantages

★ "EXTON" brand bristling *for longer life, more efficient tooth-cleansing.*

☆ Surgically sterile glass packaging—*germ-free delivery to you.*

★ A full year of effective service *for you, proved by millions of sales.*

50¢

YOU WANT to know what you can do? Here's the single biggest thing—the greatest contribution you can make to your nation at war: Get healthy. Keep healthy. Strength is our supreme national resource now or ever.

How important proper care of the teeth is in safeguarding health cannot be over emphasized. Neglected or defective teeth, medical authorities agree, are often the root of scores of diseases which in turn mean lost time from work.

So take care of your teeth the best way you know how—with a Dr. West Miracle-Tuft Toothbrush. The Miracle-Tuft alone offers "EXTON" brand bristling—water-proofed by an exclusive, patented process. It alone comes sealed in glass, surgically sterile, germ free—a vital health safeguard in itself! And only Miracle-Tuft has proved by millions of users that it will give a full year of effective service. An economy that's particularly welcome right now. Get a Dr. West's Miracle-Tuft today—in your choice of textures.

Copr. 1943, Weco Products Company

And at 25¢, the super value brush of the day...



DR. WEST'S "25"—*An outstanding value made possible by production-line methods. As fine a brush as it is possible to make at anywhere near this price.*

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Eating Sunshine



Due to government wartime control the supply of our brands will vary. If your grocer is out today, he is likely to have a new supply soon.

"NIBLETS" BRAND
REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

WARTIME MEALS CAN BE CHEERFUL MEALS

When government leaders say, "Eat nutritious foods," they are not trying to take the joy out of eating.

Cheerfulness in food goes hand in hand with good nutrition.

It's no more trouble to prepare a colorful, encouraging meal than a drab, "discouraging" one, and it's a lot more fun for everyone.

Save its tender freshness by heating Niblets Brand whole kernel corn gently... Pour contents of can into saucepan with pat of butter. Place over medium heat, stirring several times. When butter is melted, corn will be piping hot.

THE sunny color of Niblets Brand whole kernel corn is a promise of part of the good nutrition it brings you.

One of the reasons "yellow vegetables" are urged in the daily balanced diet is the vitamin A they contain (in the form of carotene).

One 12-oz. can of Niblets Brand whole kernel corn contains on the average 675 International Units of vitamin A (as carotene), 419 International Units of vitamin C (as ascorbic acid), as well as carbohydrates, proteins and minerals (calcium and phosphorus).

The "sunshine" in its eating is the farm-fresh flavor from an exclusive breed (D-138) developed in the Hiawatha country of Minnesota. It is cut from the cob and sealed in vacuum when very young—at the fleeting moment of perfect flavor.

The one-and-only Niblets Brand quality at everybody's price.

Packed only by Minnesota Valley Canning Company, Le Sueur, Minn. Also packers of Green Giant Brand Peas.

THE GREEN GIANT SAYS:

Tin cans are needed for war. If you live in an area where they are collected, wash them, remove label, open at both ends and flatten . . . Keep on turning in scrap metal of all kinds . . . Needed not only for fighting weapons, but as containers for fighting food.



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LIFE'S REPORTS

THE PENTAGON PUZZLE

by RICHARD E. LAUTERBACH

If laughs had a cash value, the War Department's stupendous Pentagon Building across the Potomac from Washington would by this time have repaid its $49,957,000 cost—at least in part. The die was cast against the Pentagon from its conception. The world's biggest office building had to be content with a second-choice site. Its irregular design had fitted perfectly into a plot immediately adjacent to the Arlington Cemetery near the Lee mansion. But this was branded desecration and the site was shifted to the area at the southern approach to the capital known as "Hell's Bottom," a dump ground filled with shacks, pawnshops and a rendering works. On this 36-acre piece of land, Lieutenant General Brehon B. Somervell's five-sided five-story monument began to rise on Sept. 11, 1941, only two weeks after the designing commenced.

Because of its distance from Washington, people dubbed the new gray limestone construction the "hell-an-gone." When the inmates began moving into its bleak, barren spaces, began trying to locomote around its 16½ miles of cold gusty corridors, the Pentagon became in familiar parlance the "panty-gone," the place where "they walk your pants off." Even President Roosevelt, in one of his press conferences, admitted that some of his friends called it the Pentateuchal Building, a title richer in tradition than in meaning.

To most of the 32,500 employes who inhabit the Pentagon, the matter of its great distance from Washington is no joke. Even after reaching the Virginia side of the Potomac one must reckon with miles of very scientific parkways, clover-leaf over- and under-passes before getting near the building. This system of approaches is supposedly simplicity itself. But experienced bus drivers have become so hopelessly lost that they had to be rescued by M. P.'s in jeeps. A Washington newspaperman taking a ride to what he called "the funny house" described it as the capital's "grand illusion," a case of now you see it, now you don't. Just as a car reaches the shadow of the building the road starts winding away again.

Last winter a reporter telephoning an Army officer from Washington maliciously inquired if the War Department was getting the cold weather out at the Pentagon, too.

"Oh, I understand a cold wave got into the building by freezing a guard or two," the officer replied, "but then it got lost like the rest of us."

The "rest of us" include Robert P. Patterson, Undersecretary of War. When he recently asked a meeting of important Pittsburgh in-

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



Air view of Pentagon shows intricate clover-leaf approaches to building. Five wings enclose a six-acre court which provides light, air, recreation for War Dept. employes.

How to Care for Your KENWOOD BLANKETS

YOUR treasured Kenwood Blankets are more precious than ever now. That's why it is so important that you take special care when you wash them and put them away for the summer. If you are washing them at home, follow these simple rules. You will add years to the life of your Kenwoods and years to your enjoyment of their warmth and beauty.



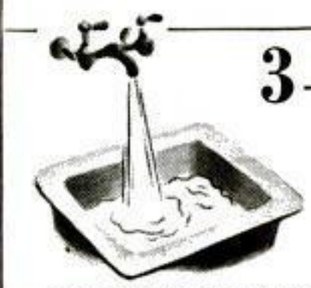
1—For blanket-washing

Choose a dry day—not too windy. Shake blanket vigorously outdoors to remove all dust. Lay it on a clean work table and scrub ribbon binding with a soft brush dipped in mild soapsuds.

2—Prepare liquid soap

Make a generous quantity by thoroughly dissolving mild soap flakes or beads in a saucepan of hot water. (No undissolved soap should touch the blanket.)





3—Use warm water

Fill the tub with luke-warm soft water. (100° F. is just right. Never put wool in *hot* water.) If water is hard, add borax or required amount of other water softener. Pour in liquid soap and whisk up rich suds.



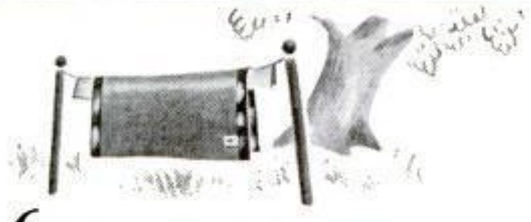
4—Wash one at a time

Douse the blanket up and down through the suds until they penetrate every part. Don't rub or twist. Don't let the suds die down—add more liquid soap if necessary. Give second bath if badly soiled.

5—Squeeze water out gently

After suds washing, rinse two or three times in water of *same* temperature. When water is clear, lift blanket up and down in empty tub to remove as much water as possible. Squeeze the blanket gently. Never twist as you would a sheet. (Never use a wringer.)





6—Hang your blanket in the shade

First, cover clothesline with a clean cloth. Shake blanket gently, then with your hands press out water that has run toward bottom edges. From time to time shake again. Smooth bound edges with clean cloth. Turn blanket over to dry both sides.

7—Brush nap, press binding

When blanket is almost dry, shake, then brush the wool surface with clean brush or whiskbroom to bring up nap. Nap brushes up best when blanket is still slightly damp. Press binding, using damp cloth under the iron. Never iron the blanket itself.



8—To put blanket away

When that perfectly washed blanket is thoroughly dry, fold with edges even. For extra protection put little muslin bags of moth flakes or crystals in the folds. Wrap the blanket carefully in heavy brown paper. Seal all the edges with gummed paper tape. Store on a shelf or in a chest, away from the light. It should come out of its hiding place next fall, fresh and lovely, looking like new.



P.S. If you wash by machine

The same rules apply. Use warm water (not hot), and mild soap. Run washer not over three minutes. Rinse and dry as in hand washing . . . If you live in an apartment house and must use the dryer, use moderate heat. Shake and turn your blanket every little while so it will dry evenly.

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dustrialists to submit questions on important war production problems, the first query was: "Have you ever been lost in the Army's new Pentagon Building?"

"Yes," Patterson admitted, "every time I get three doors away from my own office."

Gags about the building's labyrinthine catacombs as a perfect place for mysterious meanderings and harrowing happenings are as common as rumors about Hitler's death. A columnist recently reported that 100 people every day are lost. Numbered corridors cut vertically through lettered horizontal rings, which makes an inexperienced Pentagonian as confused as a fresh rat in a psychologist's maze. A story circulated for some time that a bewildered Negro girl worker gave birth to a baby in one of the Pentagon's long corridors. In another version a breathless, hatless young woman rushed up to a Pentagon guard, exclaiming: "Quick! You've got to get me out of here, officer. I'm about to have a baby!"

The guard shook his head and remonstrated, "Lady, you never should have come in here in *that* condition."

"I wasn't when I came in," snapped back the expectant mother.

First-born of all such tall misadventure stories was that of the Western Union boy who went into the Pentagon Building as a first-class messenger, got lost, and when his company finally located him three days later he was a lieutenant colonel. The latest version of this chronicle has a man entering the Pentagon at 10 a.m. on a sunny Tuesday morning, wandering through the corridors and labyrinths, and finally emerging on a rainy Saturday afternoon—in Philadelphia.

When plans were under way to move the Navy Department to the Pentagon, circulars were mysteriously distributed advising all personnel about to be transferred to "provide themselves with sleeping bag, food and water for one week, clothing for one week, iron rations, three extra pairs of shoes, compass, scout knife, pistol, roller skates or scooter."

Some of this scurrilous memo's advice crept back to the Army. Messengers save many man-hours by zooming up and down the miles of corridors in big terrifying tricycles. Visitors, however, waste innumerable hours waiting around for appointments. One out-of-towner, after waiting an hour for a guide at the reception desk, turned to a patient neighbor and said: "This must be the War Department's version of the hockey penalty box."

The food has caused trouble

The food situation, which at first appeared disastrous, is still not entirely savory. When the building opened there were 50 cases of ptomaine poisoning, and the Pentagon had difficulty in gulping down its more odious nicknames of "Ptomaine Tavern" and "Ulcer Gulch." Earlier this month ambulances again rushed to the Pentagon and carried away 36 War Department employes, white-faced and weak-kneed after eating butterscotch pie.

In every way possible, officials of the War Department are trying desperately to make Pentagon life more palatable. The enormity of this problem can be gleaned from these statistics: the Pentagon has a cubic footage of 86,000,000, greater than the cubic footage of concrete in vast Boulder Dam; a gross area of 6,240,000 sq. ft. or 140 acres, almost twice the size of Willow Run, the huge new plane plant, including the hangars. When full it will house 40,000 people,



Exterior of Pentagon has a gray limestone facade, although more than half the building's substance is sand and gravel dredged from the bottom of the Potomac River. It

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or several thousand more than the population of Santa Barbara, Calif. It is as large as the eight buildings in Radio City, three times as big as the Empire State Building and 50% larger than Chicago's Merchandise Mart. To keep its telephone service from getting jammed up, the Pentagon maintains the world's largest switchboard, big enough for a city of 125,000 people. It has nearly 300 operators and supervisors, 340 direct tie lines to other Government departments, 100 interdepartmental tie lines, 200 long-distance loops —more than 86,000 miles of trunk wires. The Pentagon gets more than 95,000 calls daily, makes more than 100,000 local, 1,500 long-distance and 125,000 branch calls. Keeping the building clean takes the combined efforts of 700 janitors and charwomen. Guarding it is the job of 300 civilian protectors and unnumbered M. P.'s.

Pentagon conveniences include a branch bank for cashing pay checks, a shopping service, drugstore, post office, blood donor center, a 16-chair barbershop for military personnel only, 650 water fountains and 200 rest rooms. Of the 1,900 toilets in the building, only those in the corridors occupied by the Secretary of War's offices are marked "Private."

Clock watchers have their choice of 2,000 of them and another thousand may be installed. Each of the Pentagon's five intersections has a freight elevator, but only Secretary Stimson has a passenger lift. The rest of the *hoi polloi* use the escalators which go up until 4 p.m., then reverse and go down for the home-going hours.

Despite such efficient modern conveniences, some people are constantly running themselves breathless on a treadmill of gold braid and red tape. One illustrative tale concerns a young lieutenant who kept calling his colonel for an appointment without success. Finally he managed to get through to the superior officer.

"I would like to see you, sir, on a matter of great importance," said the lieutenant.

The colonel replied, politely, "Why don't you make a date with my secretary?"

"Oh, I did," said the lieutenant. "We had a wonderful time. But I *still* want to see *you*."

The Pentagon has had its mechanical troubles as well as its man-made headaches. Last summer it was alleged that dust clogged the air-conditioning apparatus so badly that some workers equipped themselves with non-G. I. nose inhalator devices. During the winter many of the rooms were so cold that officers kept on their hats and coats. On the other hand, one of the conference rooms was invariably hot and no amount of fussing with regulators would cool it off. Those who used it for their meetings had difficulty in not falling asleep.

Although Washington's many post-war planners have other problems, the more vocal of them are already discussing what will happen to the massive mecca of the desk soldier after the war. Some say the Pentagon will be used for storing records, for a veterans' hospital or a barracks. One unofficial suggestion is that it might be used to house the peace conference on the grounds that it is "the only building in the world large enough to hold all the factions that will have a say-so on the treaty." Another sardonic speculation is that it might be big enough to shelter the second bonus army.

One Republican, gazing at the colossus with a jaundiced eye, could see no peacetime future for the Pentagon except as the makings of "magnificent ruins."



has two huge parking lots which hold a total of 6,500 cars. Grounds around the Pentagon are now being landscaped by an army of men at a cost of approximately $388,000.



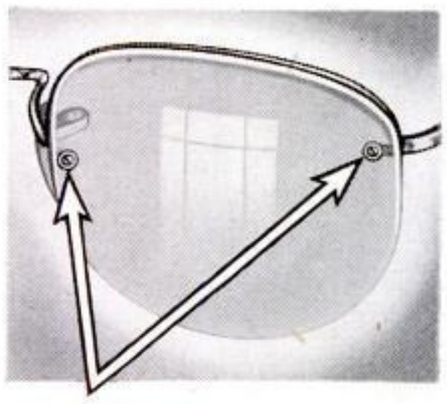
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LIFE'S COVER: Peggy Lloyd also appeared on LIFE's cover for April 20, 1942. Since then she has been chosen with 16 other models to appear in the movie, *The Cover Girl*. Peggy has green eyes, dark blonde hair, weighs 120 lb. Born 23 years ago in Princeton, Mo. as Peggy Jeanne Ellis, she is now living in a lavish Hollywood mansion with her fellow cover girls *(see pp. 94–97)*.

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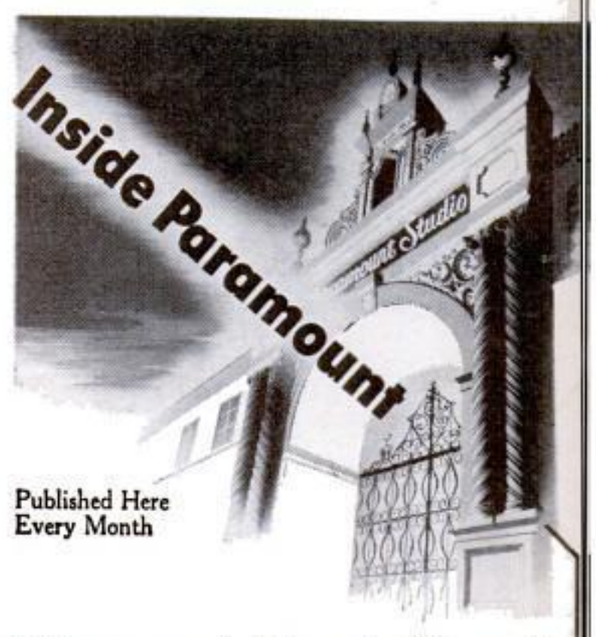
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Vol. 14, No. 21

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May 24, 1943

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CONTENTS

THE WEEK'S EVENTS

War Taps Brazil's Wild Rubber 19
... Growth of Synthetic Rubber Industry Will Satisfy War Needs 24
Editorial 26
U. S. Troops Barter Junk Jewelry with South Pacific Natives 27
Duke of Windsor Visits Bahamians at New Jersey Camp 28
Tunis Maps 30
... Tunisian Campaign Ends 32
Army Takes Over Abandoned Railroad on South Pacific Island 63

BOOKS

"Combined Operations," by Hilary St. George Saunders 78

ARTICLE

The Fall of Tunis, by Noel F. Busch 35

PHOTOGRAPHIC ESSAY

Spring on a Farm in Lancaster County, Pa. 69

MOVIES

"The Ox-Bow Incident" 41

NATURAL HISTORY

Flying Fish 46

AVIATION

Army Artist Paints History of Air Training 50

MEDICINE

Penicillin, New Bacteria-Killing Compound, Is Produced by Bread Mold 53

THEATER

"Oklahoma!" 56

OTHER DEPARTMENTS

Letters to the Editors 2
Speaking of Pictures: U. S. Tank Developments 6
LIFE's Reports: The Pentagon Puzzle, by Richard E. Lauterbach 11
LIFE Calls on 16 Cover Girls 94
Pictures to the Editors 98

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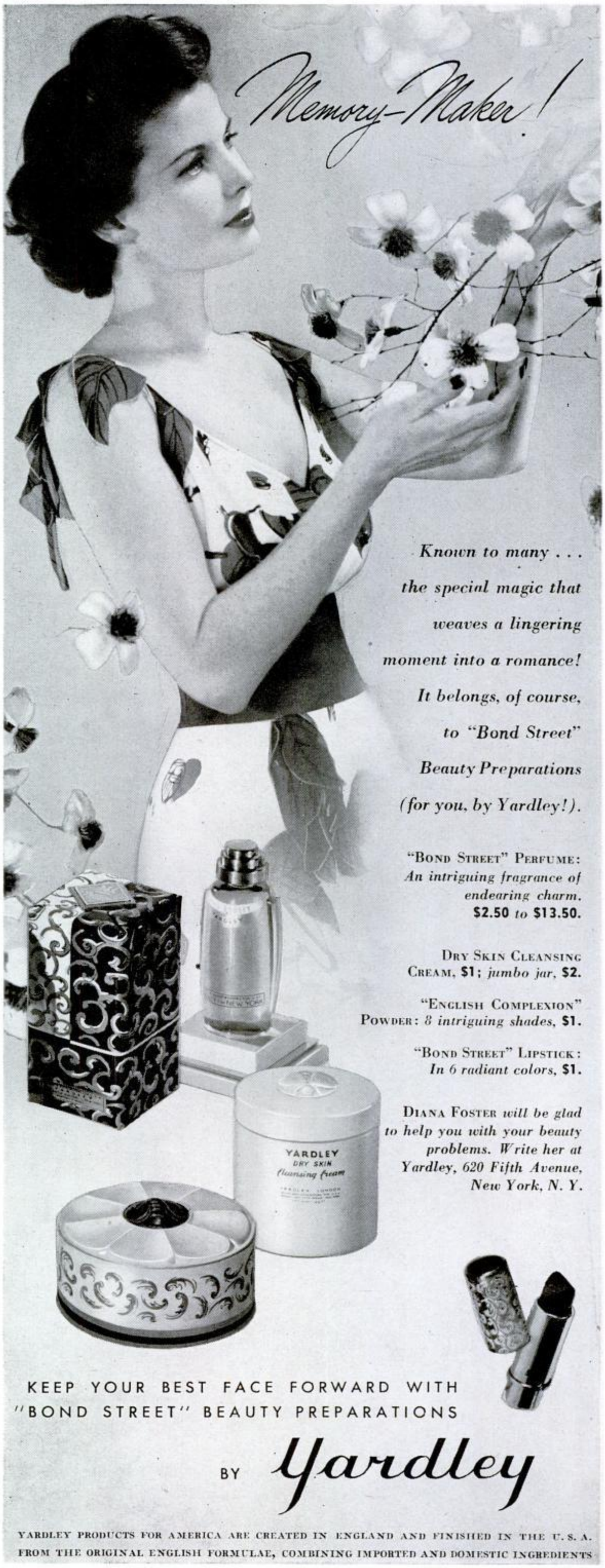
LIFE'S PICTURES

Alfred Eisenstaedt made friends with the young Lancaster County, Pa. pigs in this picture while taking photographs for this week's essay, "Spring on the Farm" (*pp. 69-77*) Eisenstaedt was among the first photographers hired by LIFE and began taking LIFE pictures months before the magazine was actually published. He has had 35 LIFE covers, including a recent string of three in a row ("Jefferson Memorial," "Soldier's Farewell," "Jango").

The following list, page by page, shows the source from which each picture in this issue was gathered. Where a single page is indebted to several sources credit is recorded picture by picture (*left to right, top to bottom*), and line by line (*lines separated by dashes*) unless otherwise specified.

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4—JOHNNY FLOREA
6—*Courtesy* NORTHWESTERN MILITARY AND NAVAL ACADEMY, LAKE GENEVA, WIS.
7—*Courtesy* ORDNANCE DEPT., U. S. ARMY
8—*Courtesy* ORDNANCE DEPT., U. S. ARMY *exc. bot.* ACME
11—FREDERICK F. CLAFLIN
12, 13—U. S. ARMY PHOTO
17—RUTH ADAMS
19—THOMAS D. MCAVOY—*map by* ANTHONY SODARO & FRANK STOCKMAN
20, 21, 22, 23—THOMAS D. MCAVOY
24—F. W. GORO—HERBERT GEHR—F. W. GORO
25—HERBERT GEHR
27—HANSEL MIETH
28, 29—PETER STACKPOLE
30, 31—ACME *exc. maps by* ANTHONY SODARO & FRANK STOCKMAN
32—TED KAUTZKY—BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTO
35—*Bot.* BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTO
36—U. S. SIGNAL CORPS *from* A. P.
38—U. S. SIGNAL CORPS *from* INT.—OWI *from* INT.
41, 42, 44—20TH CENTURY-FOX
46, 47, 48—HAROLD E. EDGERTON
50, 51—*Paintings by* CAPTAIN JOHN T. MCCOY JR., U. S. A. A. F.
53, 54, 55—F. W. GORO
56, 57, 58, 60—KARGER-PIX
63, 64, 66—RALPH MORSE
69 *through* 77—ALFRED EISENSTAEDT-PIX
78—BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTO
79—FRANK STOCKMAN & ANTHONY SODARO
80, 87—BRITISH OFFICIAL PHOTOS
93—HANS WILD
94, 95, 96, 97—JOHNNY FLOREA
98—BRITISH COMBINE
100—ALLENTOWN CALL—PUTSEE VANNUCCI

ABBREVIATIONS: BOT., BOTTOM; EXC., EXCEPT; T., TOP; A. P., ASSOCIATED PRESS; INT., INTERNATIONAL; OWI, OFFICE OF WAR INFORMATION; U. S. A. A. F., U. S. ARMY AIR FORCES



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Food for a people at war

The light of the sun reaches down into the rich, dark soil . . . awakens and pulls upward the sleeping seed of wheat. See how it reaches up into the clear day where it ripens and waits the harvest, rustling in the summer air. This is wheat . . . this tall, golden wand loaded with life . . . wheat, the king of grains that grows plentifully to feed mankind. Follow the wisdom of those who know the strength of wheat. Those who eat it whole — the bran coat, the heart, all the richness of the kernel. For this is the staff of living that helps to build strong bones and lively muscle—fighting food for a people at war.

★ ★ ★

Fifty years ago, a process was invented that brought whole wheat with its goodness to the nation's breakfast table in a ready-to-eat form. The original product, a tasty, crisp, golden biscuit became known as Nabisco Shredded Wheat. It began as 100% whole wheat; it is the same today . . . a great energy food . . . food to build a strong America in peace or war! Baked by Nabisco . . . National Biscuit Company.



The Original Niagara Falls Product

★ ★

1893-1943

Golden Anniversary

marking

50 Years

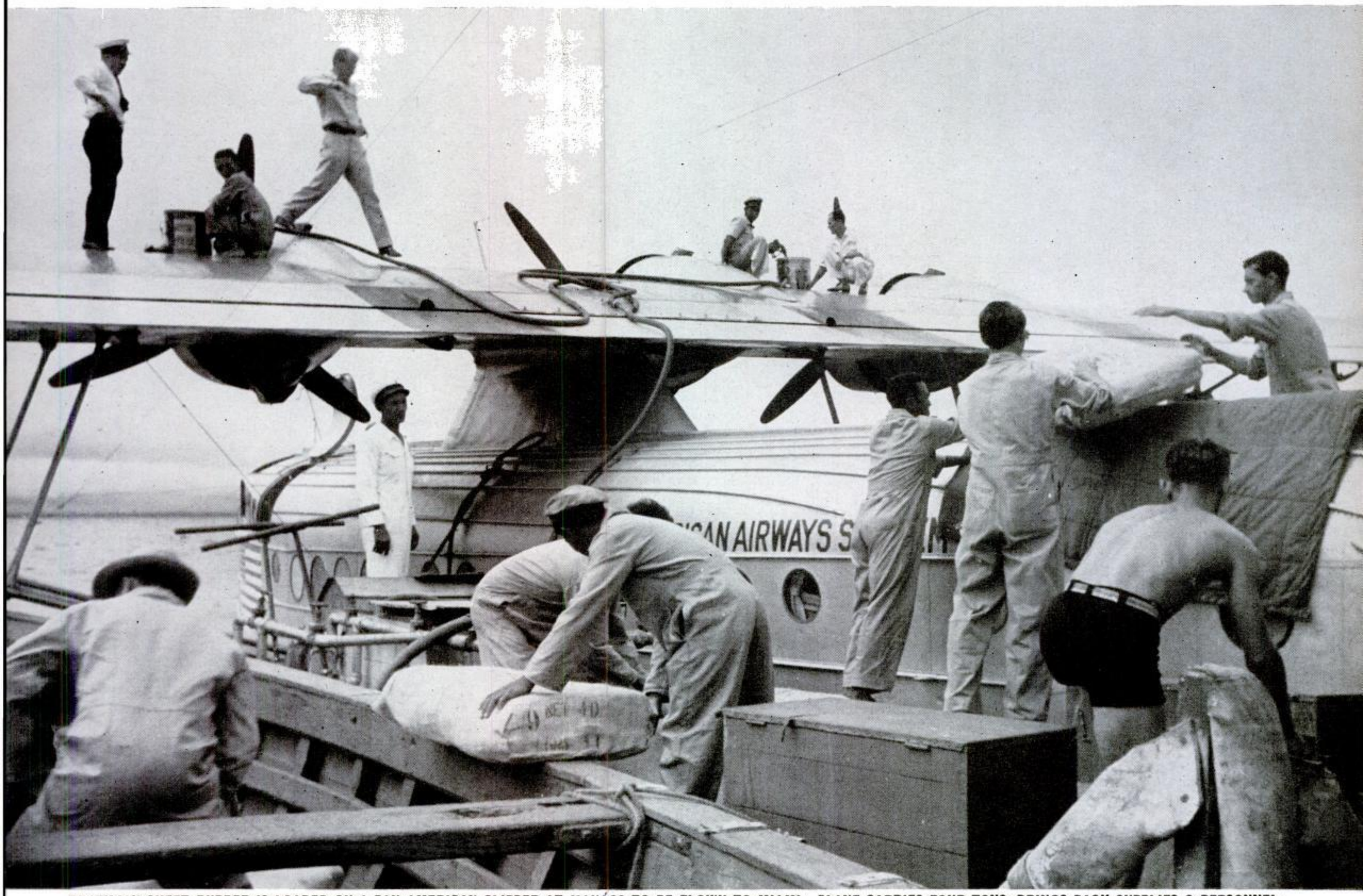
of providing America with the important food values of whole wheat.

★ ★

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LIFE

Vol. 14, No. 21 May 24, 1943



BRAZILIAN SHEET RUBBER IS LOADED ON A PAN AMERICAN CLIPPER AT MANÁOS TO BE FLOWN TO MIAMI. PLANE CARRIES FOUR TONS, BRINGS BACK SUPPLIES & PERSONNEL

WAR TAPS BRAZIL'S WILD RUBBER

Photographs for LIFE by Tom McAvoy

All the world, except Japan, is gasping for rubber today. This year the U. S. war effort needs about 600,000 tons, has a rubber stockpile of only about 300,000 tons. In theory, the difference ought to be supplied by Brazil. For Brazil is the native home of *Hevea Brasiliensis*, the prime rubber tree whose smuggled seeds started the huge, efficient rubber plantations of Java and Malaya, and put Brazil virtually out of the rubber business 30 years ago. The war has put Brazil back into rubber production and, though its 300,000,000 wild rubber trees in the Amazon valley can produce only a fraction of U. S. needs, their output is so essential to the U. S. war effort that air transport to the U. S. is none too fast for the precious stuff (*above*).

The "Battle of Rubber" being waged by Brazil is probably the biggest story in all South America. To cover it, LIFE sent Photographer Tom McAvoy and Correspondent Holland McCombs into the jungles of the upper Amazon. They followed the recruits of the "rubber army" from the seaport of Belém to the ghost town of Manáos, once the rubber industry's native capital, and on up to the headwaters of the Amazon. They got bitten by insects such as they had never seen. They went up great rivers they had never heard of. They saw a jungle that is one of the last paradises for every kind of life except man. At night black and painted ocelots prowled around their net-draped hammocks, while sea-cows snuffled in the river. But to reach the "real rubber country" on the high ground above the floods, they had to go 1,100 miles up the Amazon to the little outpost of Higinio's (*see map*). In all, they traveled more than 10,000 miles by plane, boat and train.

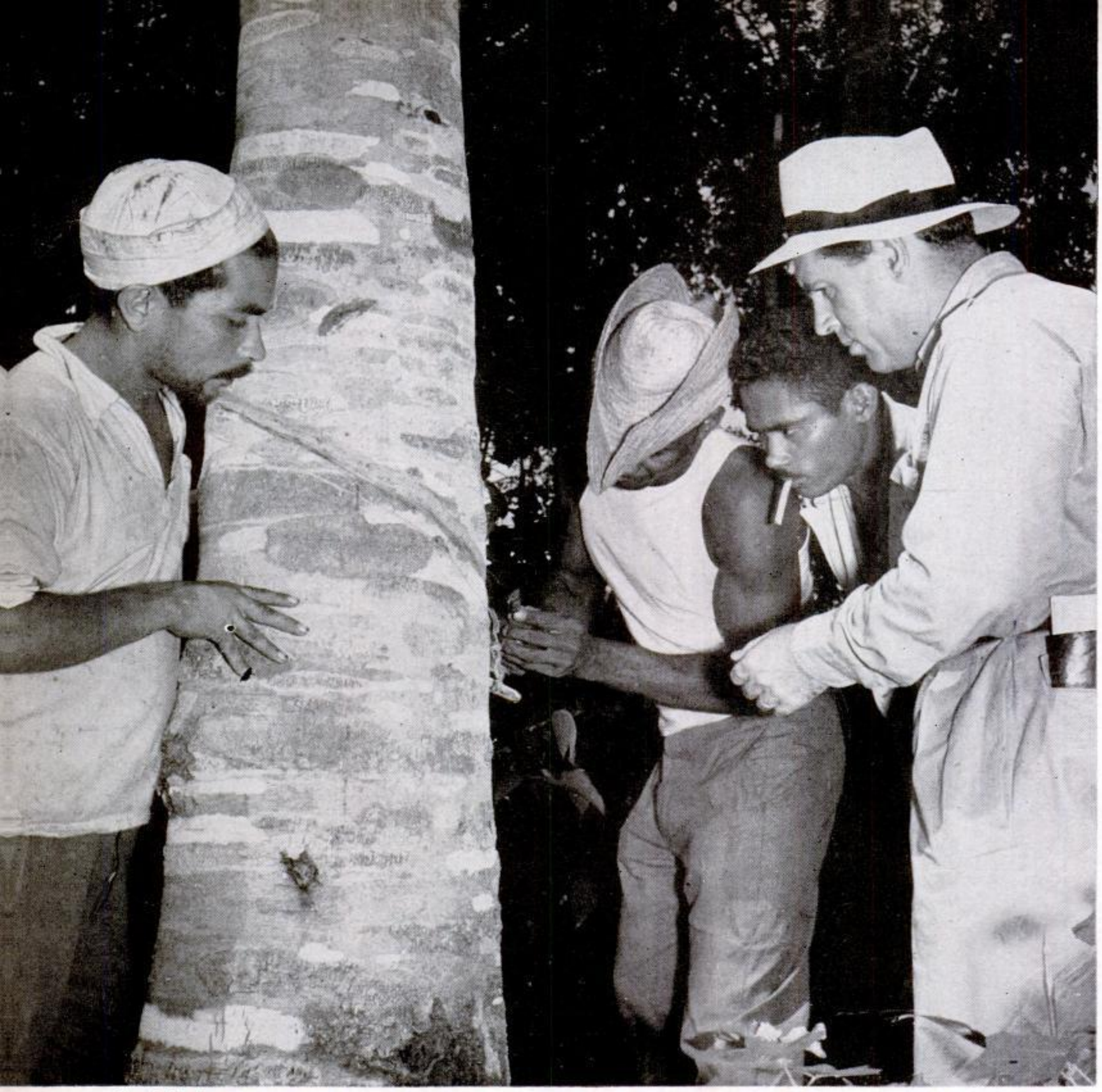
McAvoy's pictures of this expedition are shown on the following pages.

The Brazilian Government of President Vargas is determined to get out the rubber, at any cost, and the U. S. is doing everything it can to help. This means the colonization of a country beside which the American West was a realtor's dream. The U. S. Rubber Development Corporation and the Office of the Coordinator of Inter-American Affairs are putting millions into the job. American rubber men, boat builders, oil men, engineers, pilots, accountants, and stenographers are pouring into the Amazon basin. And side by side, Brazilians and Americans are working like fiends to get out this year perhaps 25,000 tons of wild rubber, 35,000 next year.

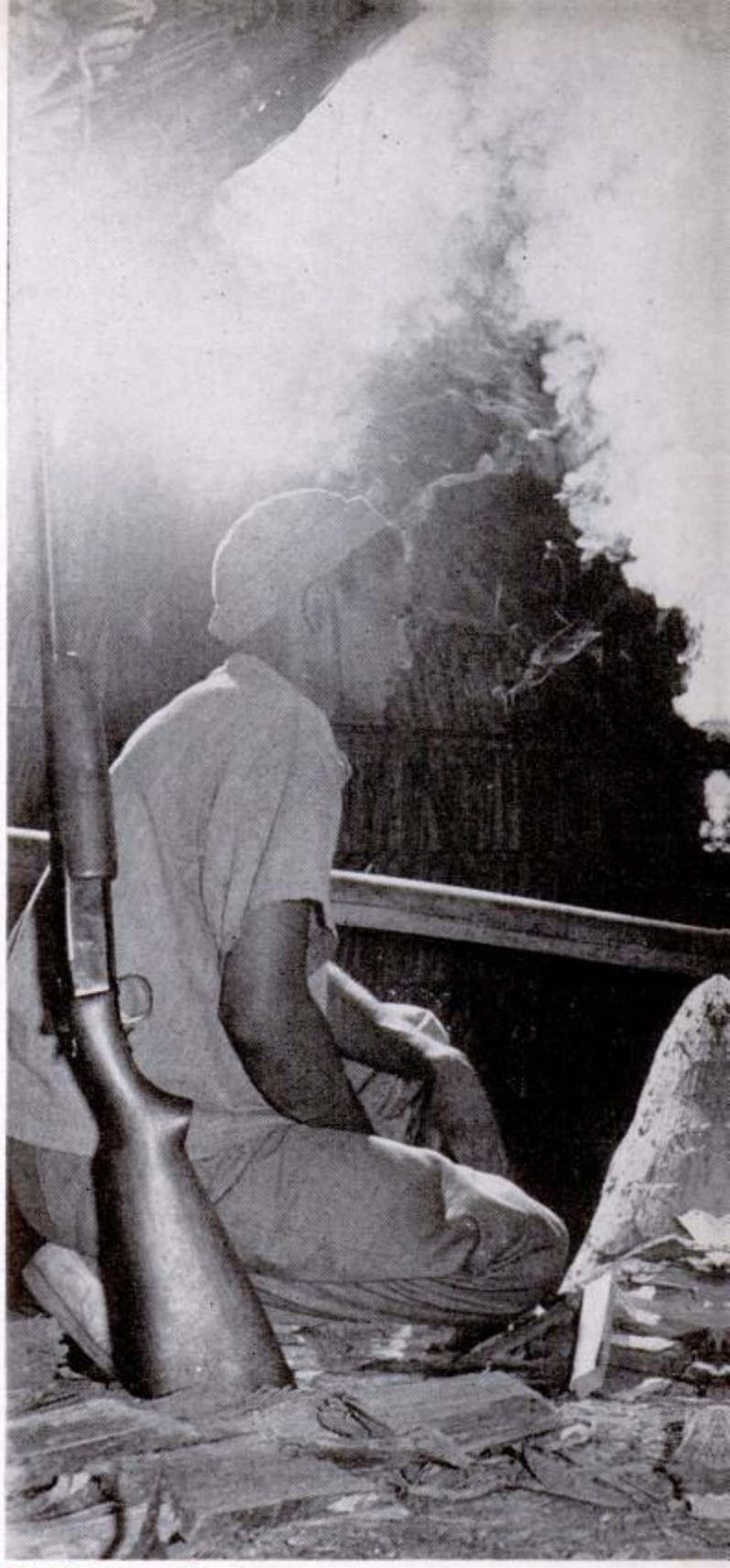


RUBBER COMES OUT OF BRAZIL BY AMAZON AND PLANE ROUTES

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How to tap tree is shown new worker (*bravo*) by U. S. Expert Harold Gustin at Manáos school. New method is to make slash with improved jebong knife, which boosts output 30%. Hope is that new men will teach new methods to old hands.



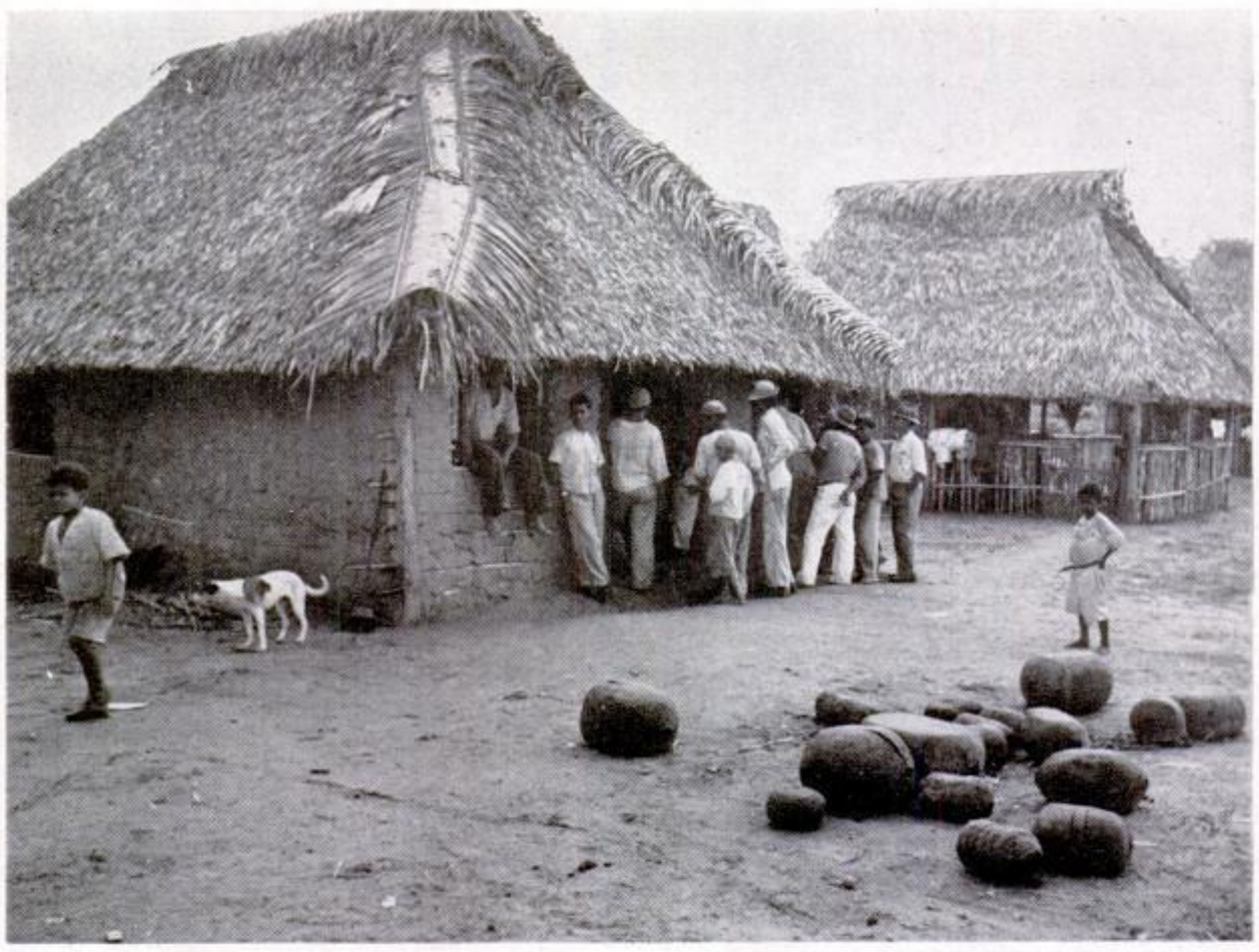
The latex, a milky fluid, congeals over smoke and is built up on a paddle. Recruit Octavio Cabral, 24, from Ceará (*left*),

BEST RUBBER MUST TRAVEL 1,000 MILES DOWN AMAZON BY BOAT, TRAIN, PLANE

The best rubber in Brazil and in the world is unfortunately the hardest to get at. It is in the plateau country around the farther backwaters of the mighty Amazon. This also happens to be where Brazil's "bad Indians" and jaguars live. The Brazilian Government's problem is to get at least 50,000 men from the settled coast to move into the gorgeous hell-hole of the upper Amazon, thus doubling the rubber-worker population. As it happened, there had been a long drought in the coast state of Ceará and many of the farmers there were about ready for anything. They enlisted in the government's "army of rubber," whose recruits are exempt from the Brazilian draft. The recruit shown above was a Ceará man, but now he wants to settle in the jungle. He will lead a life much like that of the American frontiersman. He must be handy with a rifle, not only to fight off head-hunting Indians, but to kill game for his food. It will take him two or



First trip for rubber ball is from outpost to the trader's headquarters.

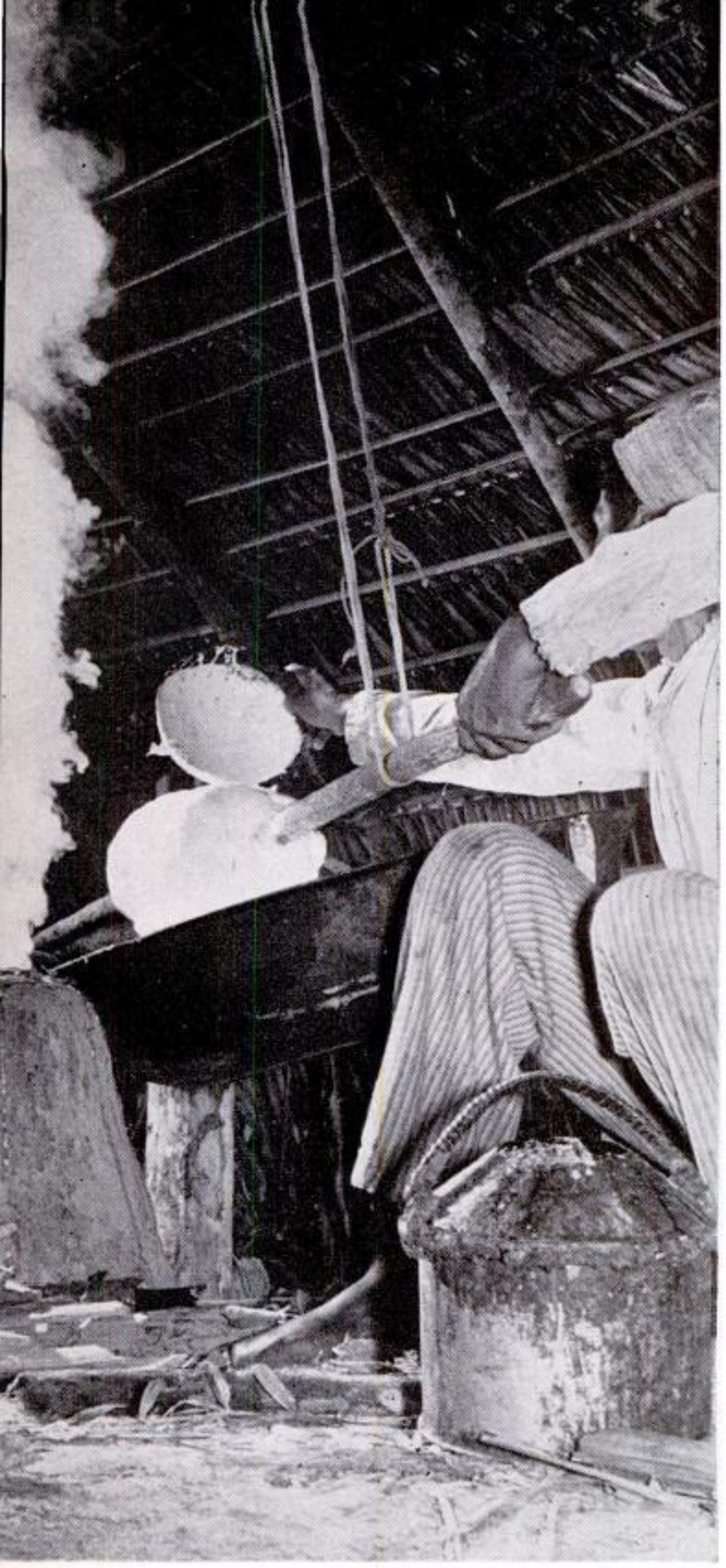


At trader's store, on riverbank, worker trades in his rubber balls for supplies and cash at rate of about 20¢ a pound. Government now limits operator to 15% profit on his supplies. This is Higinio's *seringal.*



A bigger boat takes 150-lb. biscuits to the railhead, or 600 miles by boat to Manáos.

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watches a veteran. Both carry rifles, shoot their own game. This wild rubber of plateau is better than "tame" rubber.



Rubber row in Manáos (new spelling not recognized by the natives: Manaus) shows piles of rubber biscuits split for grading. The light colored rubber is the most valuable, because it has the fewest impurities, has been most thoroughly cured.

three months to learn just how to shave the rubber tree bark so as to break the latex tubes but not the inner wood.

For his labors the recruit will get a little over 20¢ a pound for his rubber, or possibly $15 a week. He will do the cutting at dawn and then spend the afternoon hunting, fishing or nutting. If he is careful with his wild trees, which would be the envy of a Malayan rubber planter, they will last his lifetime. He may cut not only the *Hevea Brasiliensis*, but the inferior *Mangabeira* and Castilloa rubber trees. In fact, he is fighting the war as effectively as a munitions worker and far more dangerously. But the rubber has almost as hard a time getting out of the jungle as the worker has in getting in. On these pages are shown some of the steps in the 1,000-mile trip down the rivers. Some of the way is by canoe. Elsewhere, the little rubber boats wait for a launch to come down the river and hook on, until there may be a line of 20 boats. When one has reached its destination, it merely casts off. A few tons of special slab rubber come out in a hurry by supply plane. When the rubber finally reaches the coastal port of Belém, it begins the even more hazardous sea trip to the U. S., which has contracted for all Brazil's rubber except what Brazil needs (about 10,000 tons a year). In the end, this rubber may find itself bouncing along the roads of Europe on a U. S. Army jeep.



Fast haul to the U. S. by plane is given washed sheet rubber, flattened by rollers.



Short railroad along Rio Mamore pulls rubber load with 1910 Baldwin locomotive. U. S. engineers built this narrow-gauge road in 1912 at huge cost in life. Train makes the 450-mile round trip once a week.

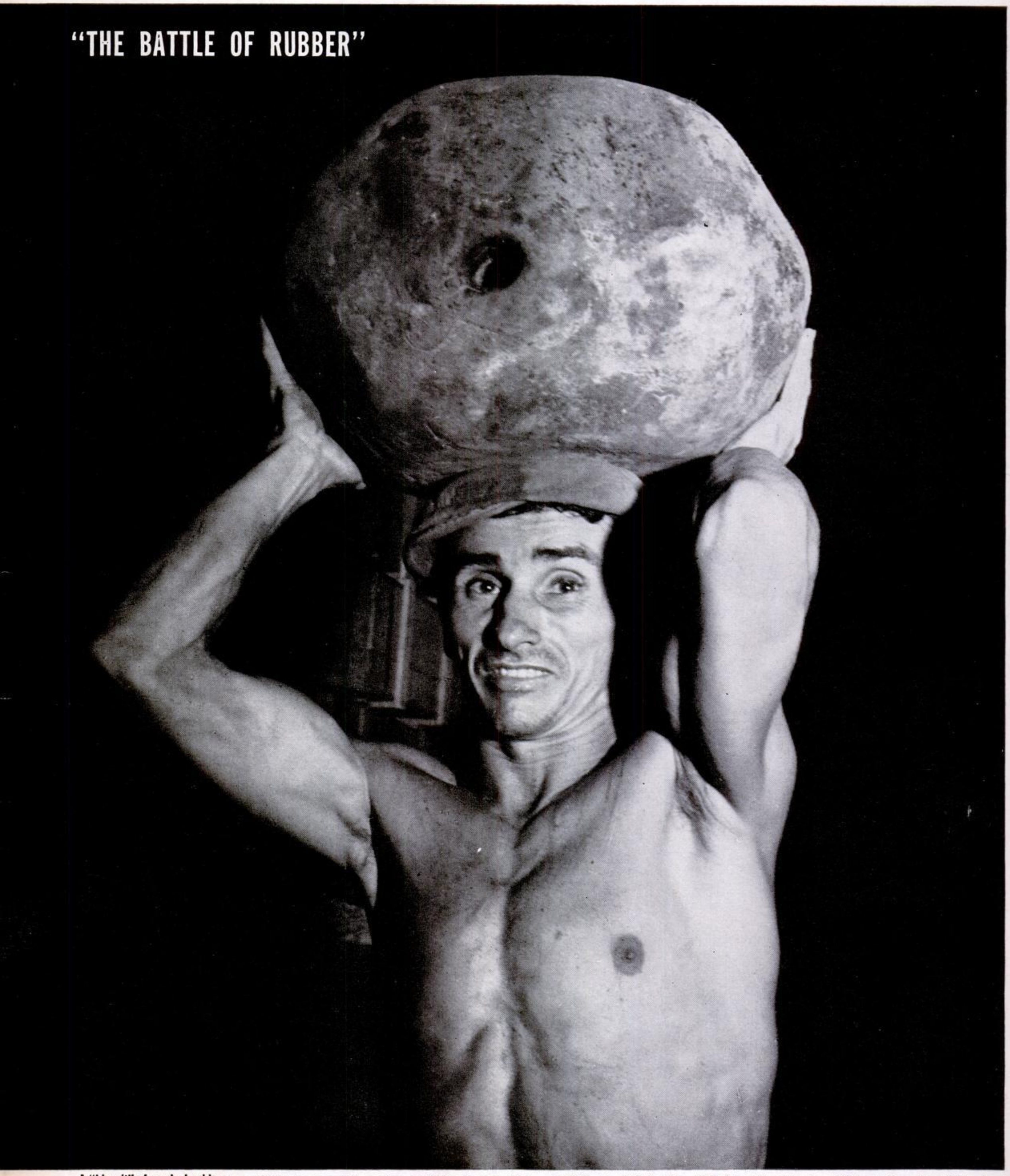


Destination is Belém, where the biscuits are shipped to the U. S. or Rio.

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"THE BATTLE OF RUBBER"



A "biscuit" of smoked rubber is carried into an exporter's warehouse at Belém by one of the "soldiers of rubber." It came down the headwaters of the Amazon as shown on the preceding pages, made the last lap from Manáos to Belém in a 4,000-ton river steamer, will be lightered at Belém to a U. S. freighter. This "biscuit" weighs about 100 lb. and is worth at Belém about $37 at present U. S. price of 37¢ a pound, boosted from pre-war price of 12¢ a pound. Washed sheet rubber, superior to this, brings 48¢ a pound, and some is flown to the U. S. by plane.

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Creator of the "Rubber Army" was Brazil's Economic Mobilizer João Alberto Lins de Barros (called João Alberto). Here he visits the *bravos* in camp at São Luiz, peers at a worker in a hammock. He told them again and again that they were "*soldados de borracha*" (soldiers of rubber) fighting a real war.



On the rubber front, 1,100 miles up the Amazon, workers joke by night around the lantern on the *seringal* (rubber outpost) of trader (*seated, right*). These men work the trees close around *seringal*, but others are tenting far out in the jungle, come in once a month.



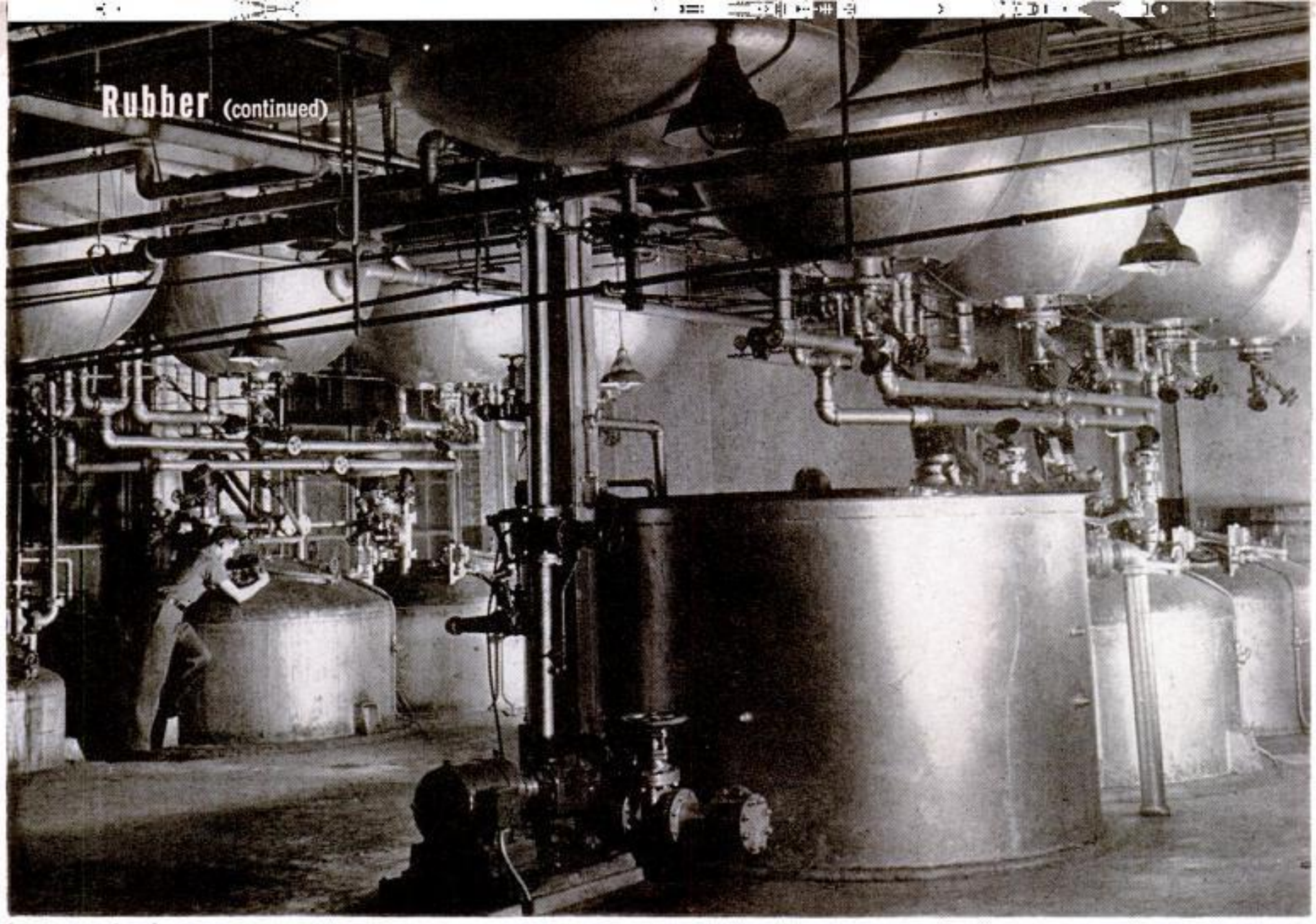
American Amazon boss is Reed Chambers (*center*), of U.S. Rubber Development Corp. (RDC), here conferring in Belém with João Alberto (*left*) and Colonel Barata, Interventor of the State of Para. Chambers commanded the Rickenbacker squadron in World War I, is now a man in a terrible hurry.



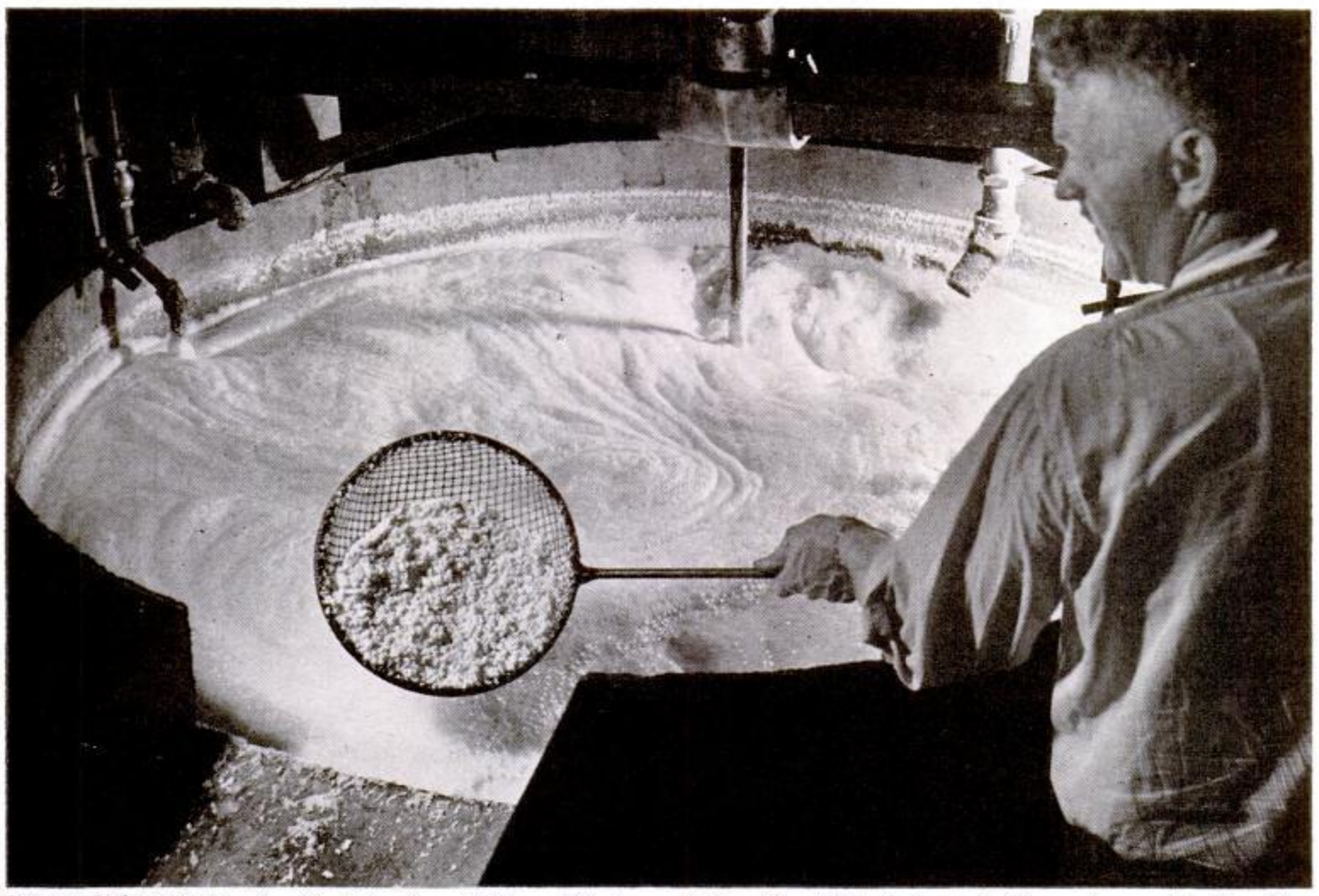
The battle against disease is the first stage of the battle for rubber. Here a Brazilian doctor of the River Ambulance Service takes blood pressure of scared José Pereira in hut on Rio Negro. A million atabrine tablets are handed out every month for malaria.

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Copolymerization vats at Goodrich plant, Akron, Ohio, produce synthetic rubber latex. Copolymerization is process of combining similar molecules to form a new substance. Similar molecules here are styrene and butadiene, hydrocarbons made respectively from coal tar and from alcohol or petroleum. They are copolymerized by heat, pressure and agitation.



In coagulation vat (*above*), milky latex is curdled by acid into beads of rubber. Taken out of tanks in blocks (*opposite*) the rubber is squeezed into sheets (*below*) and is ready for manufacture. Goodrich plant was first to produce synthetic rubber commercially in U. S. Goodrich synthetic, Ameripol, was invented by Dr. Waldo Semon, who appears on opposite page.

SYNTHETIC RUBBER

Growing capacity of new industry will satisfy requirements of war

The 30,000 tons of wild rubber that will come out of the Amazon Valley by the end of this year, add up to a minor fraction of the 600,000 tons needed to fight the war through 1943. More significant in meeting that demand is the synthetic rubber that is now being produced within continental U. S. Out of plants now producing, about to produce and scheduled to produce before the end of the year, the U. S. will get a total of 250,000 tons. The nation must still dig into its 300,000-ton stockpile of Far Eastern plantation rubber. But every prospect indicates that we will get by with the 100,000-ton margin of safety, stipulated by the Baruch report, still intact.

The war effort and the hungry civilian economy could easily consume more than the 600,000 tons that have been budgeted. That figure allows no new rubber at all for civilian autoists. What is more, it represents a curtailment in the military uses of rubber. The Army, Navy and Air Forces will have to stretch 300,000 tons to get all the heavy-duty aircraft and vehicle tires, bullet-proof fuel tanks and fuel lines, barrage balloons, propeller shaft bearings, blimp cells and life rafts they need, and will have to make the best use of what they get. To the vital domestic trucking and bus lines, goes a precious 100,000 tons. The rest is allotted to industrial requirements and lend-lease.

The ascending curve of new synthetic rubber will not cross the demand curve until late in 1944. Between October 1943 and March 1944, our supply of new and old, natural and synthetic rubber will graze the 100,000-ton margin of safety. That we have a margin and do not face real disaster, is one of the brightest achievements of the war production program.

Rubber is almost unique among the items of production in that it has a plan. The plan, prepared by Bernard Baruch, James Bryant Conant, and Karl Compton, has been executed by an equally impressive team—William M. Jeffers, who bulled through the necessary priorities, and Colonel Bradley Dewey, who smoothly engineered the program into actual plants and refineries. Their success was not achieved without a cost, which has agitated Washington for the past six months and which is still to be reckoned in curtailment of aviation fuel and convoy escort production.

The U. S. synthetic rubber industry has been built almost from scratch. The Goodrich plant shown here is one of three or four which, before Pearl Harbor, gave the U. S. a capacity under 12,000 tons. Production of 700,000 tons yearly of Buna S synthetic, under the Baruch program, required construction of three whole sets of plants, two to produce the two ingredients of Buna S, butadiene and styrene, and one to copolymerize them into rubber. Under pressure of aviation fuel requirements and the farm bloc, extraction of butadiene has been balanced between petroleum and grain alcohol. First plants to produce of those approved by the Government since Pearl Harbor were the petroleum-base plant at Baton Rouge, La., and the alcohol-base plant at Institute, W. Va., which had trial runs on March 31 and started actual production a few weeks ago.

Meanwhile, any civilian who thinks that the Baruch rubber program is designed to provide him with a new set of tires simply does not comprehend the magnitude of Japan's first victories in the western Pacific. Until well into 1944, synthetic rubber production must be considered a purely military effort, recouping purely military supplies. In the meantime, the rubber-shod, mileage-rationed civilian can get by comfortably, at 35 m. p. h., on tires recapped with salvaged rubber.

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CHEMIST WALDO SEMON CARVES A TEST SAMPLE FROM
BLOCK OF SYNTHETIC RUBBER PRODUCED BY GOODRICH ★

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EDITORIAL

WILL SUBSIDIES STOP INFLATION?

THEY CAN BE A USEFUL WEAPON, BUT THEY WON'T DO THE WHOLE JOB BY THEMSELVES

Thanks to the coal crisis, the Administration has been doing some fast though belated thinking on inflation. It has turned to one of the last weapons in its arsenal: subsidies. OPA proposes to reduce ("roll back") the prices of many essential foods. It would do this by making direct cash payments to the processors of meat, coffee and butter. A real fight is shaping up over this scheme. Will it work?

To answer that involves a look at the whole trend of the battle against inflation. A year ago the President announced his plan of campaign for this battle, a seven-pronged attack. Four prongs were aimed directly at prices: ceilings, rationing, wage stabilization, farm-price stabilization. The other three were a sort of fiscal blockade to hold back excess purchasing power from the market: control of consumer credit, a stiff tax program, the wide sale of war bonds. On paper, it was a surefire plan.

The first gun was fired by Leon Henderson's General Maximum Price Order of 1942, which froze millions of prices all over the country. Later the War Labor Board was empowered to stabilize wages, and ceilings were imposed on some farm products. Then rationing was gradually extended. But meanwhile we got inflation. We are still getting it.

Ceilings vs. Productions

One difficulty is that OPA has been trying to police its myriad price ceilings with a staff of about 2,500 agents (now being increased to 4,000). This, in P. G. Wodehouse's famous phrase, is like a one-armed blind man trying to shove a pound of melted butter into a wildcat's left ear with a red-hot needle. As OPA itself has repeatedly declared, its task is hopeless without the voluntary co-operation of the American people. The American people, however, have permitted and even encouraged ceiling violations. This is partly to be blamed on their apathy, ignorance and greed. But it is also, in some cases, a tribute to their common sense. For the fact is that many of the price ceilings are interfering with what the country needs most: production.

Consider the case of a cotton spinner, whose labor costs have risen 30%, whose raw cotton costs have also risen, and who sells under a closely watched ceiling. He has had so little incentive to increase production, in spite of the increased demand, that the Army has been unable to get its textile orders filled.

Or take the case of a corn-belt farmer whose crop cannot be sold above $1.05 a bushel. This ceiling, originally $1, was raised when Chester Davis became Food Administrator. But the farmer, who is a born speculator, decides he will hold his corn for still more money. As a result, there is now a serious feed shortage among cattle and poultry growers. Nor are the cattlemen taking all their cattle to slaughter; they are holding out for higher prices too.

There are scores of such cases, all illustrating the same point: that in a scarcity economy such as ours is now, you can't freeze all prices without cutting down supplies.

Lessons from Abroad

This is the very dilemma that subsidies are supposed to solve. Paid direct to the cotton spinner, for example, they keep him at full production, but without raising the price of shirts. Paid to the meat packer, they enable him to pay more to cattlemen, thus encouraging more slaughtering, but without raising the price of meat.

Both Britain and Canada have used subsidies freely, and both have done a much better job of inflation control than we have. But the British, among other advantages, don't try to control the price of everything. They concentrate on those items important to keeping Britons alive. The Canadians set us the example of trying to freeze all prices; but they were serious about it. When the squeeze on manufacturers and retailers threatened to break Canada's price ceilings, the price administrator, Donald Gordon, did three things. First he made them absorb part of the squeeze, cutting their profit margins. Then he made them cut their costs, by simplification. Then, and not until then, he gave them subsidies.

Our problem is different from both Britain's and Canada's, but we can learn a lot from both. We can learn the value of concentrating on those prices which really matter. With food prices being punctured on all sides, and a short staff, OPA somehow found time last week to worry about liquor prices. Liquor prices are headed up, all right; but who cares? The high cost of liquor will never be used in a wage plea before the War Labor Board.

We also have to learn that you cannot control the price of anything in wartime unless you also control the supply. Commandeering is one way. Subsidies are a gentler, more democratic approach to the same problem. They are a sort of golden crook with which the Government can lead lambs and other essential products to its own market.

Many Congressmen and farmers are against subsidies. Knowing that a free market would give them higher prices than subsidies, they are now raising the very cry they failed to raise during AAA days, when the opposite was the case: Government interference, bureaucracy, the public debt.

But subsidies are infinitely cheaper than inflation. In Britain and Canada they have amounted to less than 3% of the total Government spending. A rule of thumb around OPA is that $1 spent in subsidies can prevent the waste of $6 or $7 in unnecessary price increases. The taxpayer stands the burden instead of the consumer, but the burden is less; and in wartime taxpayers and consumers must be brothers.

Another argument against subsidies was advanced by the New York *Times*, which complained that "by keeping down prices artificially through subsidies, the Government encourages the consumption of scarce items instead of discouraging it." This sounds rather cold-blooded when it is remembered that the scarce items in question are food, and already rationed. It is really an argument for a free market which, in wartime, means inflation.

Nevertheless, this argument contains an important warning about subsidies. They are a useful but dangerous weapon which must be handled with shrewdness and skill, and only for certain well-defined purposes. These purposes are to maintain or increase the supply of items which are essential and whose price, if allowed to rise, would seriously hamper the productive effort of the men on fixed wages. That applies to only a part of the thousands of prices OPA is now trying to keep down. If it is to use subsidies successfully, OPA will have to improve its methods. It will have to convince the businessmen it wants to subsidize (as Donald Gordon did) that its judgment on their costs and profit margins is honest and fair. And it will have to concentrate its all too scattered efforts on those prices that really affect production.

Then What?

If it uses subsidies rightly, will OPA then win the battle against inflation? That, unfortunately, is not up to OPA. As it was in the beginning, it is now: the President's seven-point anti-inflation program is a good program only if it is pursued on all seven fronts. So far, it has not been.

We have been fairly energetic on the four fronts against prices, but the fiscal fronts are way behind. The last victory loan was oversubscribed, but only 7% of the total was in Series E bonds, the small-denomination bonds that represent purchases from income and not from capital or bank credit. As for taxes, the President asked for an extra $16,000,000,000 four months ago and hasn't got any of it yet.

Meanwhile excess purchasing power is pouring into every payroll, and OPA's ceilings continue to pop. Until all sectors of the front are taken seriously, inflation will continue to win. Even with subsidies.

PICTURE OF THE WEEK

To South Pacific natives, U. S. dollars are just pieces of green paper. They prefer more realistic currency: junk jewelry. For cheap earrings and a glittering brooch, one native dug 52 foxholes for U. S. soldiers. To supply the armed forces with this South Sea wampum, the League for Servicemen in San Francisco recently campaigned for "baubles for buddies to barter." More than 17,000 trinkets have already been shipped overseas.

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Junk jewelry collected for shipment to U.S. troops who use it as wampum in bartering with South Pacific natives

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ASPARAGUS AND THE DUKE

Windsor visits his Bahamian subjects at New Jersey camp

While his Duchess went shopping in New York last week, the Duke of Windsor, in his capacity as Governor General of the Bahama Islands, dropped in on some of his subjects at Swedesboro, N. J. The 214 Bahamian Negroes, recently imported to help with U. S. crops, sang *God Save the King* twice as the Duke toured their Farm Security Administration camp. They told the former King that they did not care for the strange food or the stranger climate, but did like the higher U. S. wages. Then the Duke doffed his bowler hat and smart topcoat, walked stiffly into the muddy fields where he learned how to cut asparagus and how to pose with it (*left*). He even brought some stalks home to the Duchess and the Waldorf-Astoria.



The Duke of Windsor strikes a Hamlet-like pose with two fine bunches of freshly picked asparagus and a fat-bellied pipe. He took asparagus back to New York with directions for preparing.



Bahamian Negro workers escort their famous Governor General across muddy fields to a patch of asparagus ready for harvesting. The Duke discussed food and the weather with his subjects.



Gift of asparagus is presented to the Duke by a Bahamian who recently came to the U. S. with hundreds of fellow workers to help relieve the severe farm-labor shortage. Shown how by his subjects, the Duke bent down and cut some asparagus himself. Asked if he needed any help, the former King replied, "No, I am getting old but I still have strength enough to do this."

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At the camp laundry, the Duke stops to question some of the Bahamian Negro women who were scrubbing dirty clothes in tubs. He refused to pose holding any wet wash. The Governor General also looked at the camp's bathing facilities and remarked that it might be difficult to get the workers back home to the islands because "they don't have showers in their houses."

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TUNISIAN WAR ENDS

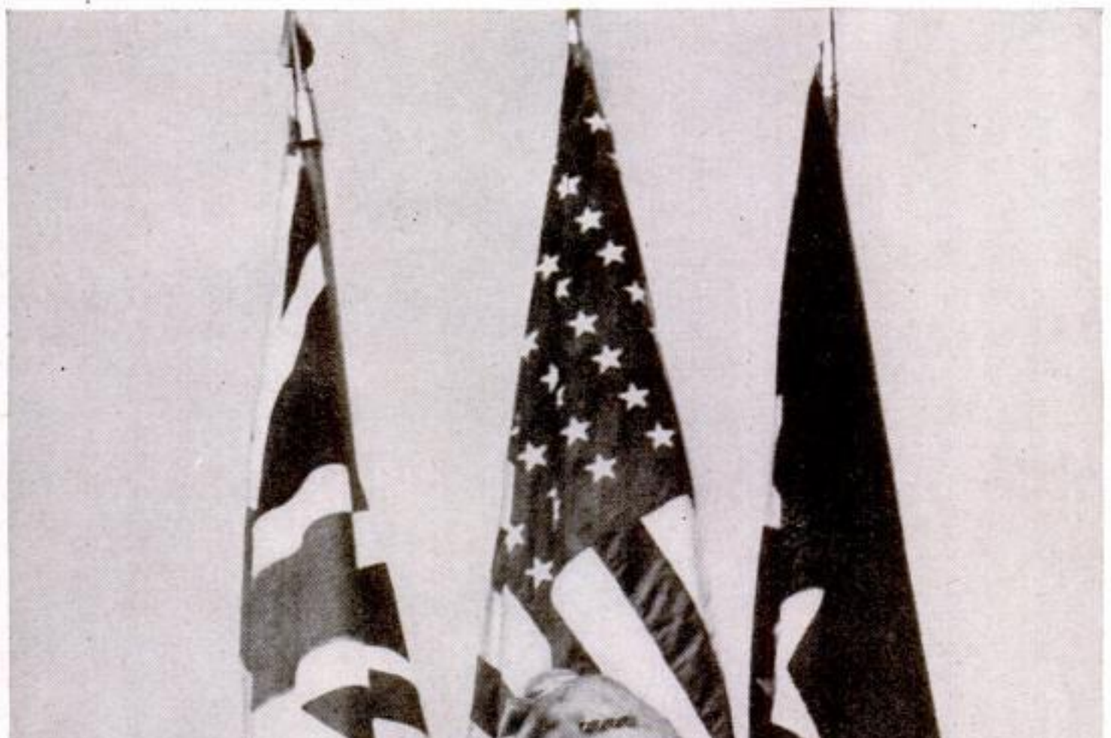
Final enemy rout is fruit of six-month campaign

On May 12, just six months and four days after the initial Allied landings in North Africa, the battle of Tunisia came to a happy end. Field Marshal Erwin Rommel had fled to the fortress of Europe. Colonel General Jurgen von Arnim had been taken prisoner and forced to swallow the bitter pill of unconditional surrender. Captured with him were 16 generals and 150,000 battered Axis soldiers. For the second time in World War II a great German army had crumpled in unmistakable, definitive and irretrievable defeat. (First time: Stalingrad.)

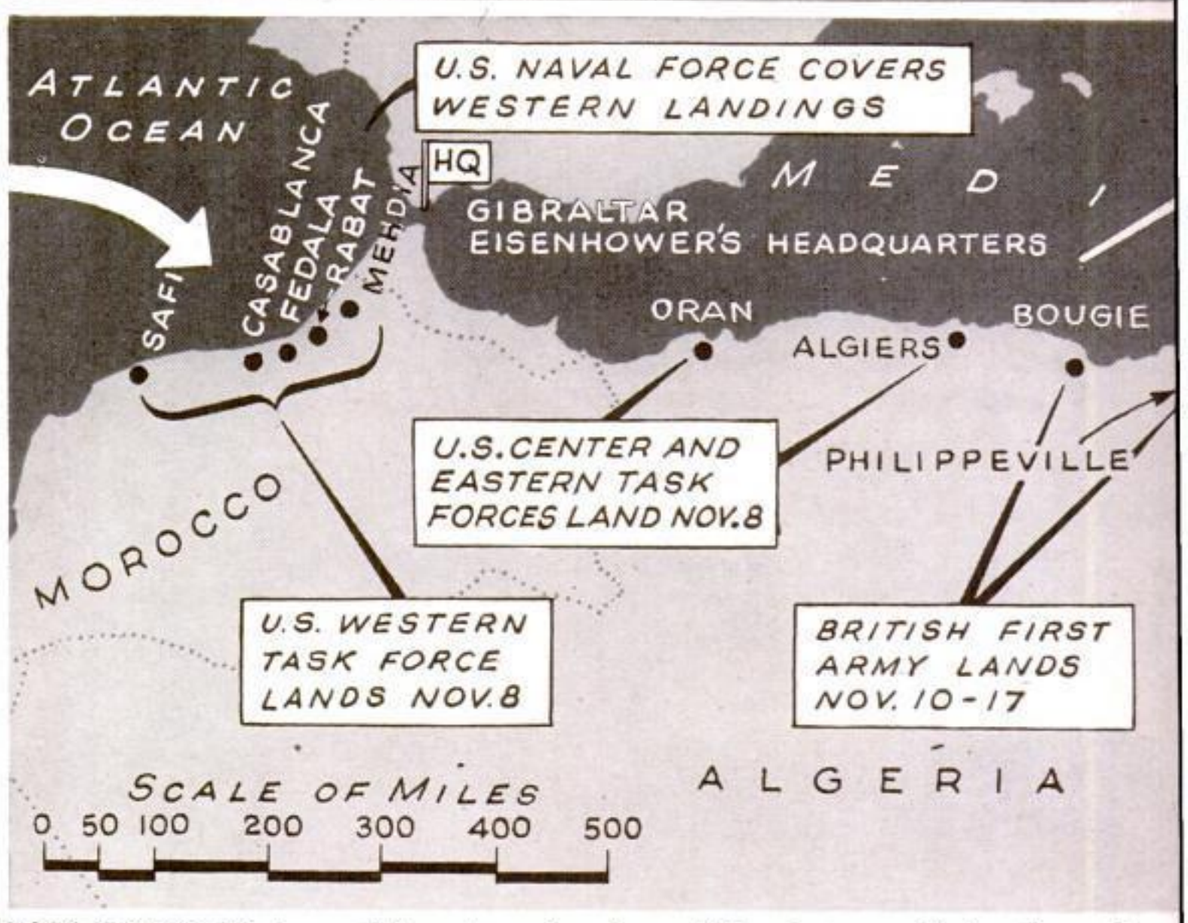
For the men of General Anderson's First Army, of Eisenhower's American forces and Giraud's French, the victory of May 12 marked the conclusion of a half year of difficult and often disheartening struggle in the barren wet mountains of Tunisia. To the veteran desert rats of Montgomery's Eighth Army it brought the sweet rewards of nearly three years of lonely, sometimes apparently hopeless battering in the sands of Libya and Egypt.

Now with the last Axis gun in North Africa silenced and the last Axis soldier imprisoned or dead, the vast outlines of the strategy which produced this denouement became comprehensible. Events which had seemed baffling or frustrating last winter fell logically into place. Montgomery's massive attack against Rommel's line at El Alamein on October 25 was the premonitory rumble of the campaign. Three weeks later, as Rommel fell back, the Americans landed at Oran, Casablanca and Algiers, and the second arm of the pincers loomed far away in the west. Inexorably, month by month, the trap closed, as shown in the series of battle maps at right.

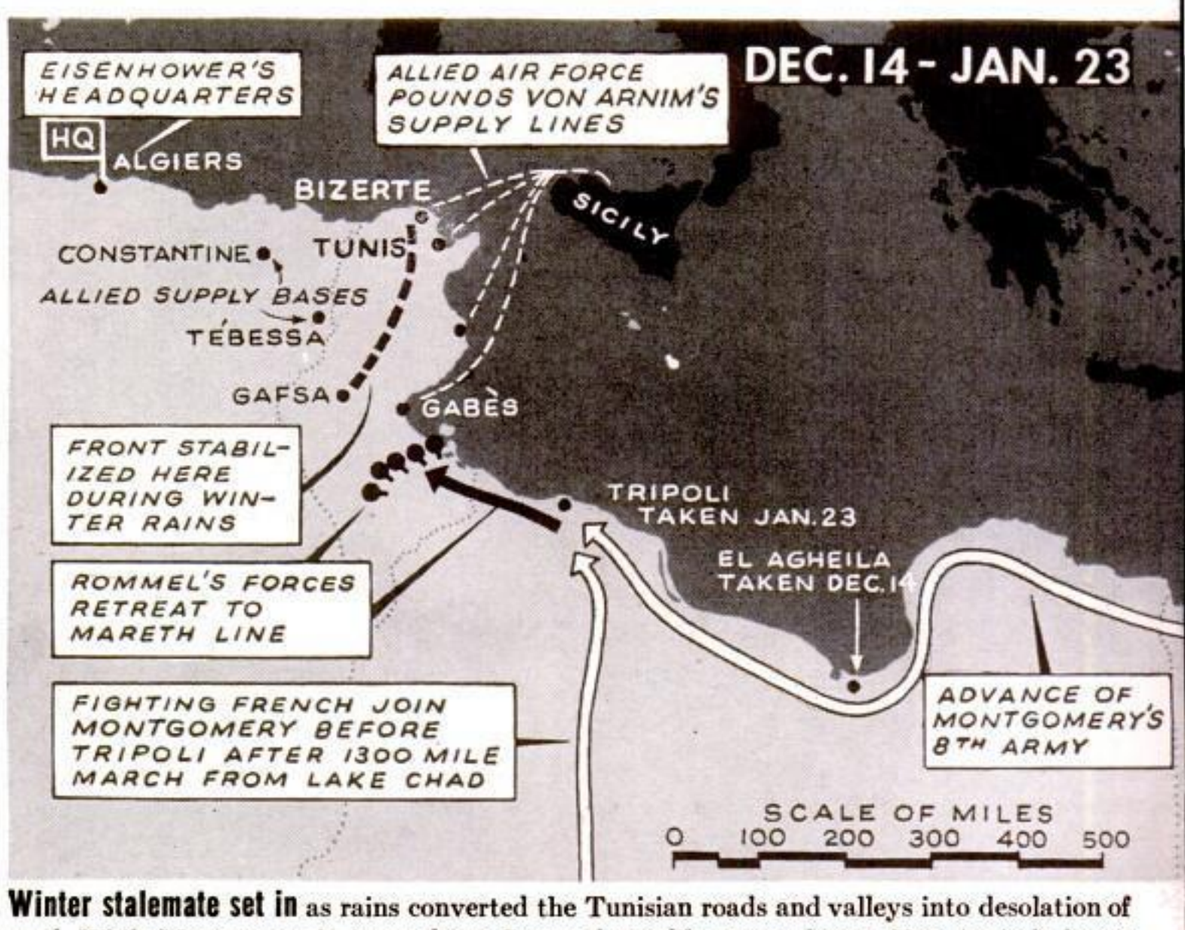
Significantly for the future, the ultimate triumph was more than a military victory. It was a victory for United Nations friendship. On the shoulders of General Eisenhower, commander in chief of all Allied land, sea and air forces in North Africa, fell a task without precedent in military history. He was the first American ever to hold supreme command over thousands of British fighting men. Upon him as master strategist and coordinator rested the future of joint Anglo-American command. He did not fail. Thanks to his skill and tact, an interlocking staff of brilliant men—Alexander, Montgomery, Tedder, Spaatz, Anderson—functioned with superb efficiency. It was an auspicious omen for the tasks ahead.



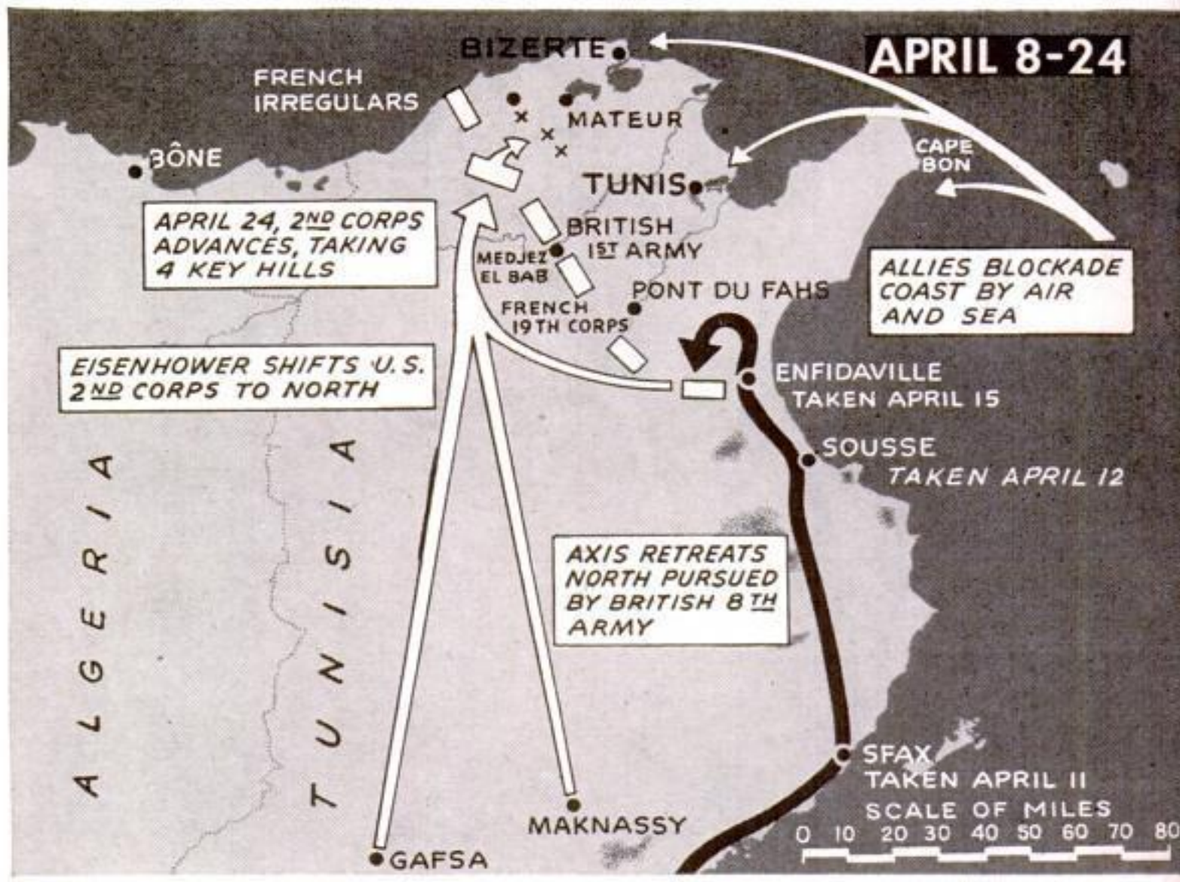
GRAND STRATEGIST EISENHOWER WELDED ALLIED FORCES INTO SUPERB MACHINE



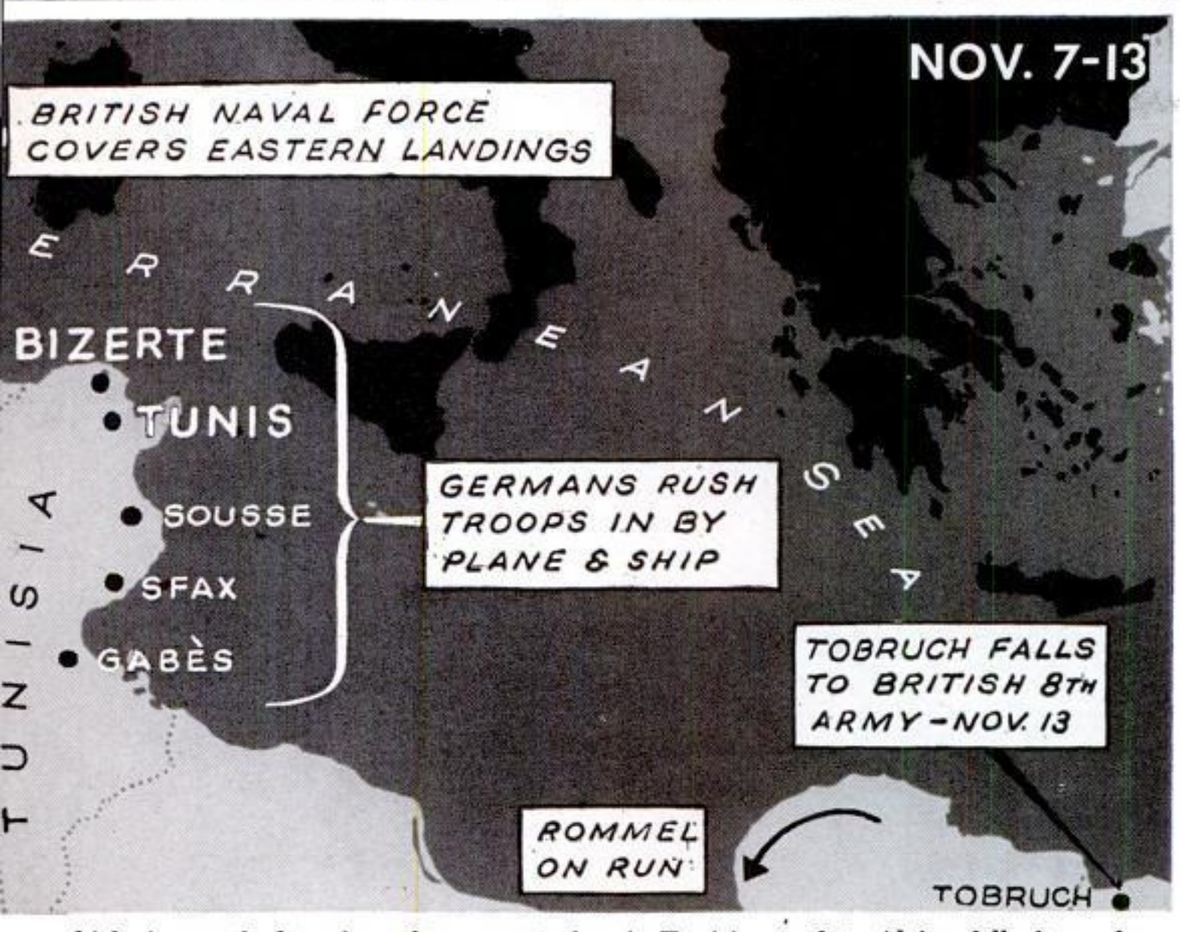
Initial landings of U. S. assault forces in predawn hours of Nov. 8 staggered Axis and created vast new hope among United Nations. On that morning Rommel was falling back before British 8th Army toward Libya, and the world now began to see outlines of gigantic squeeze



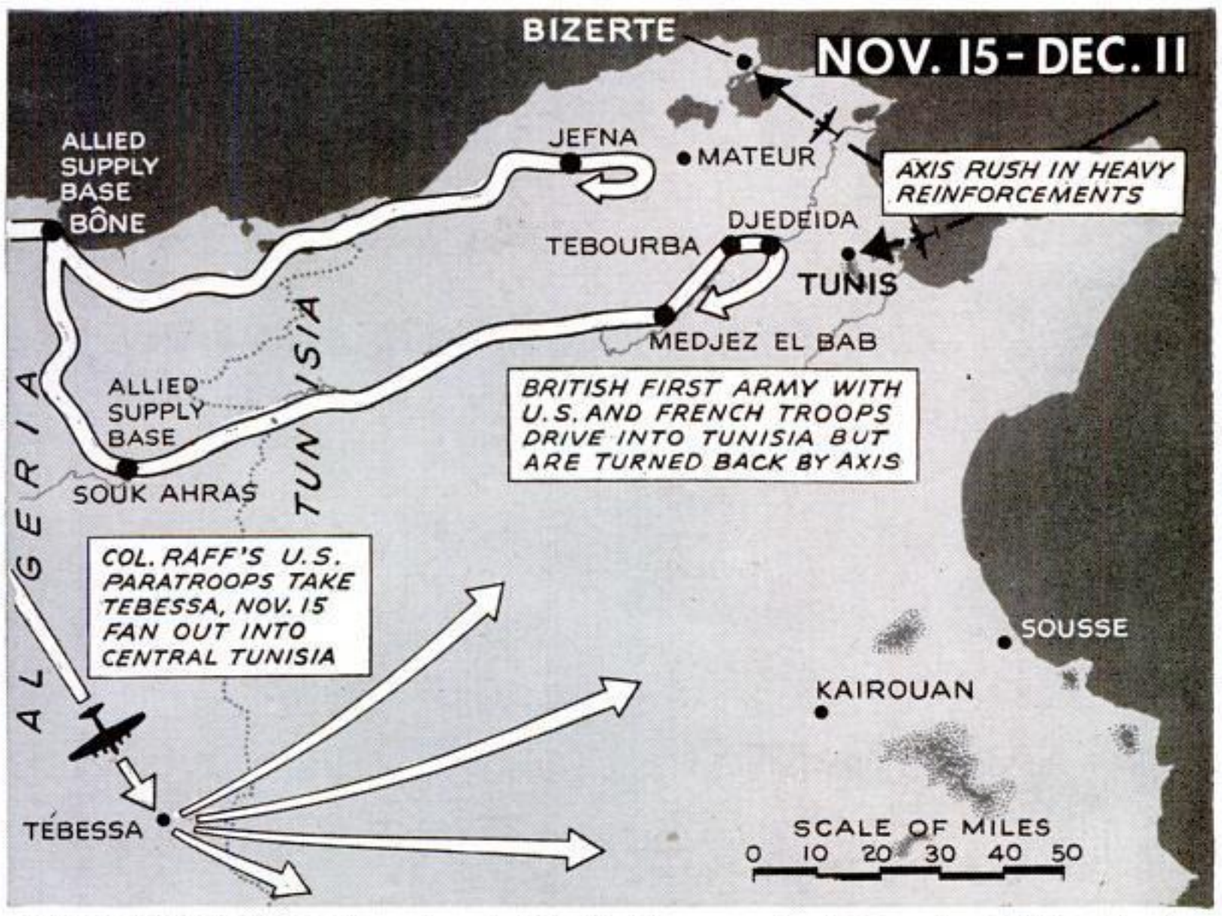
Winter stalemate set in as rains converted the Tunisian roads and valleys into desolation of mud. While Montgomery's Army drove Rommel steadily across desert, Von Arnim's forces held U. S. and British in mountains at north despite savage hammering by Allied bombers.



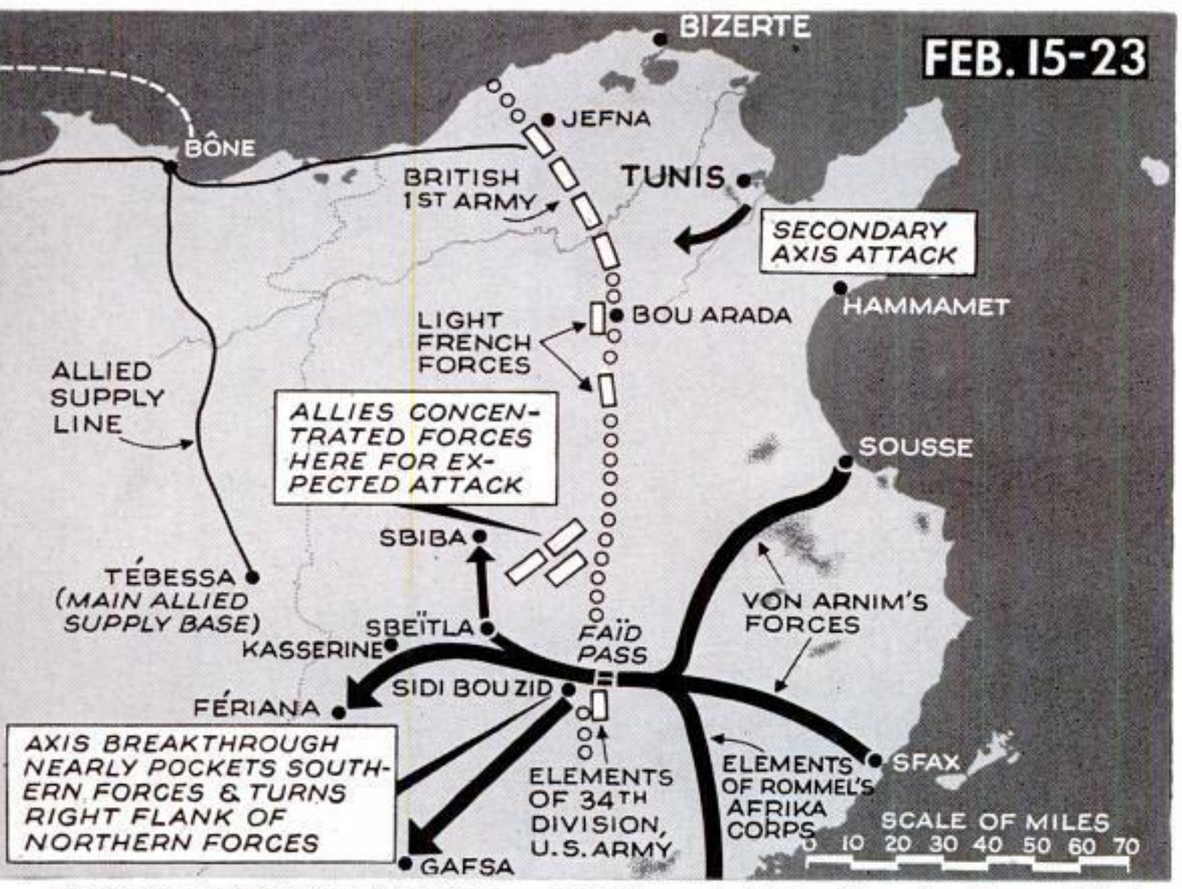
Eisenhower's master stroke was secret withdrawal of 2nd U. S. Corps to north during Afrika Korps' retreat up coast. Shift was a gamble which enabled him to concentrate his forces in north for final drive. Capture of hills before Mateur opened road to Tunis and Bizerte.



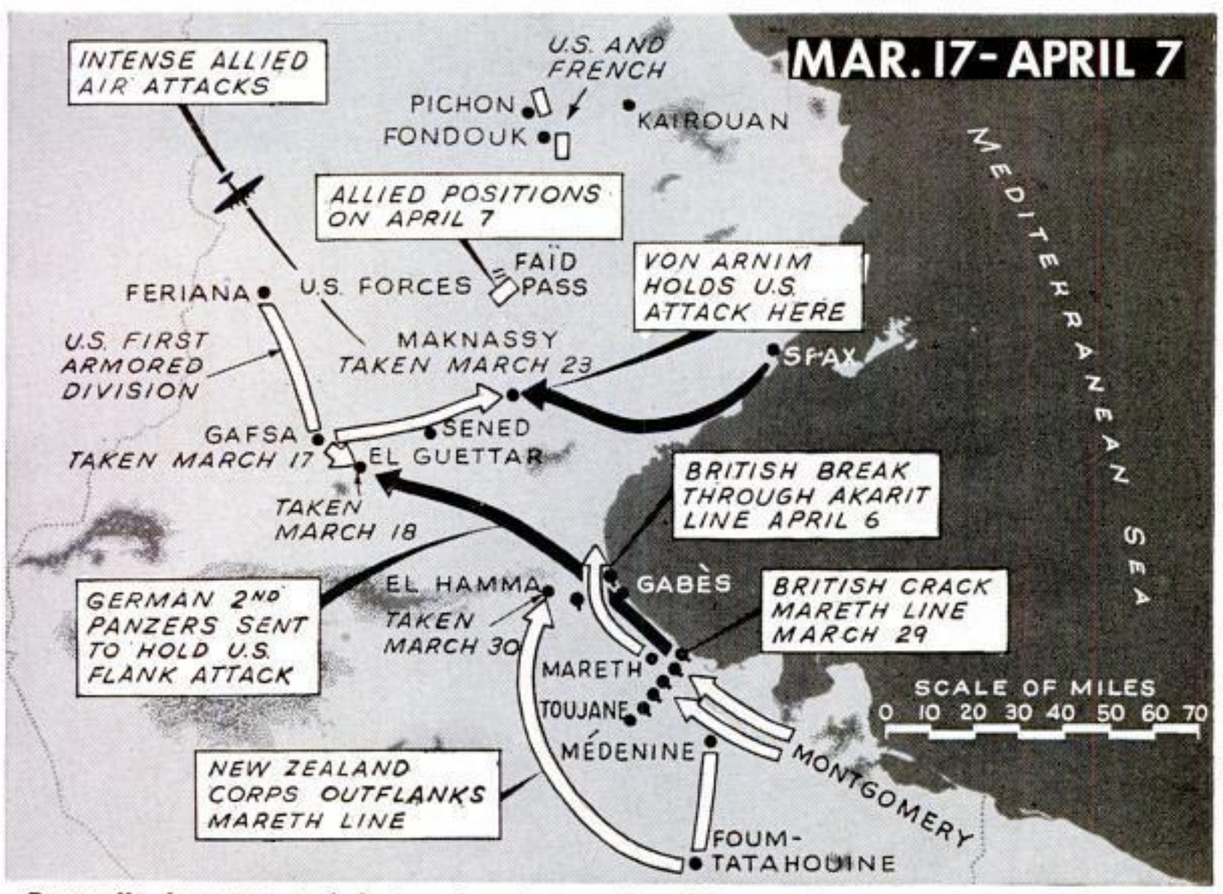
which six months later brought enemy to bay in Tunisian pocket. Algiers fell after a few hours of combat. Fighting at Oran and Casablanca continued three days. Germans, completely surprised by invasion, hastily rushed troops across Mediterranean to hold Tunisia.



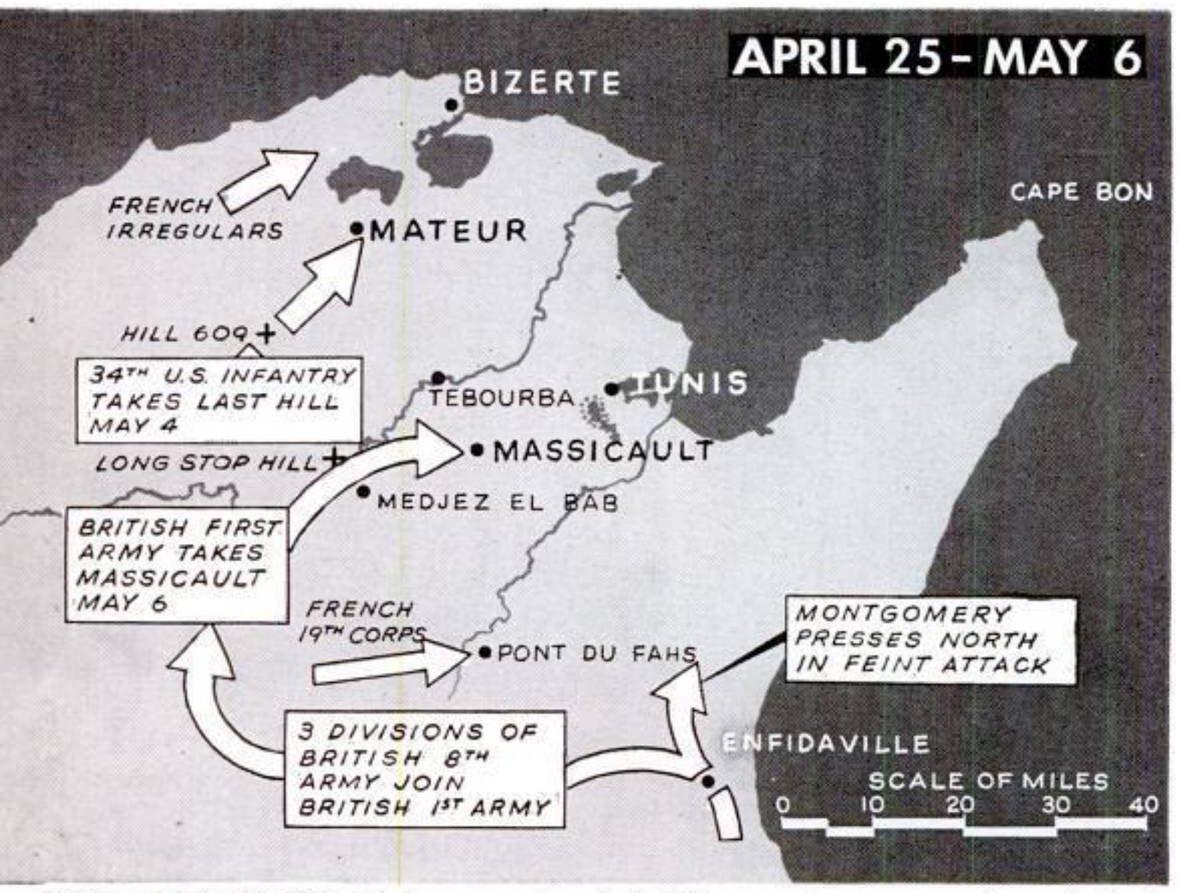
First Allied rush to the east nearly ended the Tunisian campaign in November. Within a few days of landings, General Anderson's First Army drove to within twelve miles of Tunis. But they outran their supplies. The hastily reinforced Germans counterattacked, and Allies had to turn back.



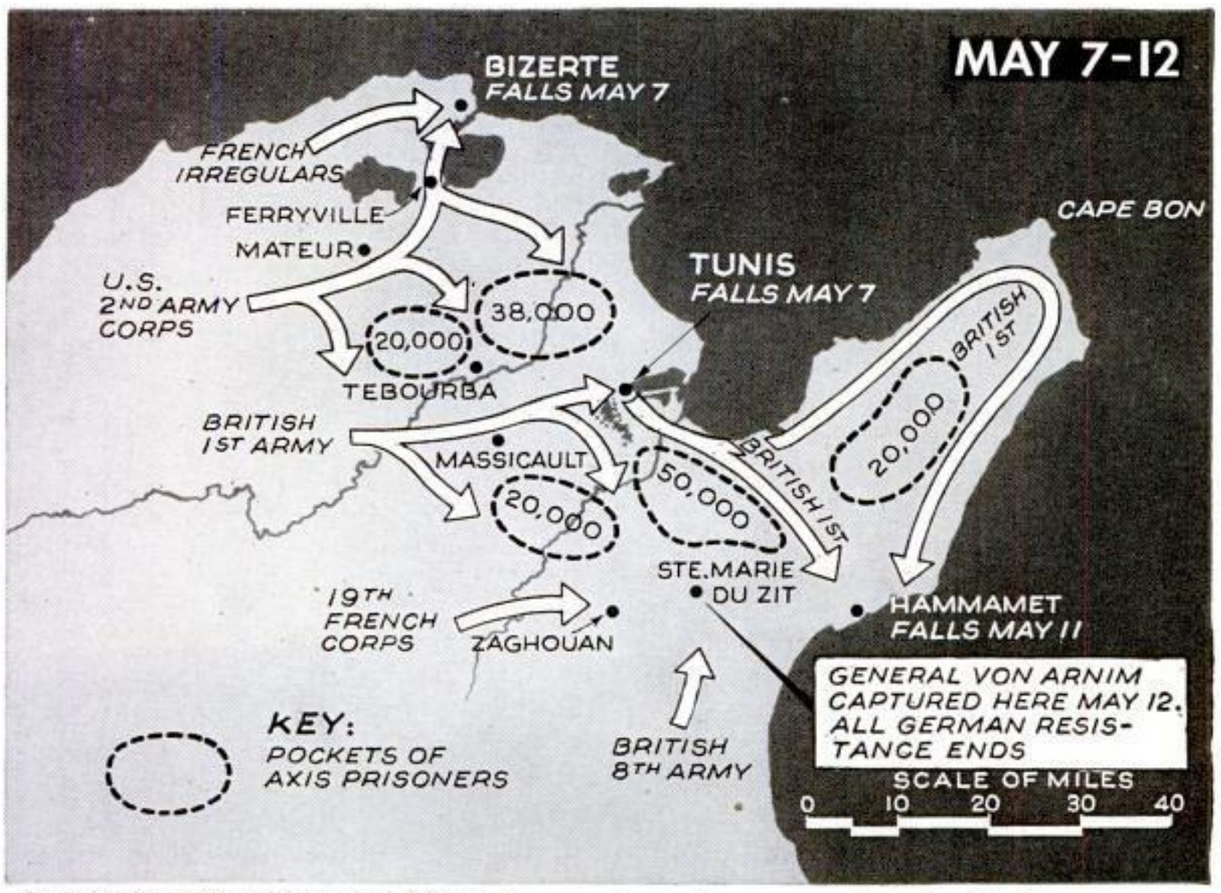
Rommel's last ferocious offensive threw U. S. forces back 50 miles and endangered flank of First Army. Erupting out of Faïd Pass in mid-February, he took Sbeitla, Gafsa, Feriana in a week. Terrific concentration of Allied airpower helped to halt him at Kasserine Pass.



Rommel's doom was sealed when the 8th Army forced him to abandon Mareth Line. Montgomery executed a brilliant flanking movement and won a decisive victory at El Hamma. Rommel's position became untenable when U. S. forces threatened his rear from Maknassy and El Guettar.



Closing in for the kill, Allied commanders fooled Germans by one more clever tactical move. Montgomery's feint from Enfidaville drew German armor south of Cape Bon, while three of his divisions quietly joined forces with First Army for final attack from north.



In last ignominious hour of collapse, Germans learned sorry meaning of such phrases as "outflanked," "cut off" and "surrounded." Brilliant thrust by First Army barred avenues of retreat to Cape Bon. Huge pools of Axis manpower were pocketed and had no choice but to surrender.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



The Cape Bon "massacre" was one of the deadliest aerial victories of the war. On the evening of April 18, Allied fighter patrols, composed of some 46 P-40's and 18 Spitfires, were astonished to see a fleet of Axis transport planes lumbering northeast toward Sicily, barely a few feet above the surface of the Mediterranean. The Allied planes closed in and began mowing down the big transports, despite a screen of 50 Messerschmitts, like sitting ducks. When the brief battle ended, the Axis had lost 77 planes, Allies six.



Long Stop Hill was a great bastion which guarded the approaches to Tunis. Until its rugged slopes were invested, lesser hills around it and valleys below were useless to Allies. Hence soldiers said a month ago: "As Long Stop goes, so goes Tunis." The Allied attack on the hill began April 23 with a massive artillery barrage. By April 26 hill was won.

ENEMY COLLAPSE WAS SWIFT, SURPRISING AND INGLORIOUS

The end of the Axis fight in North Africa came with incredible swiftness and without either a Dunkirk or a Bataan. If Von Arnim had had any notion of evacuating valuable personnel by air, it was shattered on April 18, when Allied fighters massacred a Sicily-bound fleet of 100 Axis transports, containing an estimated 4,000 men (*above*). Abortive attempts to escape by sea were crushed before they got under way. That left the enemy the alternative of a last-ditch battle on Cape Bon, a promontory less rugged than Bataan, but nevertheless a tough and defensible position. But speedy Allied columns infiltrated and divided Axis forces before they could establish their lines.

For strategists, the fall of Tunis was foreshadowed by the capture of Long Stop Hill (*left*) on April 26. Yet the Allies' final push caught the Germans completely off base. Thousands of German officers and soldiers were obliviously promenading the streets of Tunis when four British armored cars rolled into the city on the afternoon of May 7. When LIFE's Correspondent Will Lang entered Tunis' Majestic Hotel to register for a room, German officers were still drinking at the bar.

In the last hours of the denouement, Allied pressure never relaxed. Audacious columns streamed to the coast from all directions, cutting the enemy into hundreds of hopeless, helpless units. The disintegration was complete. German motorized elements simply decorated their vehicles with white flags and drove into the Allied lines. Gasped one British general: "These last three days have been fantastic, unbelievable. The Germans may have witnessed scenes of wholesale surrender like this, but we never have."

CONTINUED ON PAGE 35





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AMERICA'S CANNERS ARE SUPPLYING FIGHTING FOOD FOR OUR FIGHTING MEN...

WHEN, because of food rationing, you can't get as much of the canned foods as you could in normal times, remember that your loss may be some fighting man's vital gain.

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Today, literally millions upon millions of cans of these vitally important field rations are rolling forth from the canning plants every month for fighting men on many fronts.

Packing nourishing foods, not only for the home front, but also for our armies and allies all around the world... this is the canning industry's contribution to the job of winning the war. And so if you have to do without the can of soup or tomato juice that you want tomorrow, just remember—the canners of America are working not only for you and your family but for our boys in uniform.



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THE FALL OF TUNIS

LIFE Editor, after watching air bombardment, saunters into Tunis with victorious forces

by NOEL F. BUSCH

Tunis (*by cable*)



Since LIFE Editor Noel Busch left these shores nine months ago, he has drifted through South America, South Africa, Egypt, Arabia and Tripolitania. Last week Busch found himself at the gates of Tunis. Imperturbably advancing through a few last eddies of enemy hostility, he entered the city and accepted a tumultuous welcome from its citizens with unshaken equanimity. LIFE herewith prints his dispassionate and somewhat subjective report.

Early last week I went from Algiers to a camp from which Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham has been directing the activities of the Northwest African Tactical Air Force. This camp is a comfortable, not to say luxurious, little tent city tucked away in a cozy grove of scrub pine trees which needle the air agreeably. The celebrated land yacht from which Coningham directed the desert air campaign was parked on a hilltop commanding a fine view of the spectacular surrounding landscape. Sitting outside this with Captain Harold Balfour, British Under Secretary for Air, who was his house guest at the time, Coningham received me on the afternoon of May 5 in company with Squadron Leader Dudley Barker who was helping me gather information. At the end of an hour or so of talk the Air Marshal suggested that if I wanted to get a good first-hand view of large-scale pattern bombing, a good example would be provided the next day a few miles east of Medjez. This sounded like a tip right from the horse's mouth. Getting up at dawn the next morning, Barker and I drove to Medjez in a station wagon, arriving there about 9 o'clock.

In order to simplify the geographical riddles provided by Arab place names, British troops occupying this neighborhood have substituted other names which they like better. Planted in village squares or lanes through the Tunisian fields are street signs saying Piccadilly Circus or Oxford Road. In Medjez we learned that the best vantage point in the neighborhood was a nearby eminence nicknamed Grenadier Hill. We climbed this and were somewhat surprised to find upon its summit none other than Coningham and Balfour, who had flown over in their "puddle jumper," as Coningham calls his small private plane. Coningham, when we saw him first, was lying flat on his back in an attitude which might have been regarded as complacent but which under the circumstances seemed to betoken justifiable serenity. Actually he was not dozing but merely resting his eyes from the glare of the sun. He proved this by opening one eye or both from time to time when a flight of his bombers crossed the sky above him.

Since this was the day on which the Allied Air Forces flew a record number of more than 2,000 sorties and since Grenadier Hill was right under the main aerial artery, the overhead traffic was considerable. In the half-hour we spent on the hilltop we saw two flights of 18 or so Bostons each, together with their fighter escort and numerous other individual planes, none of them hostile. It became apparent, however, that the Bostons were dropping their bombs some miles farther on and we therefore decided to catch up with the activities. The Air Marshal and his guest returned to their puddle jumper and we went back to our station wagon.

From Grenadier Hill the valley to the east had been barely discernible through a haze of dust raised by columns of tanks, gun carriers, lorries and every other sort of vehicle pouring along roads, lanes and improvised tracks across the fields, the latter taped off to show that they had been cleared of mines. We got into the thick of this traffic and moved forward so slowly it took us till about one o'clock to reach another lower hilltop ten miles farther east, which seemed the best place to await further developments. This hilltop, captured by infantry about two hours before, was a mile or two north of the main road from Medjez to Tunis. From it the battlefield itself lay spread out in truly classic panorama.

This section of the Tunisian countryside resembles northern Dutchess County in New York except that there are fewer woods. The fields were waist-high with either fine new hay or red poppies in the best tradition. The larks which are supposed to sing during battles were on hand and in splendid voice. Even the hare, called for in the stage directions for such an occasion, put in his appearance soon after we arrived. The hare, however, was startled not by bullets but by a salvo of bombs from four German planes which, appearing from nowhere, suddenly whizzed overhead. The practical effect of the bombs was, as far as we could see by poking our heads out from underneath a tank, otherwise utterly negligible. As a matter of fact, we were lucky to get a glimpse of them at all, as they were the only German planes reported anywhere on the Tunisian front during the battle.

After the departure of the German planes we spent an hour or so chatting with various members of the Seventh Armored Division who had parked their tanks on the hillside and were engaged in digging slit trenches or having lunch. Walking about was made somewhat precarious by bits of wire and other junk scattered about the ground, some of which had presumably been attached to land mines.

From the brow of the hill, we examined the progress of the battle. Looking east, we could see a line of German tanks parked just beyond a small village in the plain below. Two miles or so from where we were standing, to the south, a gray line of smoke along the valley showed where the shells, fired from guns we had passed a mile or so farther back, were landing. British tanks of the Seventh Armored Division were rolling up a little behind us on both sides, sheltered from enemy fire by creases in the soft, green countryside. Here and there in the valley there rose a thin column of smoke from a burning building. The sky was dotted from time to time with little patches of darker smoke made by anti-aircraft fire.

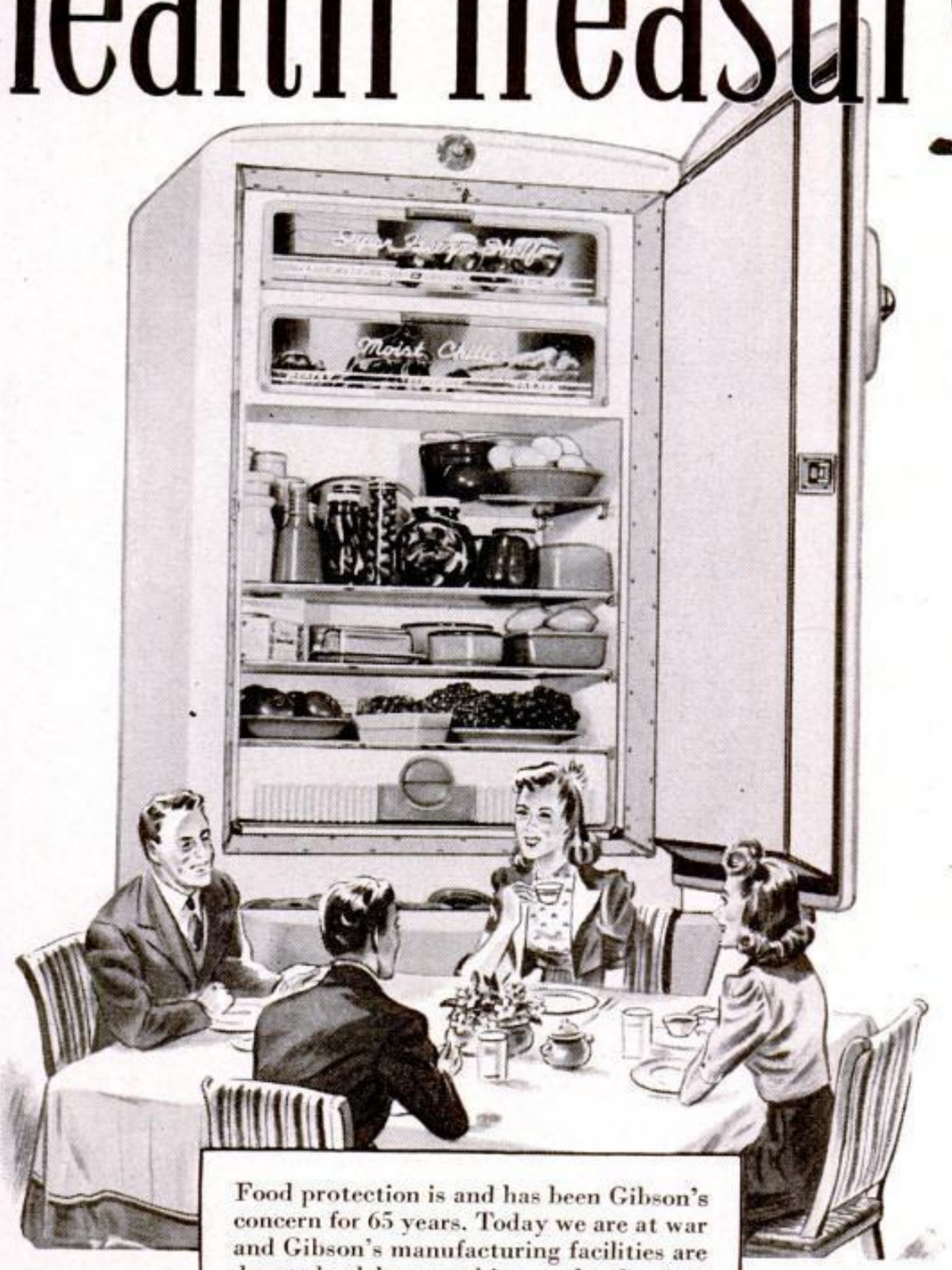


Air Marshal Sir Arthur Coningham directed the aerial assault that shattered enemy forces in the vicinity of Tunis. Mr. Busch was by his side during the closing hours of the campaign.

Pattern bombing is a maneuver conducted by a flight of 18 or so aircraft flying in precise formation at a distance from each other determined by the type of bombs used. When the leading bombardier releases his bombs, all the other bombardiers release theirs with the result that the outline of the planes in the sky is reproduced by an exactly equivalent area of devastation on the ground. The final major bombing mission of the day had, we knew, been scheduled for 1:30. However, as it was now 2:30, we concluded that it had been postponed or canceled and we decided to start back to camp. This decision was reached a shade too late for our own comfort. Just as we started toward the car we were disconcerted to hear the whistle of a shell overhead. Soon we found ourselves obliged to interrupt our contemplation of the battle as a whole and

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Signed Charles J Gibson
President

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Worthy of your kitchen is the One and Only Freez'r Shelf Refrigerator, the Gibson with the exclusive Strata-Zone principle of correct humidity and "layers of cold" for each type of food—it's the most convenient refrigerator ever conceived. That is today's Gibson.

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Equally great advancements are in store for you in the post-war Gibson Kookall automatic electric range.

Plan on both of them for your home of tomorrow, *but buy War Bonds today!*



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GREENVILLE, MICHIGAN
Export Department: 201 North Wells Street
Chicago, Illinois

FALL OF TUNIS (continued)

squat in a miserable little ditch in order to avoid the effects of these projectiles which were in the air and dropping on the ground all around us. Like the visit of the German planes, this accurate and disconcerting display of hostility was almost unique in the record of the day's activities. It lasted for about 15 minutes after which the intensity of the fire died down sufficiently for us to cross the field to where we had left the car and go about our business elsewhere.

The following evening we heard that the tank division with which we shared the hilltop was now camped on the racecourse outside Tunis. We decided to drive over to Tunis itself the next day and got up at dawn again to do so. We reached the outskirts of the capital at about 10 o'clock. Military police had warned us there was still fighting in the streets and that hand grenades were being thrown from windows. When we got there we found nothing of the sort in evidence. On the contrary, the only Germans we saw were in prisoners' cages—barbed-wire paddocks set up in the fields beside the road—or walking along under guard. What was in the streets turned out to be not fighting but the entire population of the town milling around in wild enthusiasm, which was also in the classic tradition for such occasions. As we had driven in more or less unaccompanied, Tunisians were immediately scrambling all over our car like ants over a lump of sugar. A gendarme presently helped us scrape most of them off and politely agreed to take us on a tour of the settlement with a special eye to areas which had been targets for bombing.

A junk yard for planes

We drove first to the port of Tunis itself, then to the airport and then across a causeway to the outer port and beach suburb of La Goulette. At each of these the bombing had been so accurate as to give the impression of sewing-machine precision. A border of complete devastation had been stitched around the port so neatly, for example, that while not a single one of the 30 or so vessels in the vicinity was undamaged and most of the docks and wharves completely ruined, apartment houses and shops two blocks away were practically undamaged. At the airport the outstanding feature of destruction was a sort of parking lot where a hundred or so planes of all sizes made a tangle of wreckage that looked like an old-fashioned junk car jungle outside any U. S. town. We had to go close to identify the scraps as bits of wings or landing gear. Around the field itself the hangars and outbuildings were completely smashed up. A somewhat tattered windsock into which a fairly strong breeze was blowing was noticeable as the only item of equipment still in some sort of working order. The deserted buildings gave forth a sort of melancholy music made by torn sheets of the tin walls clanging against each other in the wind. At La Goulette we found a British anti-aircraft crew engaged in setting up a gun on the docks and pawing over a heap of German rifles, helmets and whatnot on a

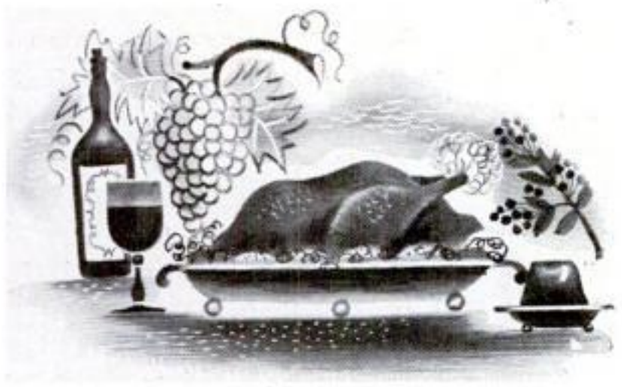
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Liberated Tunisians throng streets as Allied forces enter the city. Mr. Busch reports he had to enlist the aid of gendarmes to help remove these happy citizens from his car.

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And you can be sure that the food that reaches your Statler dining-room table will be pure and wholesome—*in no instance purchased through the black market*. We intend to co-operate to the fullest extent with the government in stamping out black markets. So if certain foods are omitted from our menus, you'll know that they could not be purchased on the open market.

This much you can depend on. Despite rationing and shortages of certain foods, there will never be a rationing of *quality* in Statler dining rooms. Statler food will always be *delightful* food, served to you in the finest possible manner.

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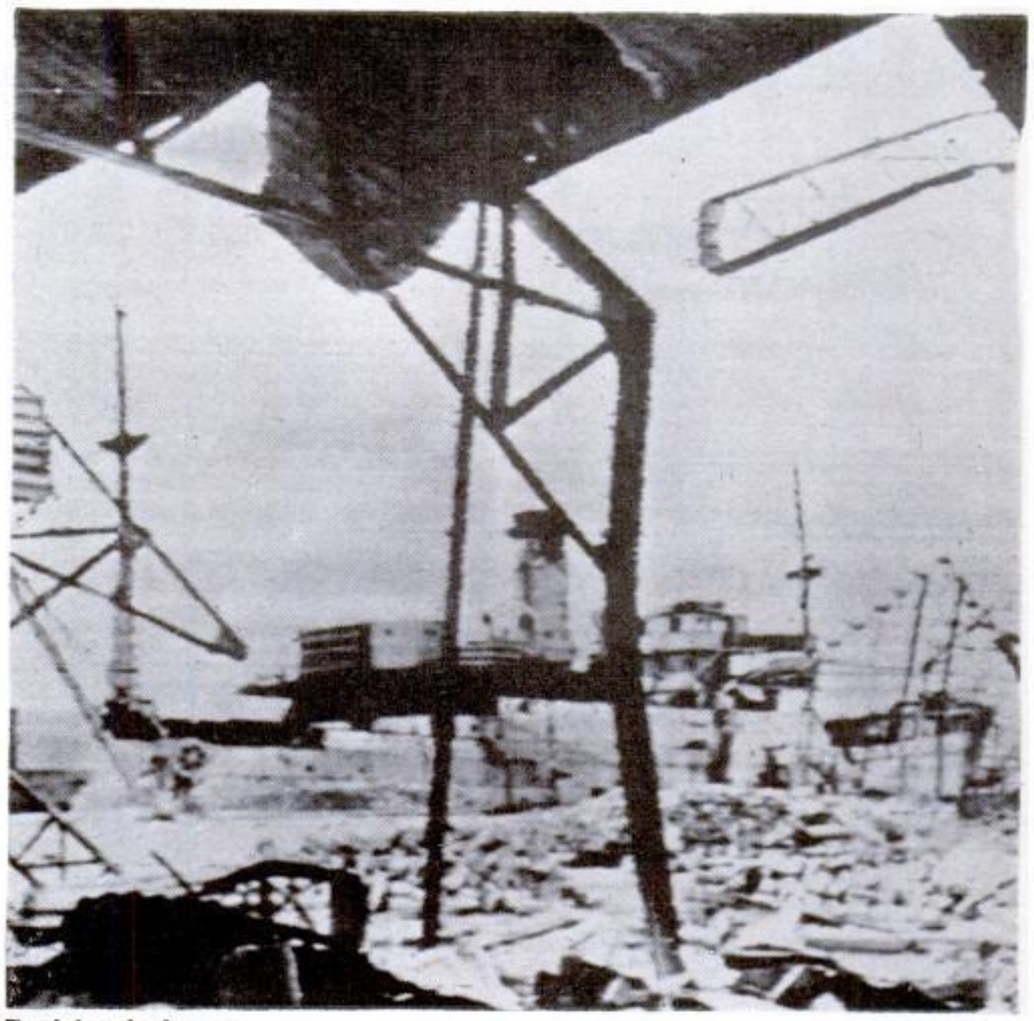
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R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company, Winston-Salem, North Carolina



Tunisian dock areas were wrecked by Allied bombing, though residences a few blocks inland were untouched. Busch thought Tunis' waterfront looked like Asbury Park, N. J.

FALL OF TUNIS (continued)

jetty to which was moored a still smoldering barge. From the jetty we proceeded through quiet, sunny and undamaged streets to a hotel and beachfront reminiscent of Asbury Park.

Starting back to our camp again about one o'clock, we overtook a cordon of prisoners marching along the road outside town. The line, marching two or three abreast, stretched for about four miles. When we had passed it we turned into a field beside the road and sat down to eat a picnic lunch of cold bully beef, biscuits, cheese, chocolate and water. As we did so, the column caught up with us again and we had a good chance to study the prisoners' faces and behavior. All had an air of depression easily accounted for by the fact that they had been marching toward the cages for several hours under a hot sun carrying hurriedly assembled bundles. Italians and Germans seemed to be mixed in proportions of about two to one. The Italians scuffled up to us with water bottles asking us to fill them; the Germans walked along more stolidly, most of them with a rather noticeable sameness of facial expression. It took some time to diagnose it. It was a look which, with surprise, disappointment and fatigue, somehow combined an air of private conjecture like a man who has missed a train because his watch, usually dependable, has unaccountably run down. They seemed to be asking themselves in aggrieved dejection, "How on earth can this be happening to us?"



Axis prisoners hail Allied troops as they are herded out of the city of Tunis in direction of internment camps. Many of the prisoners seemed happy, others just surprised.

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"WHEN YOU COME BACK TO ME..."

I know you will come back to me. I've never doubted that, ever!

And when you do come back, you will find, just as you left them, everything your letters tell me you hold dear. I will be wearing the same blue dress I wore the day you went away. And on my arm the silver bracelet you gave me last April on our anniversary.

And, waiting for you, the children will be first to hear the sound of your step on the walk, and the quick way that you and only you open and shut the old white gate.

How they will run to greet you, far out-racing my own swift step, meeting you with shouts and laughter, before I have even reached the door!

Inside, in the living room, you'll find your easy chair, your footstool and your slippers, just as they always were each night before you went to war.

When you come back to me, you will find nothing changed. Those at home promise that.

Here in your town, your children are still free to sleep and laugh and play . . . still free to look to the sky, clear-eyed and unafraid.

Our house still stands, white and lovely as it always was, and down the street the maples march straight and tall, unwithered by the heat of war! And every Sunday, steeple bells still ring and in our church we still sing hymns to God.

I've told the children, and I tell myself, this is what you're fighting for! These are the big and little things worth waiting for. The things that make our lives worth living, that make this war worth winning.

We are so proud of you.

Proud that you are making sure that hate and greed and tyranny will never rise to threaten us again.

And we are proud to make our own sacrifices, knowing that they will help to bring you back to us sooner.

Back home to the same town, to the same job you liked so much . . . to the same America we have always known and loved . . . where you can work and plan and build . . . where together we can do the things we've always dreamed of . . . where we and our children are free to make our lives what we want them to be . . . where there are no limits on any man's, or any woman's, or any child's opportunity.

You've said, "That's the America I want when I come back . . . don't change that, ever . . . don't let anyone tamper with a way of living that works so well."

Never fear, darling—that's the way we *all* want it.

Everything will be here, just as you left it, just as you want it . . . when you come back to me!

• • •

Dedicated to the loved ones of America's fighting men who, here at home, are fighting their fight . . . keeping for them until they come back, the same America they knew before they went to war.

• • •

NASH-KELVINATOR CORPORATION, DETROIT

If you would like copies of "When You Come Back To Me," for yourself and to enclose in your next letter to someone in our fighting forces, we will gladly send them to you upon request.

Buy War Bonds—accept rationing cheerfully—speed the day of Victory!

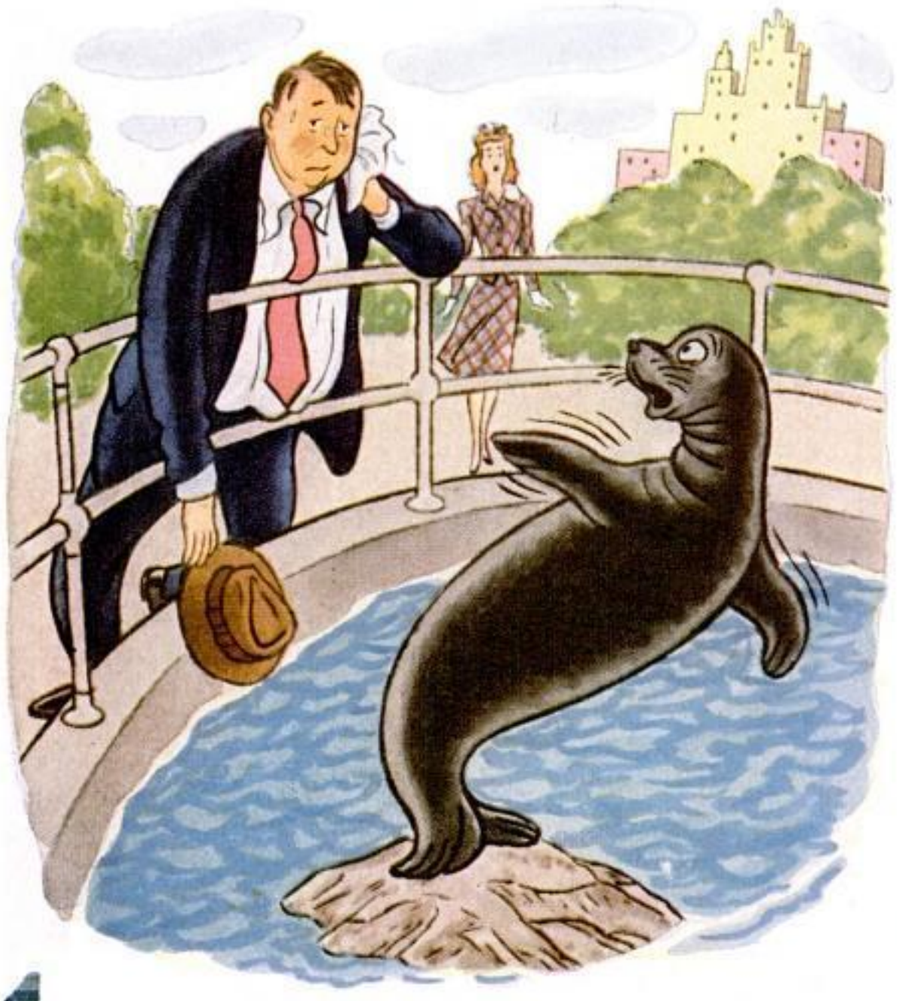


NASH KELVINATOR

In War, Builders of Pratt & Whitney Engines and Hamilton Standard Propellers.
In Peace, Nash Automobiles, Kelvinator Refrigerators and Appliances.

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How to Steal a Scene from a Seal



1 **JOE:** Gee, you could fry an egg on my back today! Wish I was a seal.

SEAL: Don't fool yourself, pal—doing 40 shows a day in this heat is *mighty wearing.* WATCH ME, EVERYBODY! A BACK DIVE, BOTH FLIPS OFF!



2 **JOE:** Slap my face and call me "Red" if here isn't an *igloo* — on MAIN STREET!

DEALER: Yes, these summerweight Arrow Shirts chilled up the place so much we had to go along. They're featherweights—cool as cool! And look at our "Doubler" Summer Shirt, for Sport or Business ($2.24 up).



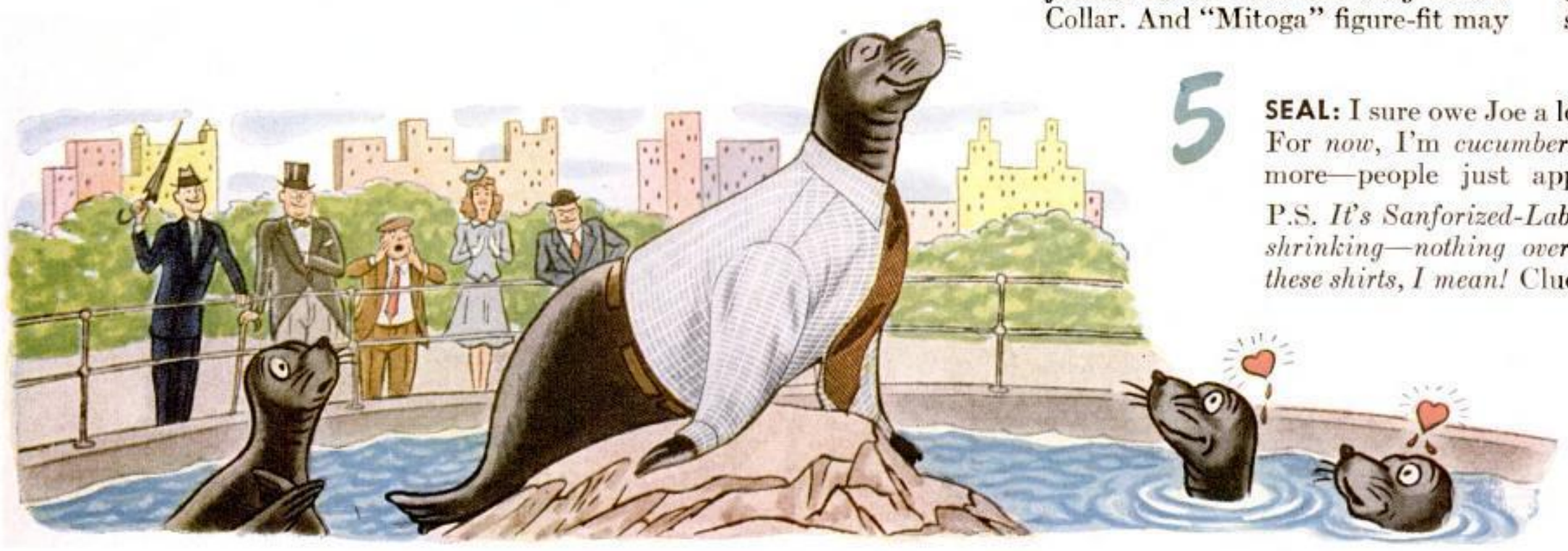
3 **JOE:** Wow, I sure got a million dollars' worth of comfort for $2.24—and *everybody* is admiring me. Glad I got a cool Arrow summer tie to go with it, too! ($1 and $1.50)

SEAL: Don't watch *him,* folks—he'll make you feel *hotter!* (Aside) How about getting me one of those articles, pal?



4 **JOE:** Can you cool off my fine-furred friend here? Zoo's awful hot today.

DEALER: Well . . . He may not do *full* justice to our *One-and-Only* Arrow Collar. And "Mitoga" figure-fit may not *quite* fit. But he'll be COOL! We have these sheer Arrows in white, plain colors, and patterns — ALL good-looking — $2.24 up. We have sheer Sports Shirts, too ($2.25 up).



5 **SEAL:** I sure owe Joe a lot—even if he *did* steal my big scene! For *now,* I'm *cucumber-cool!* And I don't have to *act* any more—people just applaud my stunning Arrow Shirt.

P.S. *It's Sanforized-Labeled! I get my swimming without the shrinking—nothing over 1%, men! Jump in! Into one of these shirts, I mean!* Cluett, Peabody & Co., Inc., Troy, N.Y.

These days your dealer may not always have a complete line of Arrow shirts. If so, we're sincerely sorry. But please don't blame him. It's nobody's fault; it's caused by unavoidable wartime shortages and delays.

★ BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS ★

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REACHING OX-BOW VALLEY, NAMED FOR TWO-TRUNKED TREE ON HORIZON, POSSE SEES A CAMPFIRE. LEADER DIVIDES PARTY AND DIRECTS MEN TO CLOSE IN FROM ALL SIDES

MOVIE OF THE WEEK:

The Ox-Bow Incident

It is an antilynching plea

The Ox-Bow Incident is an unusual Hollywood product, lofty in its purpose, stark in its realism and slashing in its savagery. But it is likely that these very distinctions will make it unpopular. For, although it is many things —a Western, a suspenseful thriller, a coldly furious indictment of mob violence—it is never escapism.

Twentieth Century-Fox's film conversion of Walter Van Tilburg Clark's distinguished novel tells simply and with immense conviction the story of the happenings in a drowsy Nevada town on a day in 1885 when a posse forms to track down the murderers of a local ranch owner. By dawn the following day, mob violence has had its ugly way and three men dangle from a tree. As the posse wheels to ride back to town, it learns that it has lynched innocent men.

The terror and pity and dignity of *Ox-Bow Incident* are summed up in a letter which one of the victims writes to his wife before he is hanged. Henry Fonda—whose reading of Vanzetti's last letter in *The Male Animal* was a thing of high, tortured beauty—reads it to the posse after its return to town. "A man," it says, "just naturally can't take the law into his own hands and hang people without hurting everybody in the world, because then he's not just breaking one law, but all laws. . . ." In such a line lies proof that Hollywood, for all its customary complacency, sometimes has its meaningful moments when it utters truths that need desperately to be uttered.

THE POSSE DISCOVERS THREE MEN. THEY ARE A RANCHER NAMED MARTIN (DANA ANDREWS, RIGHT) A MEXICAN (ANTHONY QUINN), AND A SENILE OLD MAN (FRANCIS FORD)



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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IT'S THE AMERICAN WAY

The spirit of the old West . . . vigorous . . . undaunted . . . typically American . . . you'll find it in Hickok Bar-H Belts, Braces, Jewelry. Authentic Western designs . . . tooled on flexible saddle leathers . . . you'll wear them with pride!

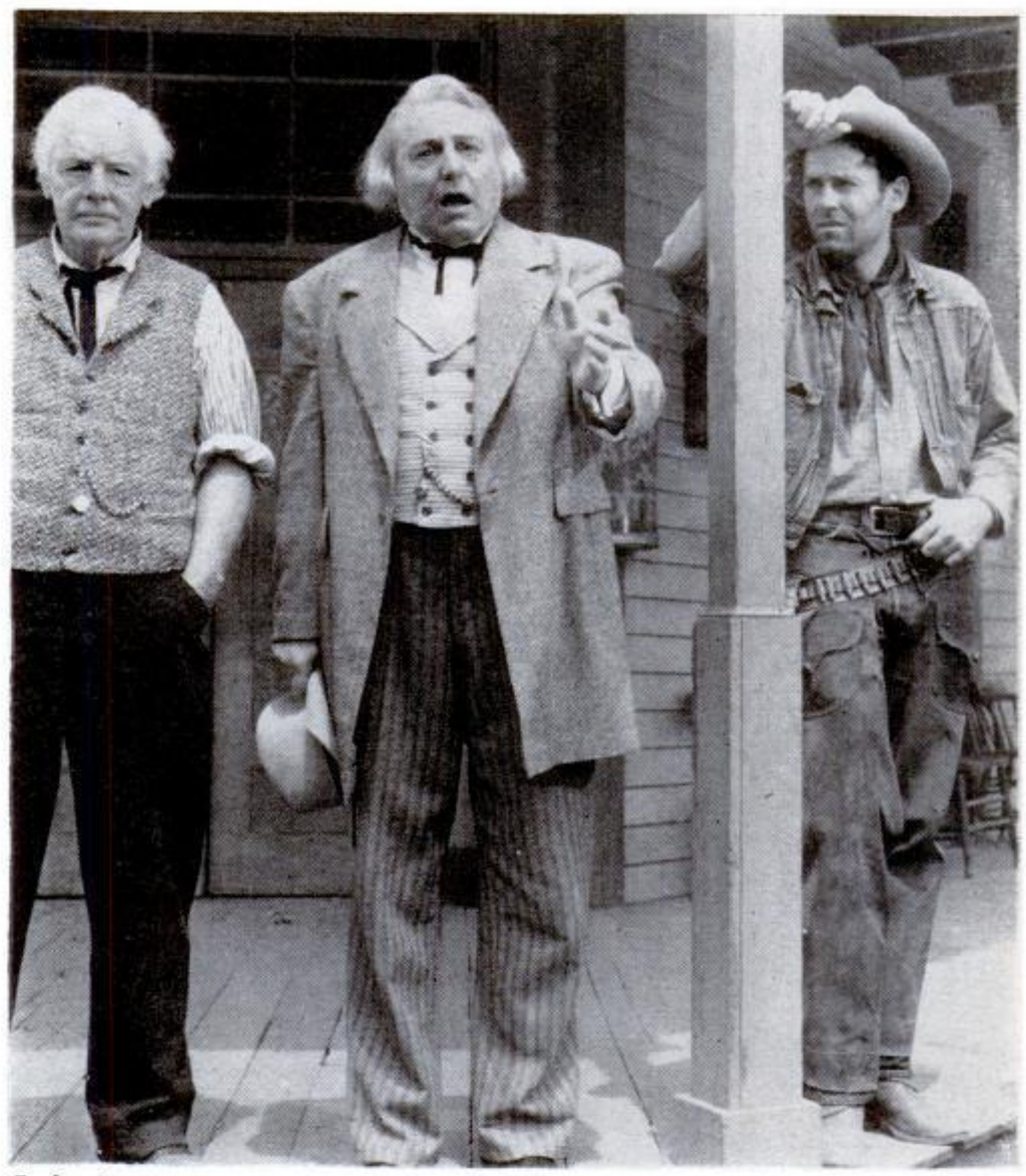
Hand-tooled Bar-H Belt, sterling silver mountings **$5.** *Bar-H Brace* **$1.50.** *Sterling silver Keychain,* Western motifs **$5.** *Sterling silver Bronco* on leather tie bar **$2.50.** *Sterling silver Steerhead tie chain* **$3.50.** *Bar-H Wallets,* tooled calfskin **$2.50** and **$5.** Other Bar-H Belts, Braces, Jewelry **$1.50** up.

BAR-H by HICKOK

Where War Work Comes First

BELTS • BRACES • JEWELRY

"The Ox-Bow Incident" (continued)



Trying to reason with posse, Judge Tyler (Matt Briggs) is as ineffectual as Mr. Davies (Harry Davenport, *left*) had been previously. Gil Carter (Henry Fonda) listens.



The posse starts on its hunt after deputy sheriff has sworn it in. Judge Tyler begs that the murderers be given a fair trial, but posse decides to act by majority rule.



The three accused men are given until daybreak before being hanged. The leader of posse is a sadistic Confederate major (Frank Conroy) who symbolizes mob violence.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 44

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"Bunk fatigue" at the Marine Corps Barracks, Quantico, Va.

There are millions of us sitting at home wondering what more we can do

Well, there's one thing—little enough, but important.

Our boys want and need snapshots from home—they've put this among the first, when questioned about their wants. When the boy you know gets a batch of snapshots, and sees the familiar faces—it's just as if you and the others at home were visiting him.

Of course, there isn't as much film for you as in normal times—Kodak Film is now rationed to dealers because the Army and Navy need so much. So make every roll of it count, in doing the important job. Visit him every week in snapshots . . . Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, N. Y.

Visit him every week in SNAPSHOTS

Kodak

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THE SILLY GOOSE

He didn't know about Bond Street_



The Blend that Meets the INDOOR TEST



Smokers told him about BOND STREET'S rich, mellow flavor—bite-free as a custom blend.

Men—and ladies, too—told him it leaves no stale pipe odors in the room . . . *and that*—

BOND STREET contains a rare aromatic tobacco never before used in any popular priced blend. Truly aromatic. Never loses its flavor.

But—he wouldn't believe.

Some day he will discover BOND STREET. When he does—man!—you'll never pry him loose.

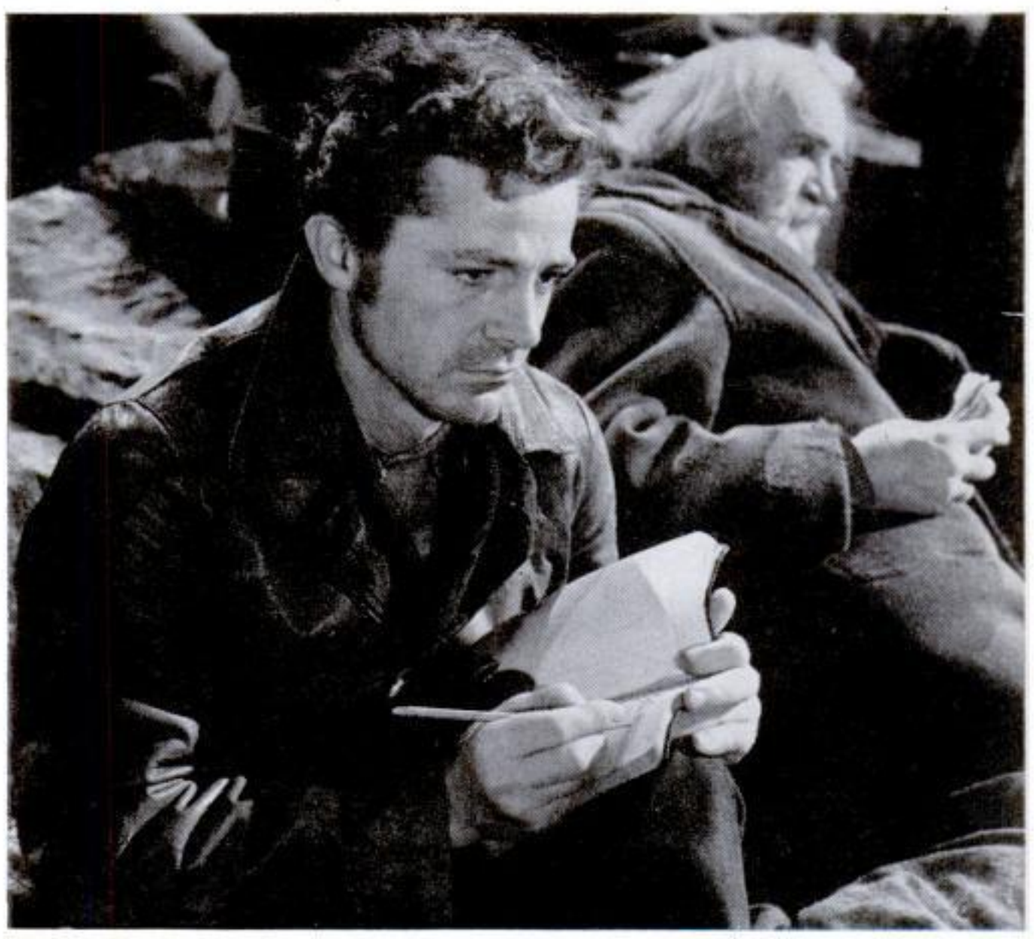
Make this discovery *yourself*—today!

15¢

POCKET PACKAGE
Convenient folding
Pocket Pouch—10c



BOND STREET
PIPE TOBACCO
A product of PHILIP MORRIS



A farewell letter to his wife is written by Martin, whose ownership of the cattle of the murdered man without a bill of sale convinces the bloodthirsty posse of his guilt.



The lynching takes place at daybreak. Martin asks that someone look after his wife and babies. When he again protests his innocence he is struck by the deputy sheriff.



The letter is read by Gil Carter in the bar of Darby's saloon to the shamefaced members of posse after its return from the man hunt. With Carter is his buddy, Art Croft.

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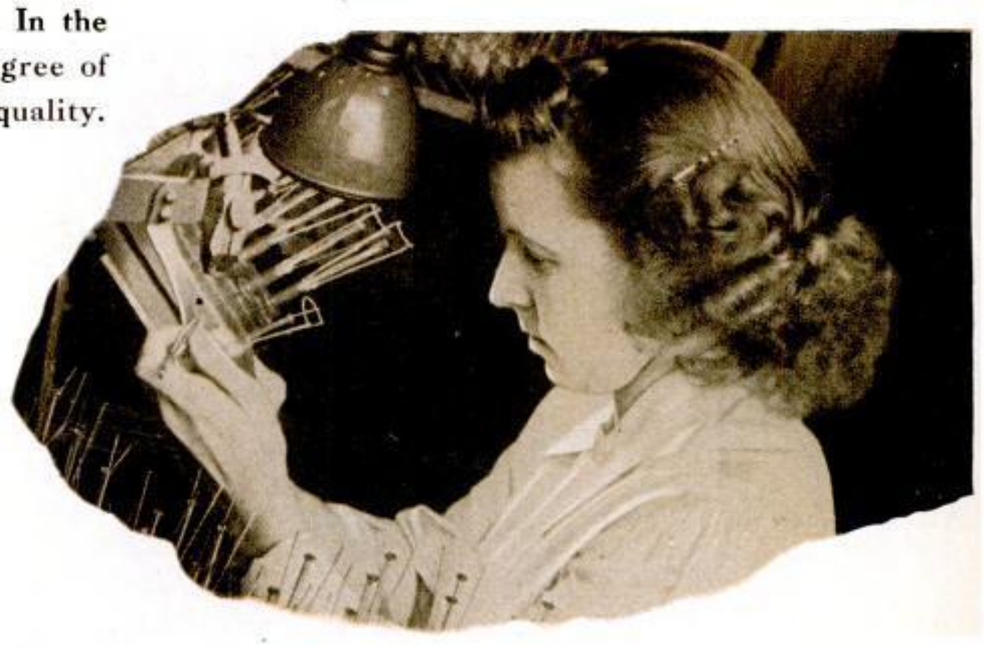


Westinghouse creates light by the mile . . .

Light for the airport . . . light for the long factory aisle . . . light on the hands of a woman, knitting in the evening. Out of steam or waterpower, Westinghouse equipment generates electricity to make this light.

Westinghouse skill is in these lightning fingers . . .

setting the filament in place . . . creating the lamp . . . creating light. In the fingers of such Westinghouse people as Nancy Morris, in their high degree of skill, lies the secret of a thing that is intangible yet real—Westinghouse quality.





Westinghouse kindles a light in a boy's eye . . .

to this boy, and all his generation, we have made a promise: That good things, and useful things—electrical and electronic appliances and products undreamed of yesterday—will come out of the experience gained in this time of war and destruction. Perhaps this boy will take part in their creation . . . with us at Westinghouse. Perhaps he will join us in our common desire—to *do* things better, to *make* things better, for a better and finer world. Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company, Pittsburgh, Pa. Plants in 25 cities—offices everywhere.

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The flight of the flying fish is demonstrated in this composite photograph. The upper fish is well off the water, its big pectoral fins spread wide to catch all the air they can and help the glide. Lower fish is just starting to soar out of the water. Its zigzag wake in the water indicates side-to-side motion of the tail which gives the flying fish its high take-off speed.

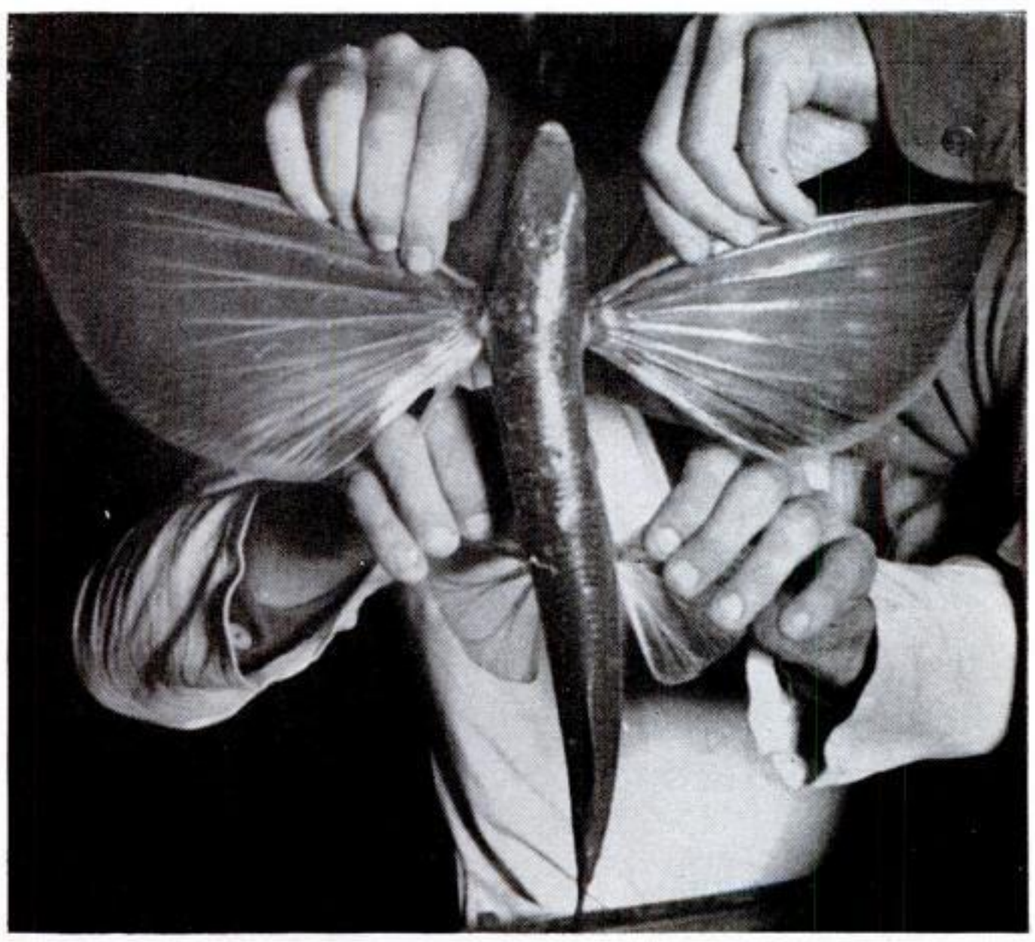
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FLYING FISH

High-speed photographs give new evidence on old question: Does a flying fish really fly?

A great many Americans today are seeing flying fish for the first time in their lives as transports and warships take them through the warm waters of the Atlantic and the Pacific. Chances are that the first thing these war-bound Americans think of is Kipling's line about where the flying fishes play. This is a poetic but inaccurate thought. Flying fish don't play and neither do they really fly. Their flights are made not for fun but to escape from big fish who find flying fish very good to eat. And although there has long been controversy on the question, it seems certain that flying fish don't fly in the sense that a bird flies. They just glide.

These photographs, taken at 1/10,000 second by Dr. Harold E. Edgerton with his high-speed stroboscopic equipment, show just what a flying fish does do. Waving its tail from side to side in the water, like a man sculling a boat, the fish gets so much forward speed that, when it lifts out of the water and spreads its wide pectoral fins, it can soar right off the surface. With this impetus, it can glide for as much as 50 yards, banking into the wind to keep altitude. Like a glider plane it takes advantage of rising air currents to keep aloft. When it drops to the water, the flying fish can give its tail a few strong swishes and resume its glide without submerging.



Fin spread of flying fish is about double its body length. Big fish are 1½ feet long. Fish do not have mass of muscles which could enable them to flap fins up and down.



The take-off comes after the fish taxies as much as 15 yards through water. In taxiing, fish reaches top speed of 10 yards per second, fast as a champion sprinter runs.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

FOTO QUIZ

FOR "LIFE" READERS



1 This baby is playing with a:
☐ *springer spaniel* ☐ *water spaniel* ☐ *cocker spaniel*



2 In jitterbug lingo, they know how to:
☐ *"chuck"* ☐ *"goosestep"* ☐ *"yam"*



3 A perfect set of teeth contains:
☐ *28 teeth* ☐ *32 teeth* ☐ *34 teeth*



4 These little figures are:
☐ *marinettes* ☐ *martinets* ☐ *marionettes*



5 Only one of these products is *not* scarce today:
☐ *meat* ☐ *cereal* ☐ *coffee*



6 A new breakfast treat. Cream of Wheat with:
☐ *syrup* ☐ *jam* ☐ *molasses*

CHECK ANSWERS HERE:

1. Cocker spaniel, noted for its gentleness. Also noted for gentleness is "Enriched 5-Minute" Cream of Wheat. Cooks to full digestibility—even for babies—in only five minutes.

2. "Yam". Means "dance". *You* may not "yam", but in wartime most everybody burns up more energy. The quick food energy in "Enriched 5-Minute" Cream of Wheat helps you keep going longer, get more done!

3. A perfect set contains 32 teeth. "Enriched 5-Minute" Cream of Wheat supplies lots of tooth-and-bone building calcium and phosphorus—plus iron, to help make rich blood.

4. Marionettes. If you were made of wood like a marionette, you wouldn't *have* any nerves. Since you do, you need the vitamin B_1 in "Enriched 5-Minute" Cream of Wheat. Helps your nerves, gives you more energy.

5. Cereal. Despite other shortages, you can still get all the Cream of Wheat you want—"Enriched 5-Minute" and "Regular"—for less than 1¢ a serving.

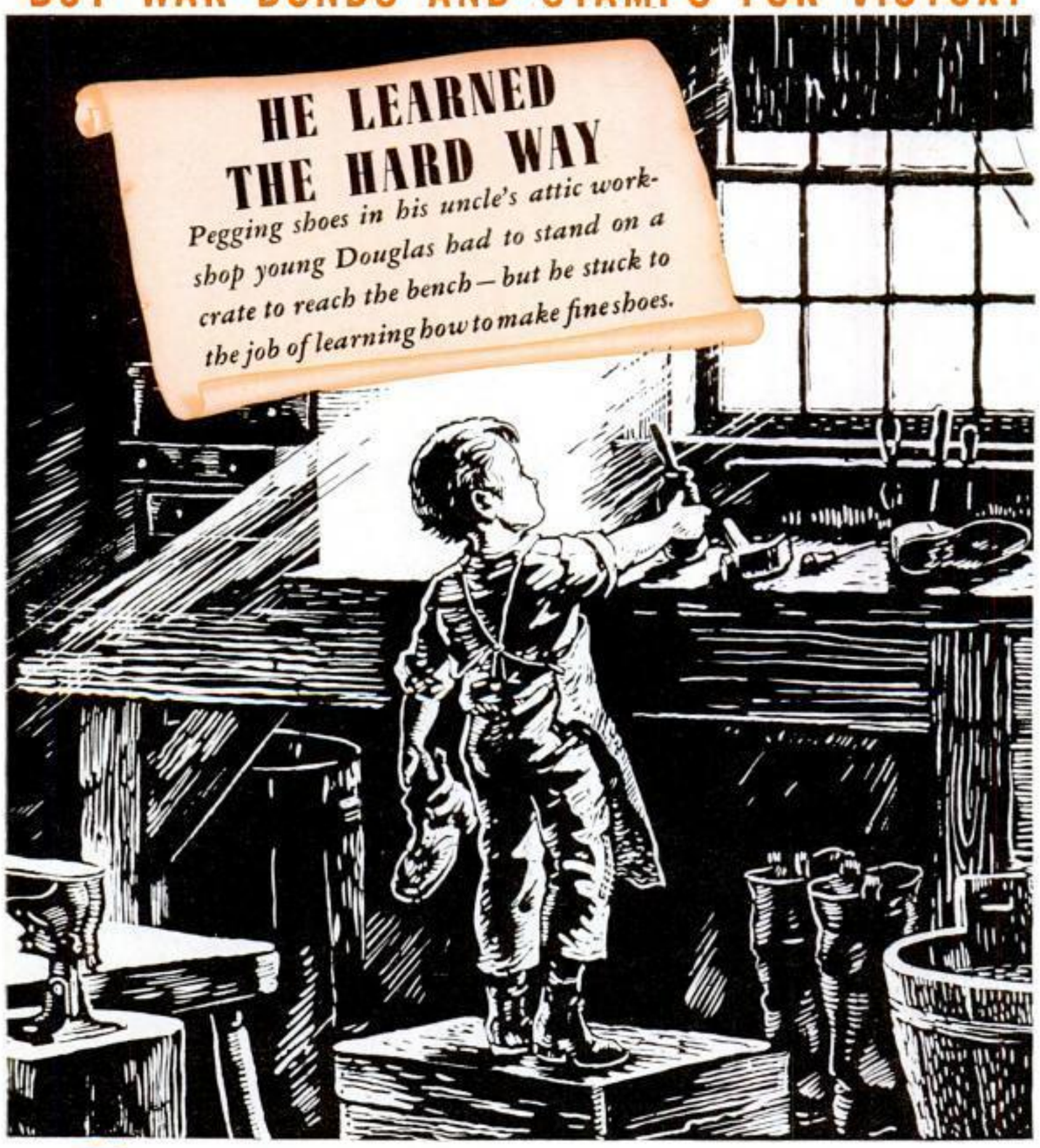


6. Dish shown is strawberry jam on Cream of Wheat. Jellies, syrups, molasses, honey and cinnamon also add sparkle to Cream of Wheat's delicious, satin-smooth flavor. *Try* one of these new combinations.

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BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS FOR VICTORY



There's a lifetime of "knowing how" in every pair of W. L. Douglas Shoes you buy. 66 years experience in craftsmanship, coupled with the most modern methods of workmanship, accounts for the difference in W. L. Douglas Shoes today. They feel and wear better because they're *made* better. They look like what they are: *good* shoes, *fine* shoes—the kind only Douglas could make.

Buy a pair today.



THE COMMANDER
Service men and civilians choose this tan military type oxford, for all-day walking comfort. No. 4563. In black No. 4035.

$6.50 - $8.50

Other styles $5.50

Douglas "Down-to-the-Wood" construction assures better fit.

THE FLEETWOOD
Comfortable Brogandi oxford in rich tan leather, rugged sole, rubber heel. No. 4627

Listen to John Stanley on Mutual Network — Sunday 10:30 P. M.

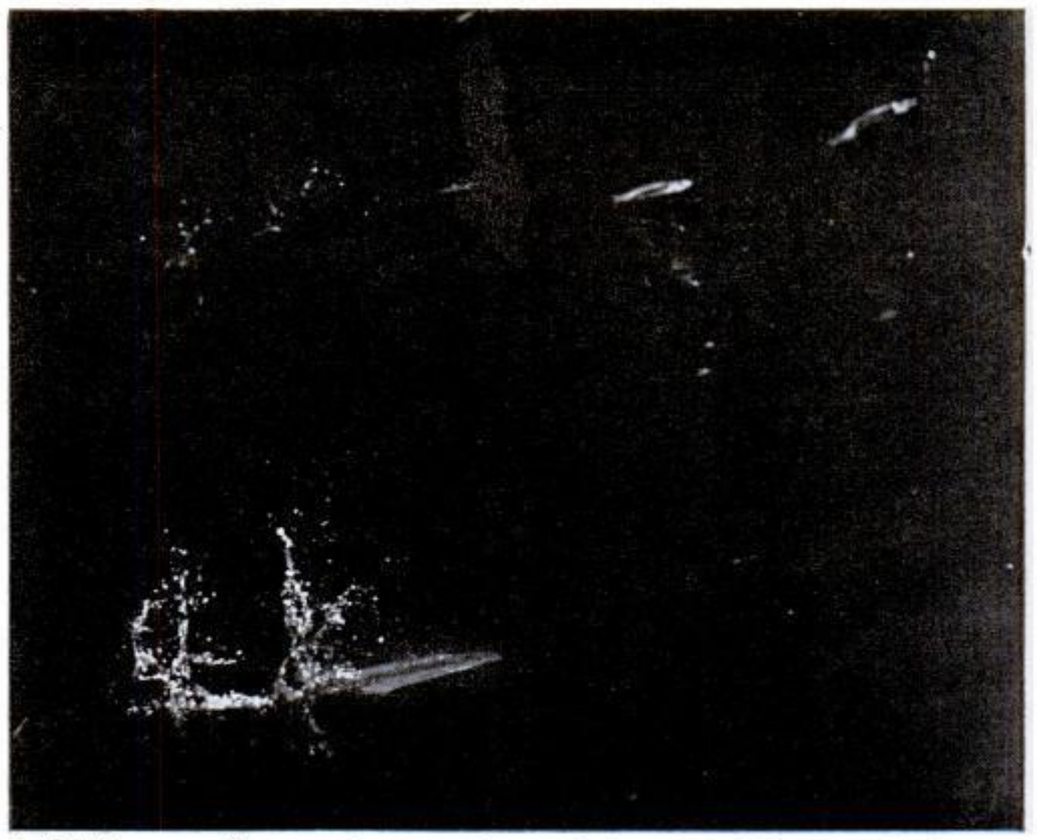


W.L. Douglas Shoes
W. L. DOUGLAS SHOE CO., BROCKTON, MASS.

Stores in Principal Cities — Good Dealers Everywhere

SINCE 1876—AMERICA'S BEST KNOWN SHOES

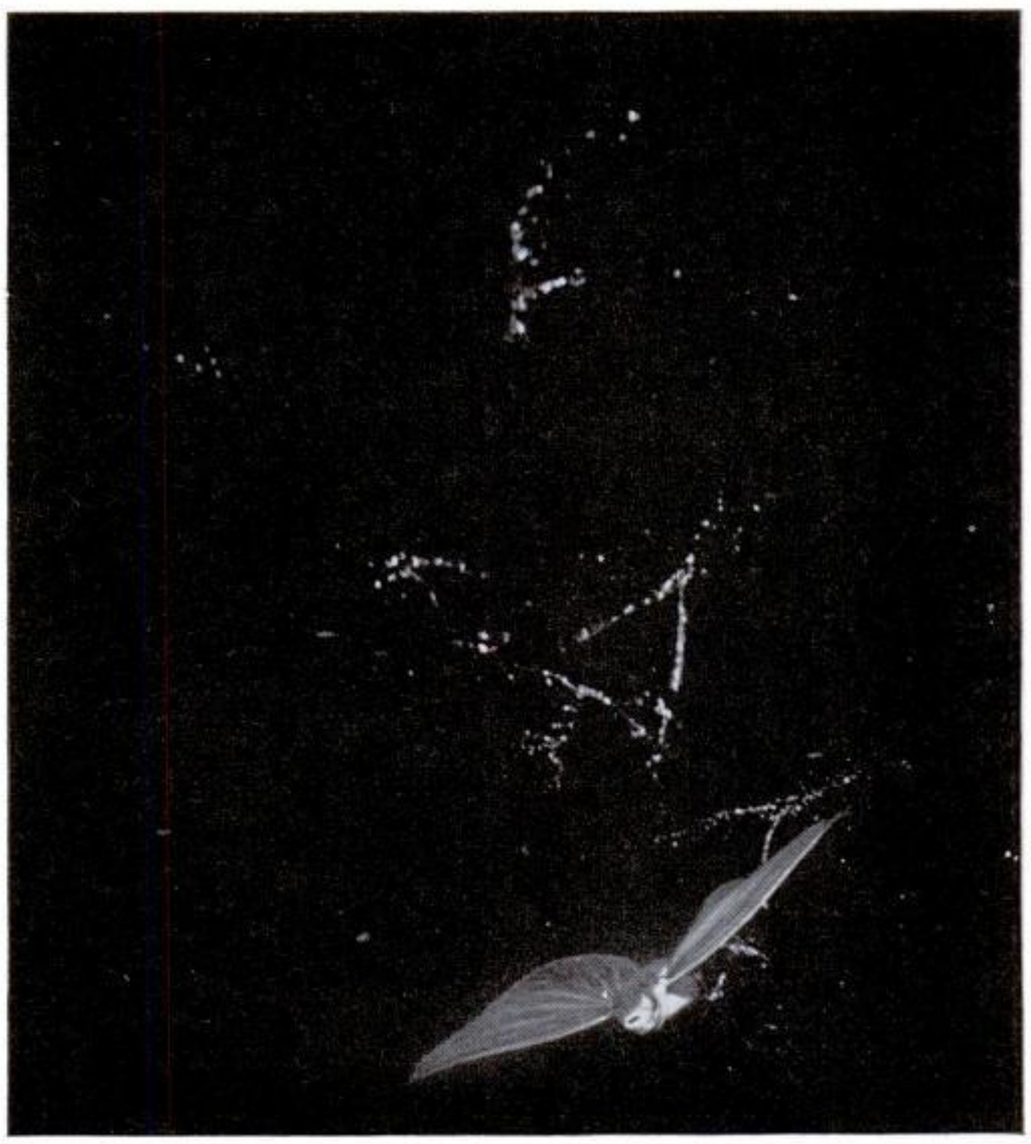
Flying Fish (continued)



Just before emerging from the water, the rapidly beating tail throws up high spray. As head comes up, the pectoral fins are kept close to side. Note fish in background.



Off the surface, the fish's fins are arched by the air pressure on them. Then the rear fins fan out to lift the tail out of the water and take some load off the pectoral fins.



Coming head on, flying fish rolls heavily in air as tail gives last lash to water. Fish adjusts fins to keep balance, gives false impression that fins flap like a bird's wings.

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Firestone *Spring and Summer* EXTRA VALUES

Your car is a vital part of America's transportation system. It is your patriotic duty to keep it in service . . . it may be a long time before you can buy a new one. Now is the time to remove winter rust and grime, change to summer lubricants and repair or replace worn or damaged parts. Make your Firestone Dealer or Firestone Store headquarters for auto supplies.

May time is clean-up time in millions of American homes. At Firestone you will find hundreds of items you want and need to do your Spring housecleaning better and easier. And be sure to see the complete line of lawn and garden supplies, paints and painting equipment, housewares, hardware, dinnerware, glassware and other timely, useful merchandise now on sale at your nearby Firestone Dealer or Firestone Store.

Today, more men and women are working harder and longer than ever before. Government officials are urging Americans to "Keep Fit for Victory" by devoting part of their leisure time to healthful recreation. Your nearby Firestone Dealer or Firestone Store is now featuring high quality recreation equipment as well as work clothing and many other items you need on the job.















WHEN YOU GET A CERTIFICATE TO BUY NEW TIRES — BUY FIRESTONE TIRES

At no extra cost, Firestone Tires give you patented and exclusive construction features that assure longer mileage and greater safety.

FIRESTONE *Factory-Controlled* RECAPPING

For LONGER MILEAGE and GUARANTEED QUALITY

Now that you can have your tires recapped without a rationing certificate, you owe it to your country and to yourself to get the best recaps that money can buy —and that means Firestone Recaps.









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TIRES • TUBES
BATTERIES
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TOYS • GAMES • BOOKS
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At Your Firestone Dealer or Store



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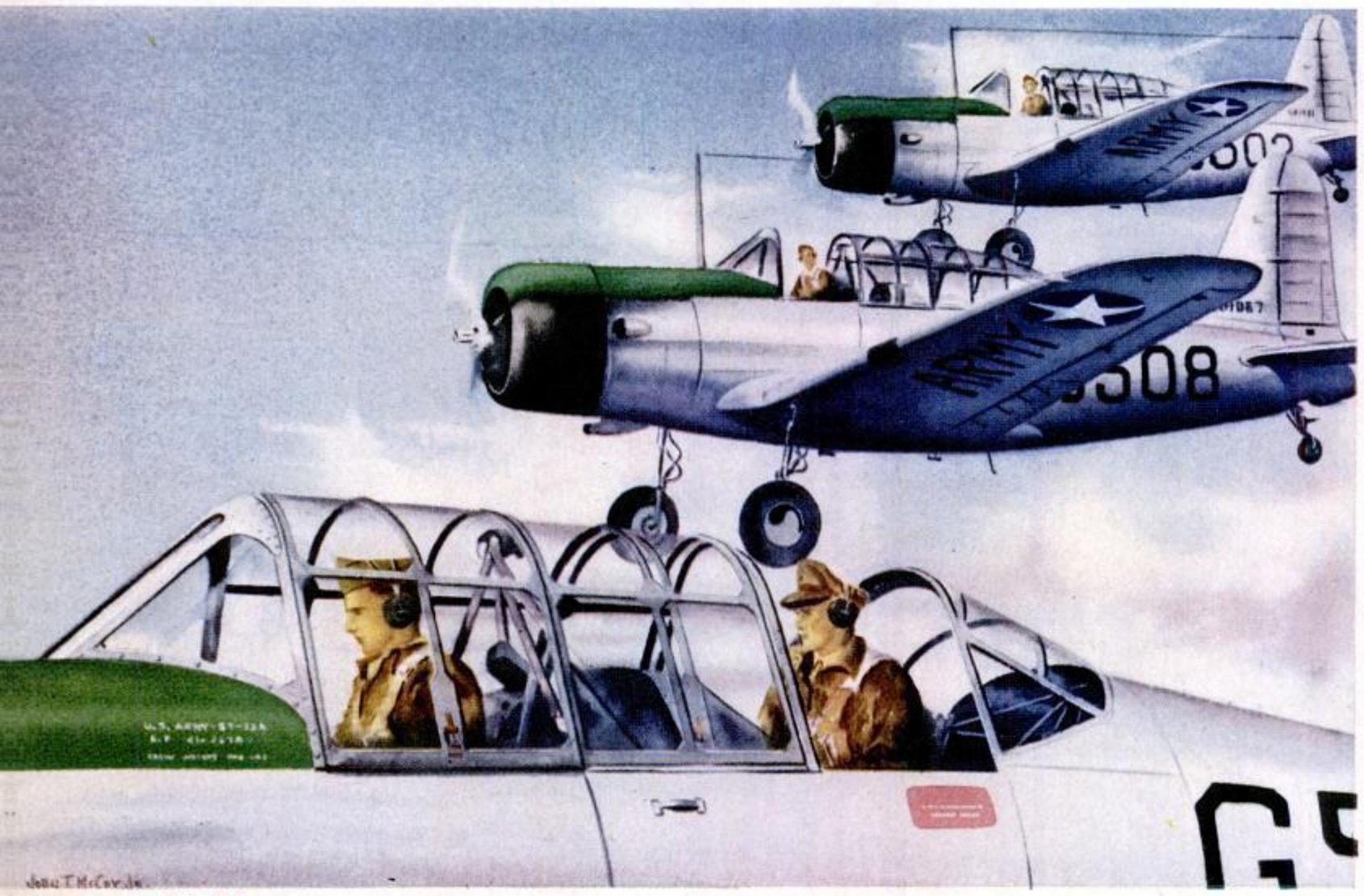
AIR TRAINING

Army artist shows how Air Force instructors did a historic job

The pages of history in the U. S. Army Air Forces turn very quickly. Hardly a chapter ago, in 1940, the A.A.F. was comfortably proud of training 12,000 new pilots a year. Then the glamour and interest in the air force centered in the training.

Today the exploding importance of airpower has pushed air force training to a historic peak with many times the pre-war number of trainees now being taught to fly Army war planes. But America's interest in its air force has shifted from the training fields of Texas to the combat fields in foreign lands. For the sake of history, the Army Air Forces assigned Capt. John T. McCoy Jr. to sum up the training program which brought the air arm to its present size and power. His paintings

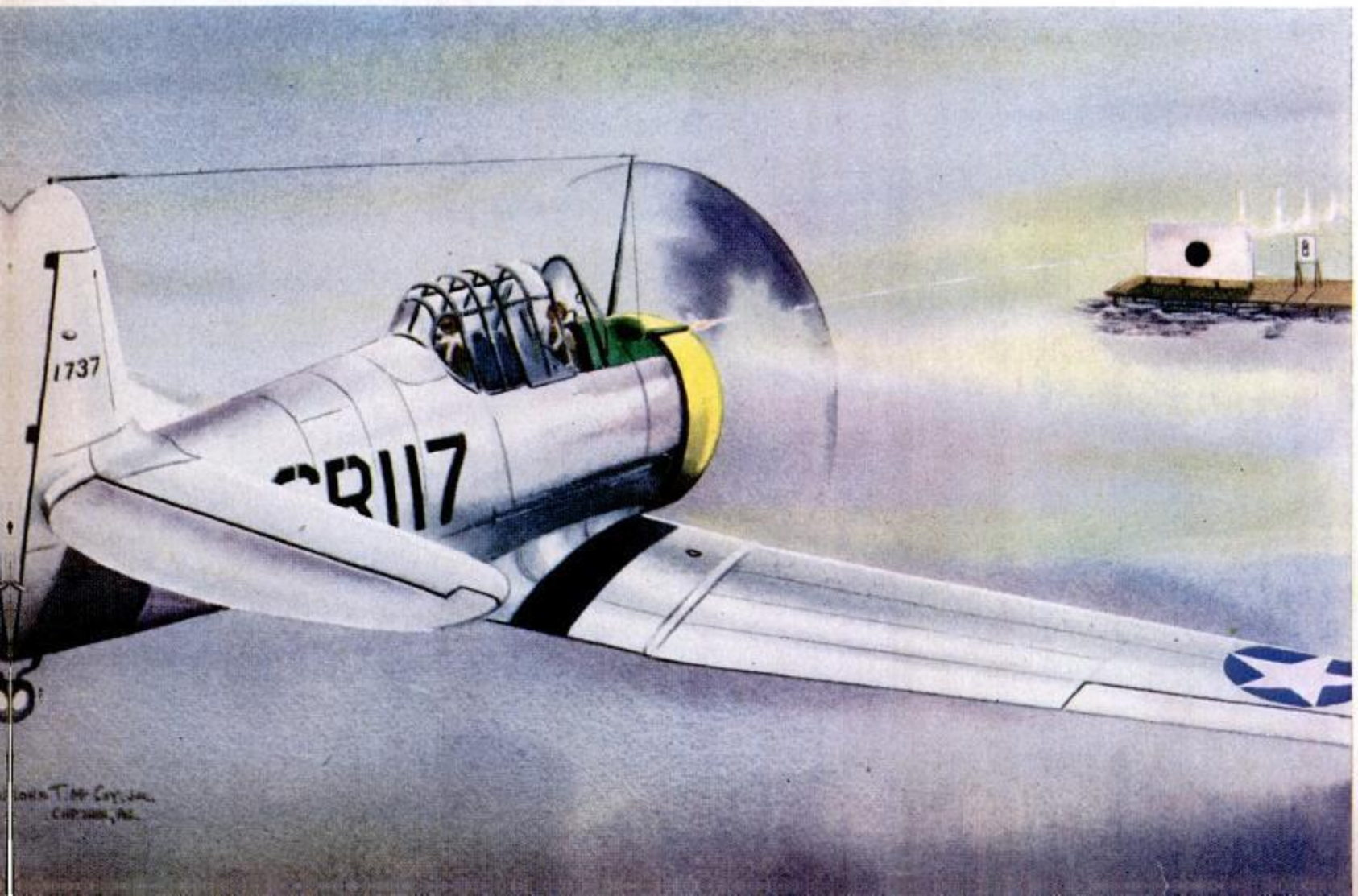
Primary training is given at a civilian school under Army contract. Instructor sits up in front seat of the open-cockpit plane. Above, he explains through the gosport tube how the cadet should land his PT-17 in the approximate position of the plane on the ground. The instructor has to make the student a solo flier in 12 hours, a precision flier in about 60 hours.

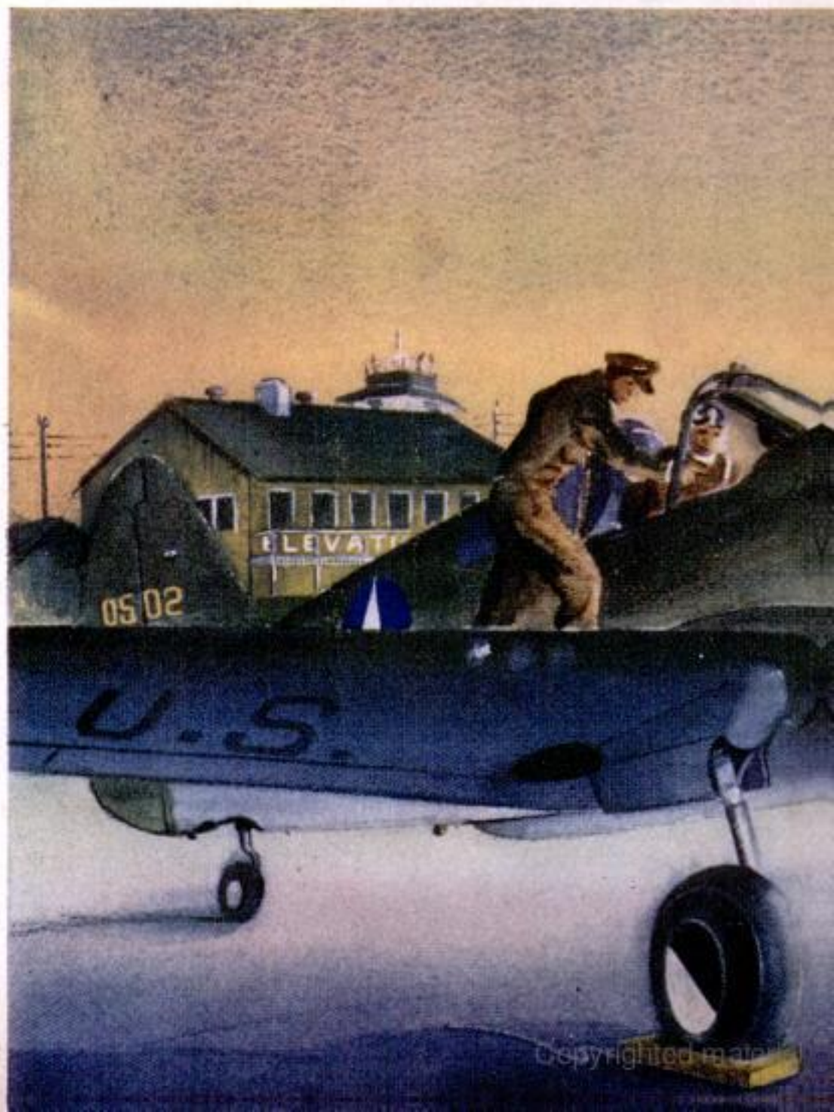


Basic training (*above*) is given at an Army field in a bigger and faster plane. Here the cadet learns to fly cross-country, at night, by instrument and in formation. Next step is advanced training (*below*) where combat tactics and shooting are taught. This pilot is learning how to strafe a ground target. When finished with advanced training, pilot gets his wings.



Twin-engine training (*above*) is part of advanced training for bomber pilots. The scene above shows a tense moment in a tough night landing. The student is about to come down in





of various stages in a cadet's training are shown here.

The boy who wants to be an Army flier starts out with primary training, moves through basic training to advanced training, then on to transitional training where his formal education ends. From then on, whatever he learns, he learns in combat. In early stages he is taught by a civilian instructor, but once past primary, the flier is handed over to Army men. Toward the end of his education, the pilot is taught by the best fighters in the air force, aces brought back from the war fronts to pass on their knowledge to new fliers and thus multiply the benefits of their own, dangerously-won experience.

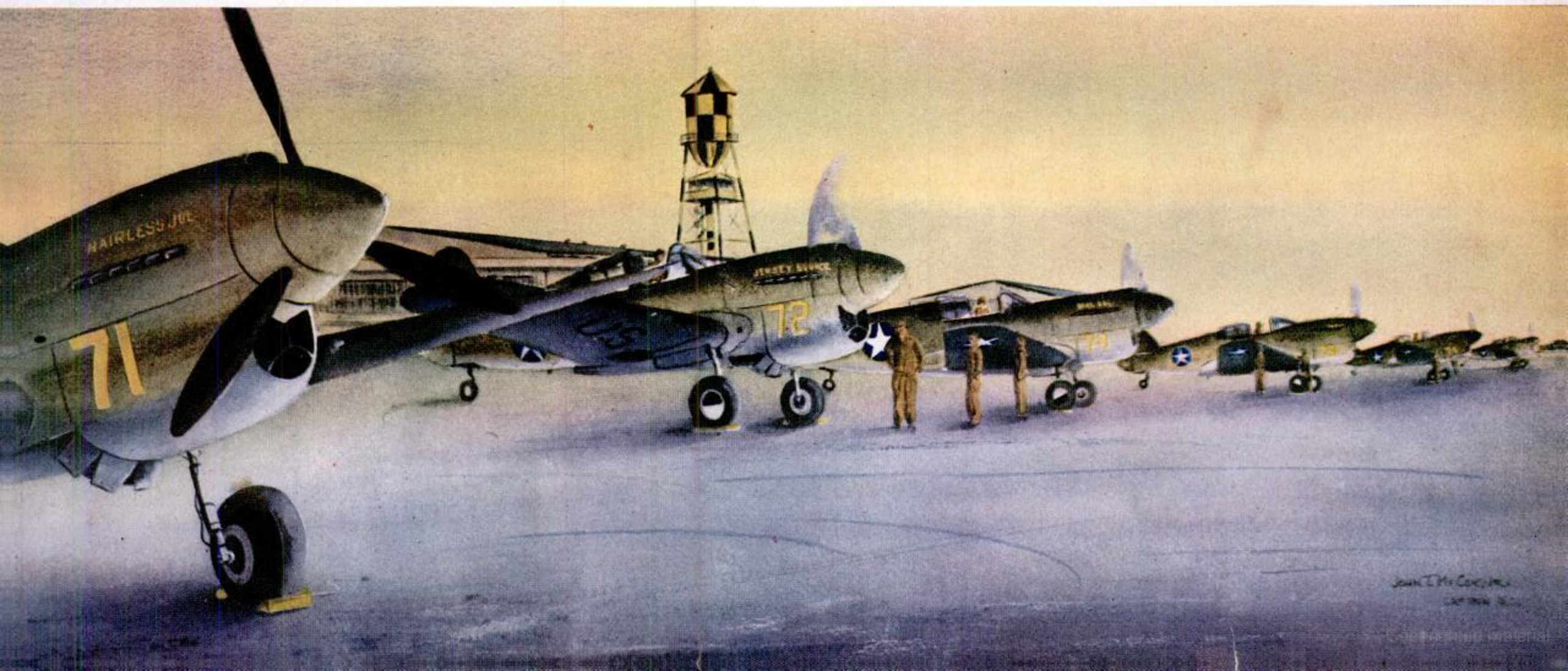
But though the student pilot finally leaves his teachers, he does not forget them. Wherever he goes and wherever he fights, he never flies really alone. Hanging around in the cockpit of his mind are the men who taught him the tricks of the strange new business of flying. American fliers, coming back grim and excited from combat, are always saying things like this: " . . . and just as I figured I'd never get away from the guy on my tail, I seemed to hear Old Rusty say, *Dive away from him! He can't catch you!* That's what Rusty always kept saying to me and sure enough it worked."

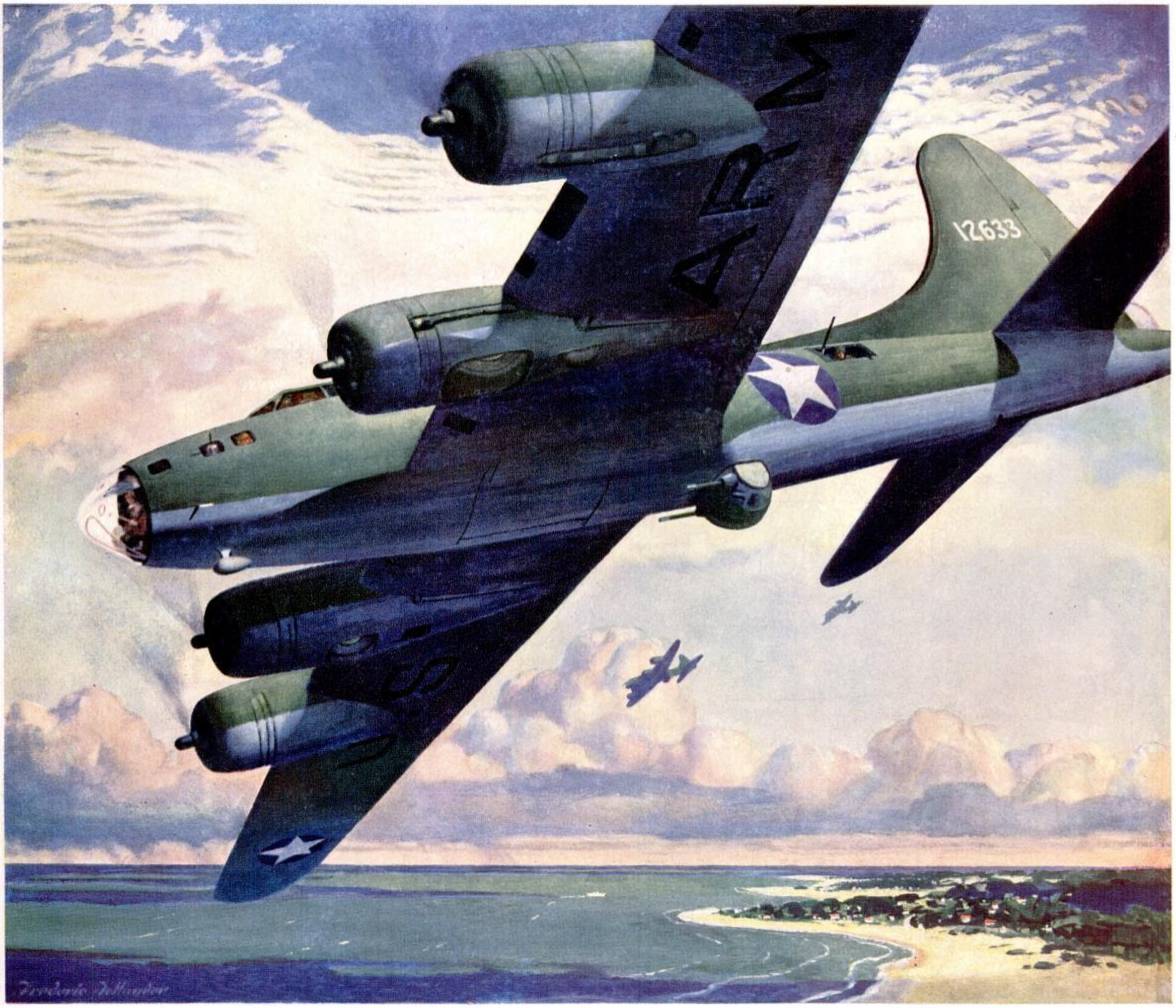


the dark with no light to guide him except the wavering flames of the smudge pots outlining the runway. Instructor (*right*) is ready to take over quickly if anything goes wrong.



Transition training is the final step. At this stage the fliers use the same types of planes they will use in actual combat, use them exactly as if they were in combat. Bomber students (*above*) go up for long five-hour flights in tight formations of Flying Fortresses. The fighter pilots get their transition training in the fast pursuit ships, like the P-40's lined up below.





Swarms of Flying Fortresses fly on Studebaker-built Cyclone engines

The skies are studded with Flying Fortresses in many theaters of this global war. Almost legendary are the achievements of our Army Air Forces with this devastating Boeing bomber—and any manufacturer would be glad to play even a minor part in the victories it is rolling up. We, of Studebaker, have the responsibility of producing huge quantities of the Wright Cyclone engines that power the Flying Fortress, enabling it to travel so fast, so far, so high. Each of these supercharged engines we build adds new luster to a Studebaker reputation for sound craftsmanship that now spans more than 91 years. Studebaker equipment at the battlefronts will be succeeded, one day, by new and finer Studebaker cars and trucks for civilian use. Until that day, our first and only consideration is helping to arm our Nation and its Allies.

BUY U. S. WAR BONDS



Thousands of multiple-drive Studebaker war trucks every month—Tens of thousands of big, multiple-drive Studebaker military trucks are on the fighting fronts and supply lines of the United Nations. Tens of thousands more are following. And Studebaker is also producing much other war matériel besides military trucks and Wright Cyclone engines for the Flying Fortress.

Studebaker BUILDS WRIGHT CYCLONE ENGINES FOR THE BOEING Flying Fortress

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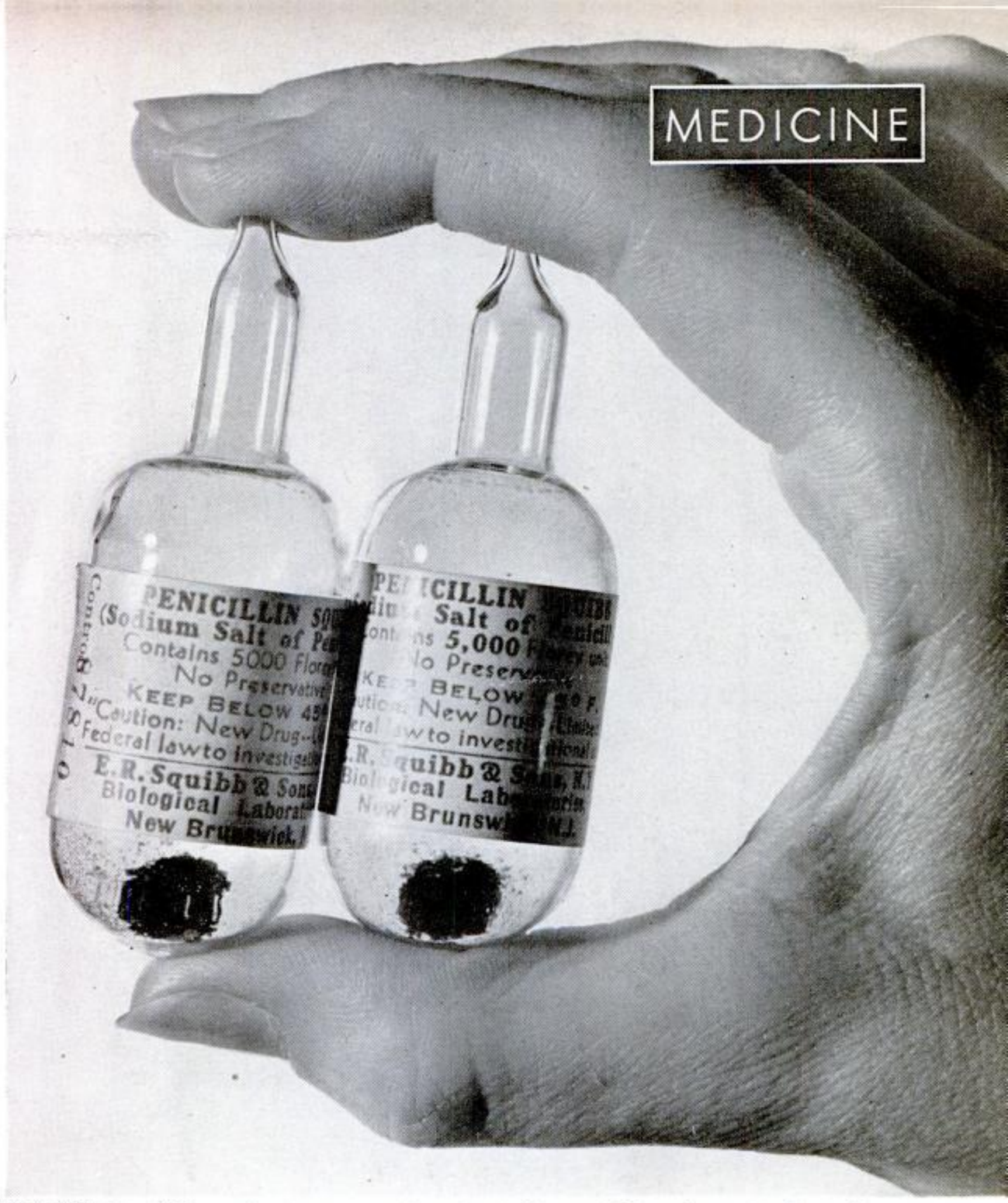
PENICILLIN

New bacteria-killing compound, more potent than sulfa drugs, is produced by a common bread mold

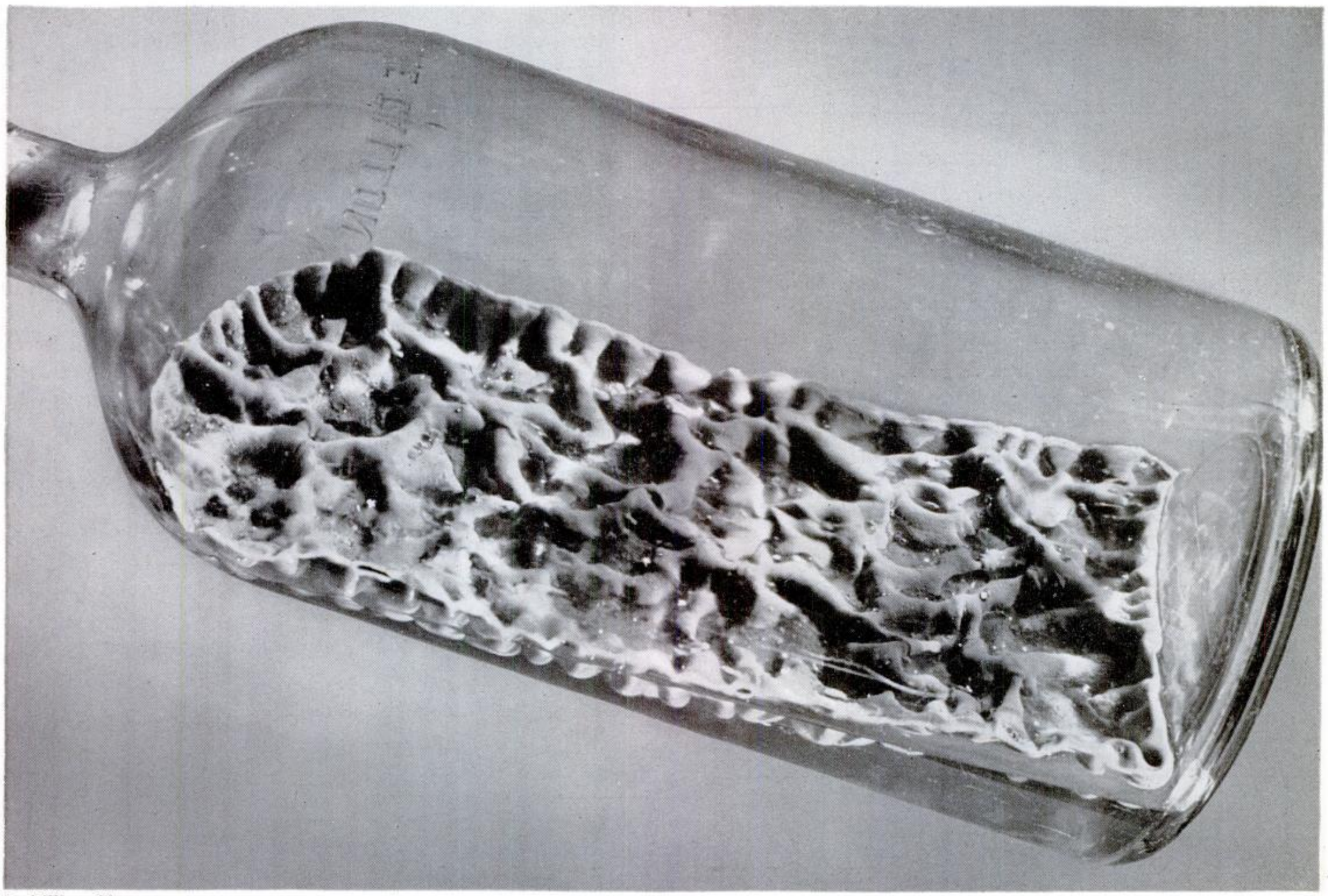
Penicillin is a new bacteria-killing agent. Laboratory results and clinical tests indicate that, when it comes into general use, it will succeed the sulfa drugs to the position of "the most powerful anti-bacterial agent known for a large and important group of disease-producing organisms." This group comprises nearly all of those that yield to sulfa treatment and some that do not. Its potency is such that, in dilution to 1/100,000,000, it can kill pathogenic organisms. In contrast to the sulfa drugs it has thus far proved entirely nontoxic to man.

The discovery of penicillin marks a new trend in the science of drugs. Unlike the sulfa drugs which are synthesized from coal tar fractions, penicillin is a natural compound. It is excreted in the life process of the common bread and cheese mold *Penicillium notatum* after which it is named. Penicillin is, furthermore, only one of several such by-products, excreted by molds, which promise spectacular results in the next few years.

There will be little penicillin available for general medical practice for an indefinite period. Its therapeutic value was first established by Dr. H. W. Florey in England only three years ago. Currently it is undergoing the best organized development that any drug has ever had. Under the National Research Council and the Office of Scientific Research and Development, Merck and Co. Inc., E. R. Squibb & Sons and others are collaborating on the difficult and delicate job of producing penicillin. The limited output is rationed among the doctors in various parts of the country selected to conduct coordinated clinical tests. First production in quantity is earmarked for the armed forces.



Penicillin ampoules contain minute quantities of penicillin carried in a salt powder (*bottom*). For administration to the patient by intravenous injection it is dissolved in sterile water.



Penicillin mold flourishes on surface of sugar-solution nutrient. On mold can be seen shiny golden droplets of natural penicillin solution excreted by mold. Penicillin was discovered in England in 1929 by Dr. A. Fleming in St. Mary's Hospital, London. He traced failure of staphylococcus cultures to a mold started by spores which can be found floating everywhere.

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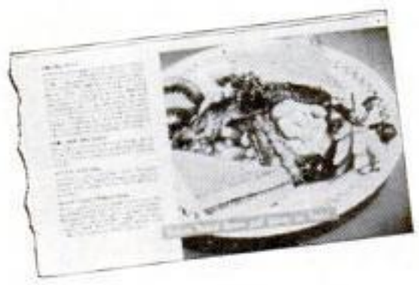


"ASK THAT NICE ADMIRAL! HE'LL WANT YOU TO HAVE IT"

Suppose your sailor *does* tell you that you "can't take it with you," in this man's Navy. It was a noble idea *anyway*—offering to part with your precious *Toastmaster* automatic toaster!

And don't forget—*Toastmaster* toast is another of those things that are "nice to come home to." He'll revel in the luxury of those crisp, fragrant slices, popped up piping hot and perfect every time. And there'll be no watching, turning, or burning to interrupt his stirring tales of Tunisia or the Solomons.

Meanwhile, take the best of care of your *Toastmaster* toaster. See your dealer if it needs attention. And, if you don't happen to be a lucky owner, remember that a War Bond you buy today can turn into one of the finer-than-ever models that we'll be making when it's over.



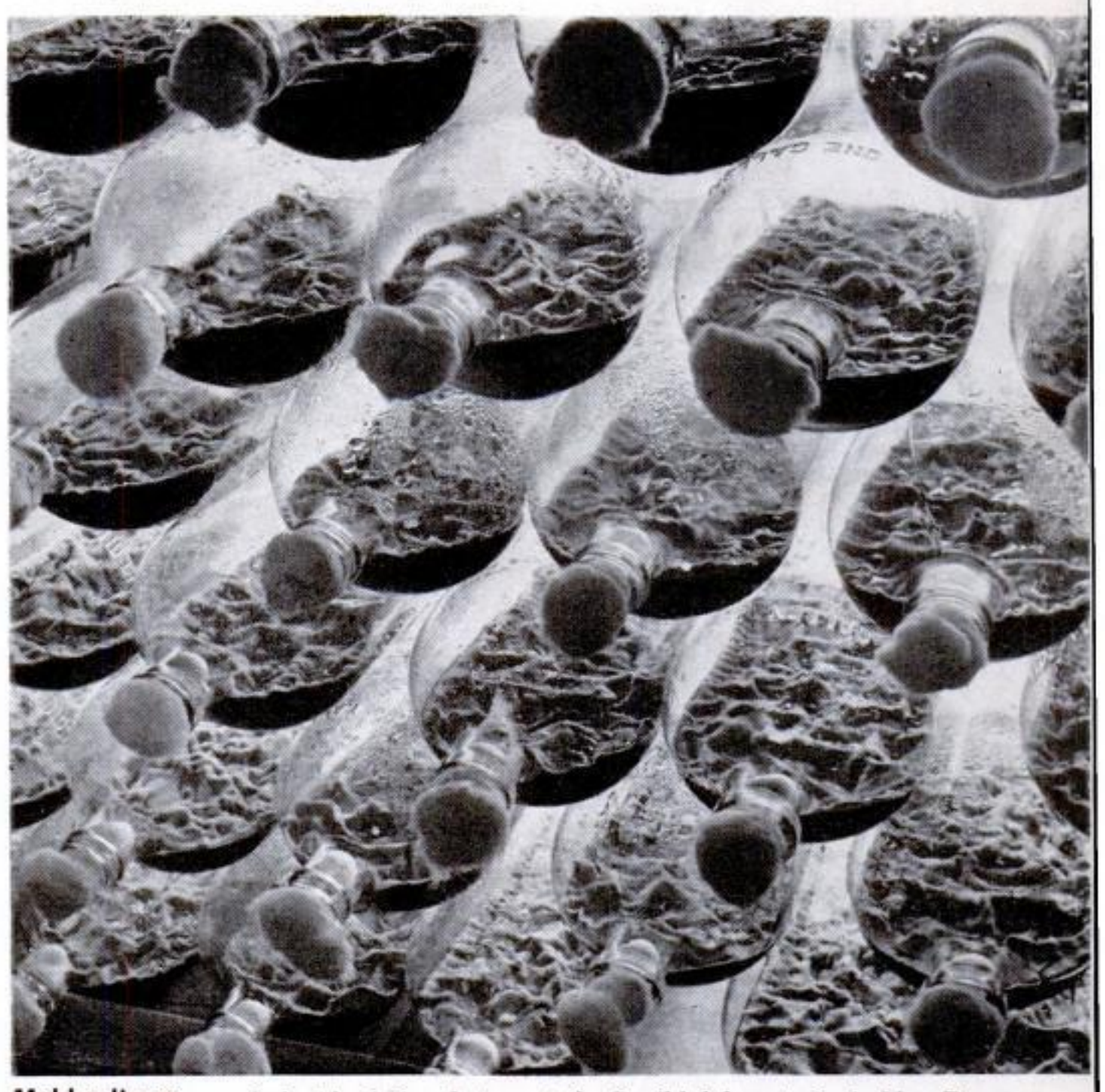
83 UNUSUAL TOAST RECIPES

Master chefs created them. And a handsome 32-page booklet tells how to make meals more appetizing and nourishing with *Toastmaster** toast —bread in its most digestible form. Write for your free copy of "Toast-Ways," to McGraw Electric Co., Toastmaster Products Division, Elgin, Ill.

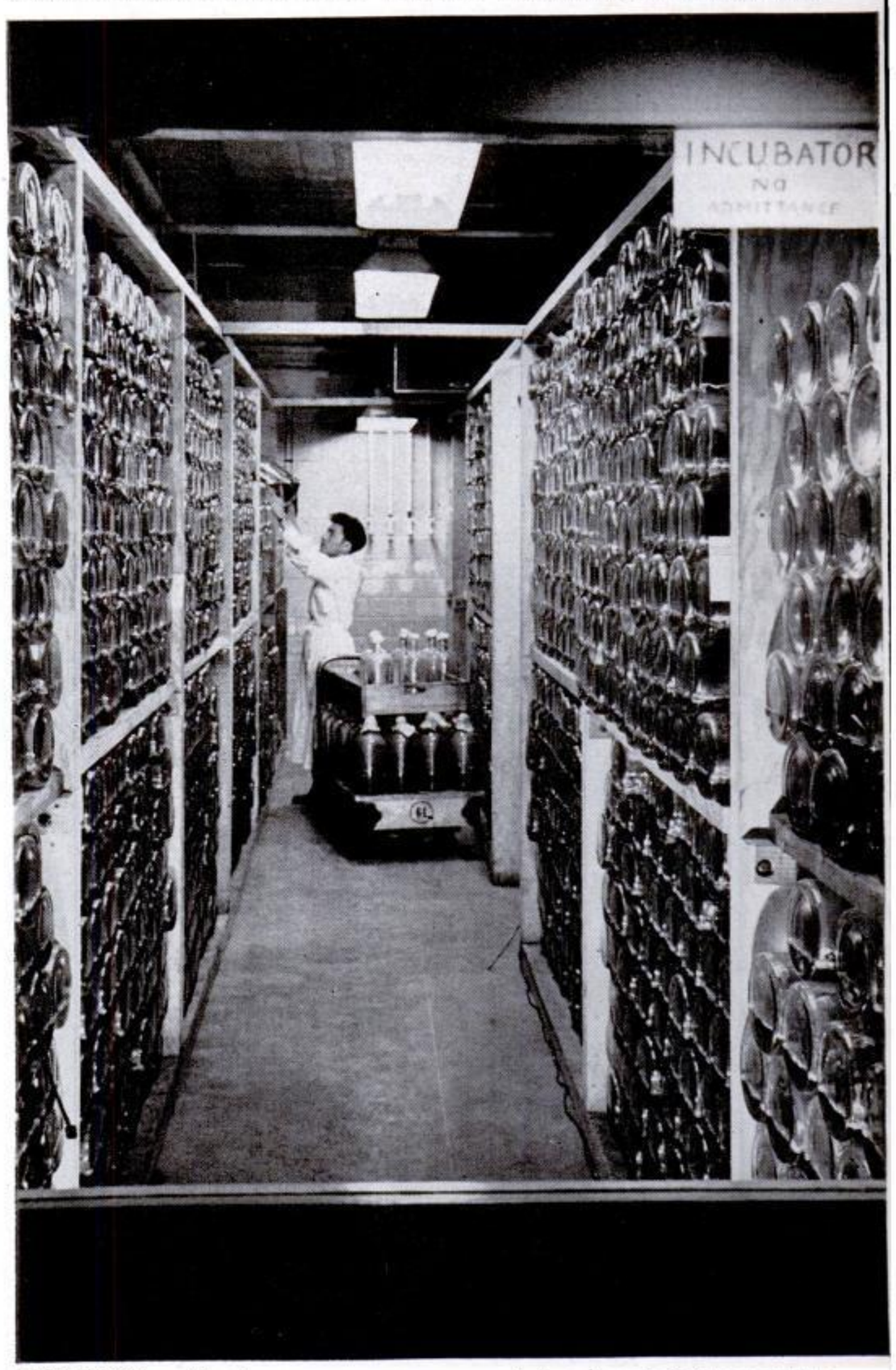
TOASTMASTER *toasters*

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

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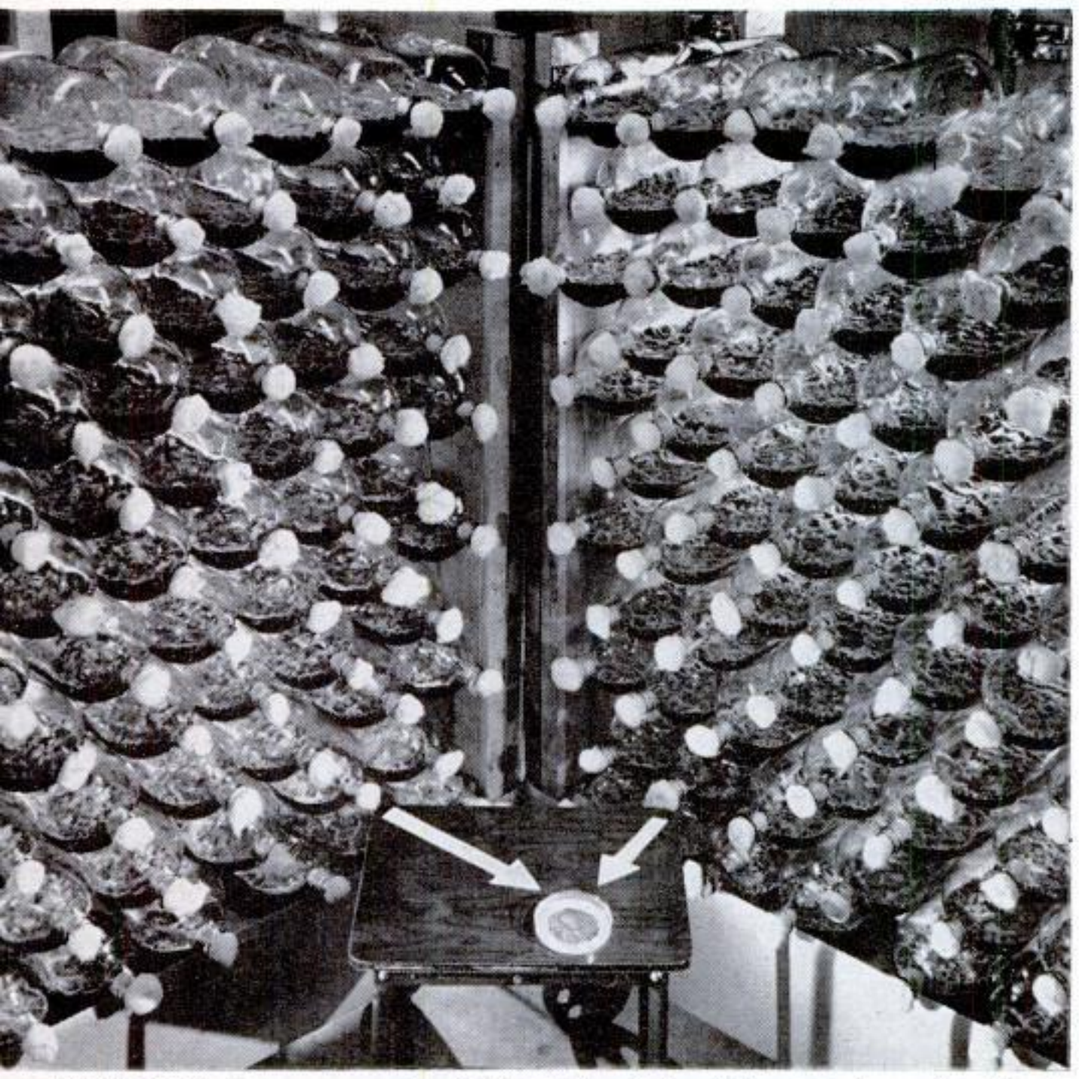


Mold cultures grow in bottles in incubators at the Squibb laboratories in New Brunswick, N. J. Production of uniform and stable penicillin agent required solution of several difficult problems. Most efficient mold strain had to be selected and matched to efficient nutrient. Penicillin must be "harvested" at moment of peak development.



In incubators mold cultures are grown on sugar solution at controlled temperature of 72°-74° F. Droplets of penicillin on surface of mold filter into nutrient and are decanted with nutrient from bottles, leaving mold mass in bottle. Extraction of penicillin is then a three-step process involving low-temperature high-vacuum evaporation.

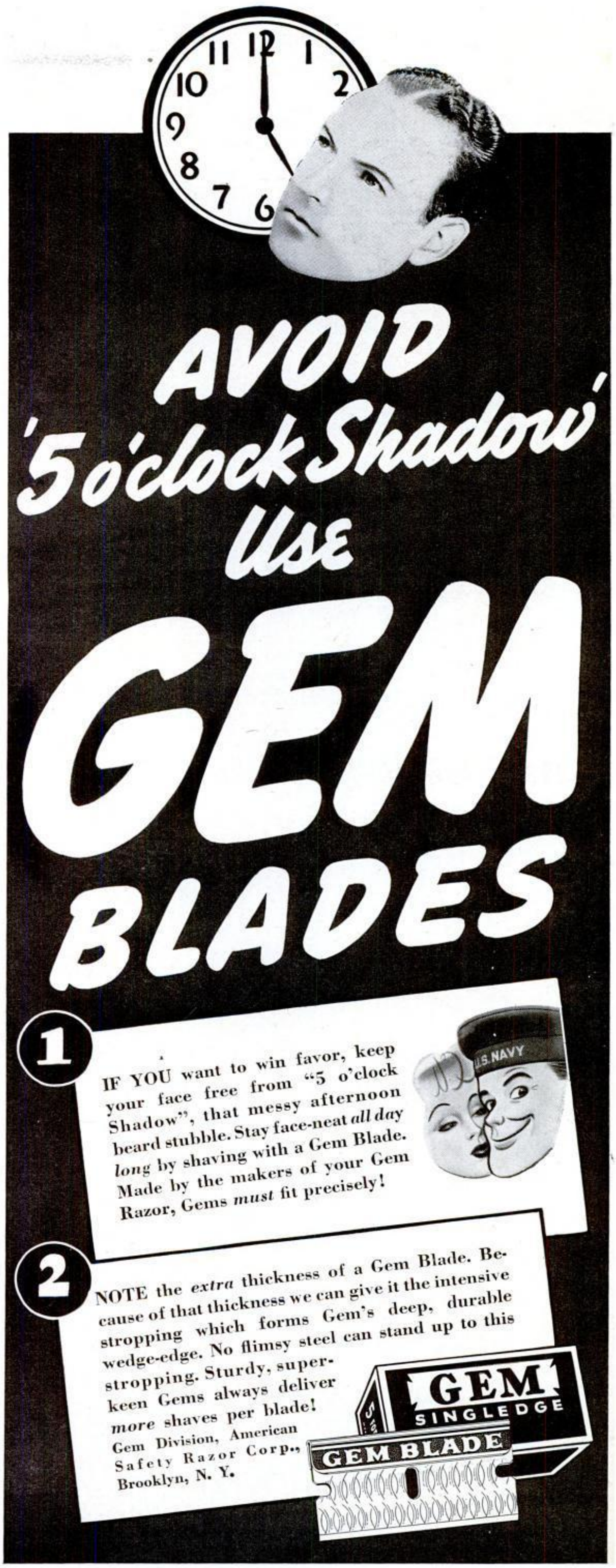
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Minute yield of ten grams of penicillin salt is obtained from 160 liters of mold culture after twelve-day incubation. Because of high potency, this is sufficient for 100 standard doses. It is estimated that years of study will be required before enough is known about the chemical composition of penicillin to consider synthesizing it.



Penicillin mold colony here grows in the center of an agar plate planted with staphylococcus culture. Live staphylococcus colonies are gray area of plate. Penicillin excreted by the mold has killed staphylococcus culture in clear halo surrounding the white mold. This was effect first noted by Dr. A. Fleming, discoverer of penicillin.



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DREAM IN WHICH HERO AND HEROINE MARRY IS ENACTED BY BALLET DANCERS

"OKLAHOMA!"

It is Broadway's most enchanting musical show

Oklahoma!, the Theatre Guild's adaptation of *Green Grow the Lilacs*, is something pretty special by any standards, but by those of Broadway musicals it is downright radical. For one thing, its cast includes no celebrated names. For another, it is wholesome and sweet in the unaffected way that a fairy tale is. For a third, its male dancers, unlike the usual chorus type, do not look as if they had just smelled something unpleasant. In addition, it utilizes a ballet to further its plot.

Not the least of *Oklahoma's* charms is the Richard Rodgers-Oscar Hammerstein II score which, although it evolves out of the story line, manages to remain singable and haunting and possibly as unforgettable in days as far from today as today is far from *Show Boat* and *Of Thee I Sing* and *The Band Wagon* and *Oh Kay* and all the resonant shows of vanished years.



Jud, the villain, carries off Laurey after he has killed Curly. Ballet sequences in the show represent the work of Agnes de Mille. Although artistic, they are never obscure.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

SMOKING LESS_or SMOKING *MORE**?

*GOV'T. FIGURES SHOW ALL-TIME PEAK IN SMOKING!



You're SAFER smoking

PHILIP MORRIS!

Scientifically proved less irritating for the nose and throat

WHAT will happen when *you* change to PHILIP MORRIS?

Here's a clue. Reported by eminent doctors . . . in medical journals . . . their findings that:

When smokers changed to PHILIP MORRIS, every case of irritation of the nose or throat—due to smoking—either cleared up completely, or definitely improved!

That *proves* PHILIP MORRIS are far less irritating to the nose and throat. By *tests on actual smokers—not* laboratory "analysis"!

And your own taste will tell you—here's a finer cigarette—better-tasting—more enjoyable. Try it!

NOTE:

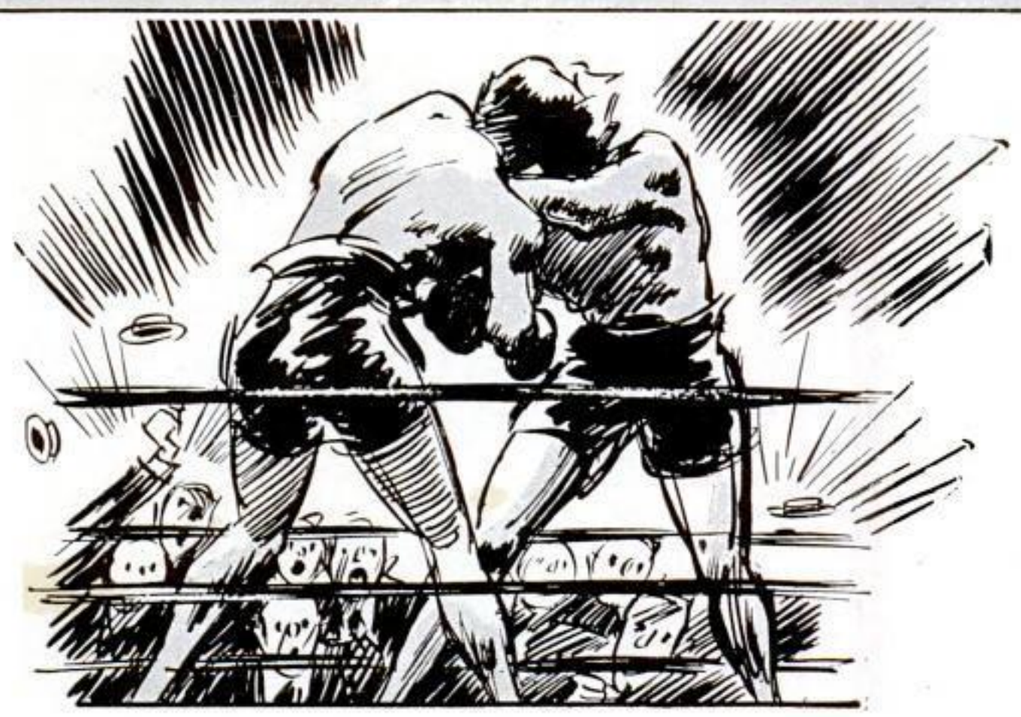
We do not claim any curative power for PHILIP MORRIS. *But this evidence clearly proves they're far less irritating . . . safer . . . for your nose and throat!*

CALL FOR PHILIP MORRIS

America's FINEST Cigarette

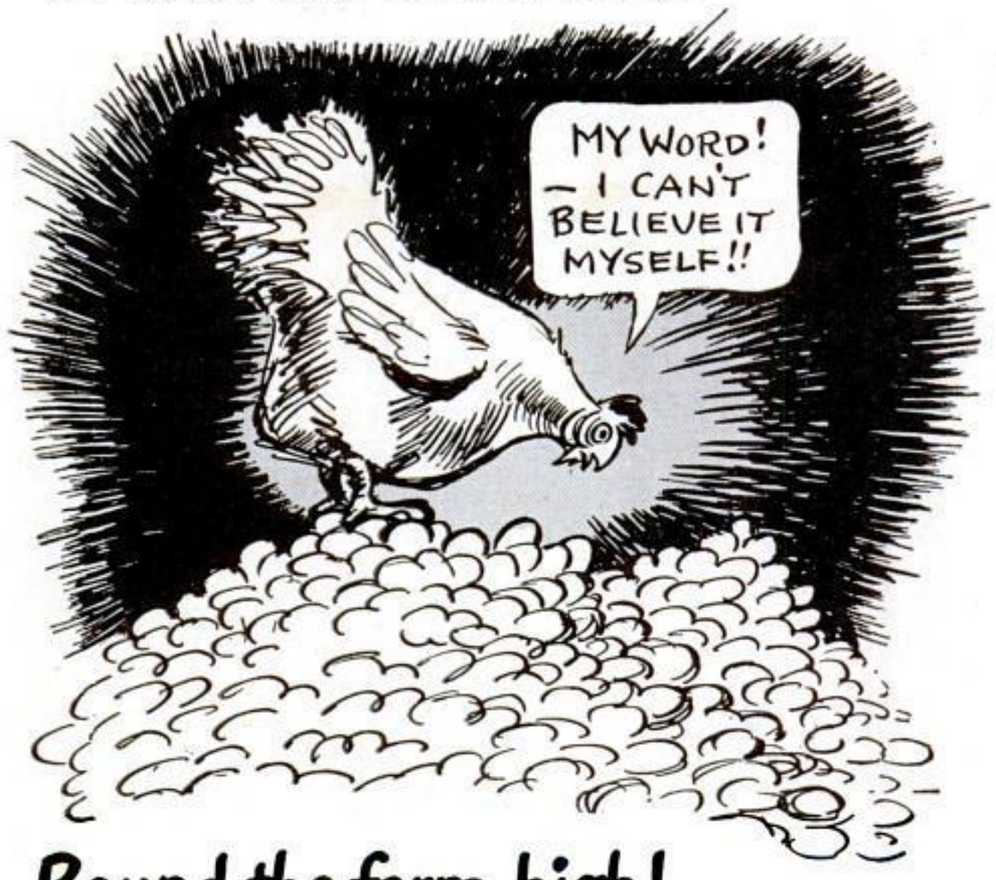
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Famous Highs by C. A. Voight



$2,650,000 high!

NO FIGHT IN HISTORY EVER GATHERED SUCH A CROWD OF CHEERERS AS THE DEMPSEY-TUNNEY BATTLE IN 1927. BUT— YOU OUGHT TO SEE THE CROWD THAT'S CHEERING FOR SMOOTH-AS-VELVET TEN HIGH, THE WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES"!



Round-the-farm high!

A WHITE LEGHORN HEN HOLDS A WORLD'S **RECORD**— 343 EGGS IN 357 DAYS! AND THAT'S SOMETHING TO CHEER ABOUT! SO IS THE **SMOOTHNESS** OF TEN HIGH, THE WHISKEY WITH "NO ROUGH EDGES"

..and Ten High!

A new high in whiskey smoothness!



Please be patient. If your store or tavern is temporarily out of TEN HIGH there are two reasons: (1) Since all distilleries are now making war alcohol instead of whiskey, the available supply of TEN HIGH is on quota "for the duration." (2) Railways must give war materials and food the right of way, so your dealer's shipment of TEN HIGH may sometimes be delayed.

This Straight Bourbon Whiskey is 4 years old. 86 proof. Hiram Walker & Sons Inc., Peoria, Ill.



"I Cain't Say No," the lament of a girl who is susceptible to men, is sung by Ado Annie (Celeste Holm). Lyricist Hammerstein's words are a masterpiece of subtlety.



"Pore Jud" is comic high spot of show as sung by Jud (Howard da Silva) and Curly (Alfred Drake). A lament in reverse, it tells how happy people will be at Jud's death.

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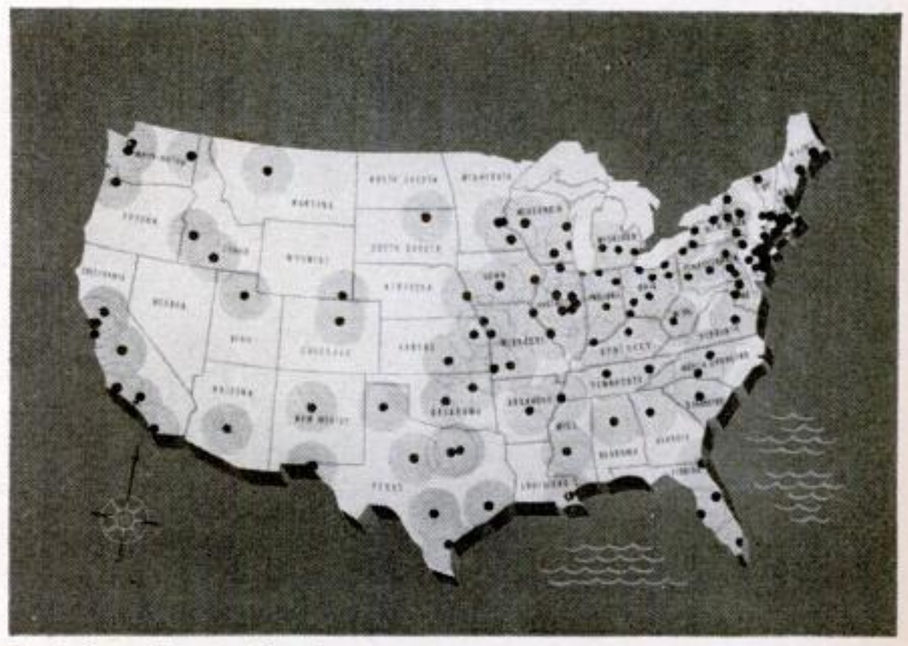
THE CAUSE of better hearing is forging ahead. Recently the Hon. Sam H. Jones, Governor of the State of Louisiana, went strongly on record in support of the fight for better hearing. In emphatic terms he said that he saw no reason whatever for allowing a man's hearing deficiencies to interfere with the full utilization of his abilities, especially in these days of war pressure, and that he hoped the day was at hand when wearing a hearing aid would be as natural as wearing glasses.

Governor Jones practises what he preaches. There are a number of men in his Administration, some in highly important posts, who wear Sonotones. For example, there is Mr. I. L. T. . . . Jr.*, (*standing beside the Governor, above*) who is head of the Traffic Planning Section of the Department of Highways. His hearing has been slipping for years. Like most other folks, he thought he was "getting by". But when the tremendous increase in war-time activities made unexpected demands on Louisiana's magnificent road system, Mr. T. realized that his hearing was inadequate, and got a Sonotone.

Today Mr. T. frankly says he wishes he had been wearing his Sonotone the past 10 years, because he feels that without it, he must have wasted half his efficiency just *trying* to hear. And with 90% of his work directly connected with the war effort, he just can't afford the luxury of *not* wearing a hearing aid!

This more realistic understanding of deafness has been given a great impetus by the country's war-time need for all the man-power and brain-power it possesses. Employers and employees alike realize that deafness needn't be the handicap it once was. In the past 14 years, Sonotone research has led to notable advances in the design and *individualized* fitting of hearing aids. And if you want to hear better, the chances are you can, for nearly 90% of people's hearing troubles can be helped. Visit the nearest Sonotone office.

**Name omitted in accordance with medical principles*



For information on Sonotone telephone or write any of the 142 Sonotone offices in the United States, or write Sonotone, Elmsford, N. Y. (*In Canada, address 229 Yonge Street, Toronto. In England, write 144 Wigmore Street, London, W. 1.*)

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HOW TO MAKE A GOOD DEAL



BUY SOME *modern* Barbasol, get yourself a smooth-as-silk Barbasol Face—and get yourself kissed for the price of an $18.75 War Bond! [*That's a better deal than the old-fashioned shaver with a grizzly chin can expect. The little lady is likely to say: "No kisses today for less than the price of a $75 War Bond!"*]



APRIL SHOWERS bring May flowers. But any kind of water—hot, cold, hard, soft or salt—brings a better shave when you tame your beard and protect your tender skin with Barbasol. No bite or burn, no undue razor rasp or chapping, thanks to the beneficial oils in Barbasol.



"BLOOMING fine," you'll say, when you've spent a minute with Barbasol—face feeling fresh as a daisy, the fastest shave you ever had! No brush, no lather, no rub-in—that's why Barbasol means brushless. Large size 25¢. Giant size 50¢. Family size 75¢. Tubes or Jars.



For modern shaving—No Brush—No Lather—No Rub-in

BARBASOL BLADES
5 FOR 10¢-15 FOR 25¢



"The Surrey with the Fringe on Top," here sung by Joan Roberts and Alfred Drake, is one of big hits. *Oklahoma's* excellent tunes have not yet been released for radio.

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BUY ANOTHER WAR STAMP OR BOND TODAY

THE BATTLE OF ELM STREET

No steaming jungle . . . no shimmering desert . . . no fighting and dying. Only peace and tranquility here on Elm Street, you say.

But look. Last year's emerald lawn has given way to a Victory garden. The family car is up on blocks; father walks to work and Bud bikes to school. And Nora does her week's washing in strict accord with the clear and authoritative instructions which the Pacific Factag always gives her.

This informative label is attached to garments made of Pacific Factag Fabrics. It enables America—patriotically bent on conserving essential war materials—to get the most good out of its purchases.

The Pacific Factag is part of the Battle of Elm Street . . . a weapon just as surely as a gun is a weapon. Look for it when you buy. For free booklet, address Pacific Mills, Cotton and Rayon Division, 214 Church St., New York.

PACIFIC *Factag* FABRICS

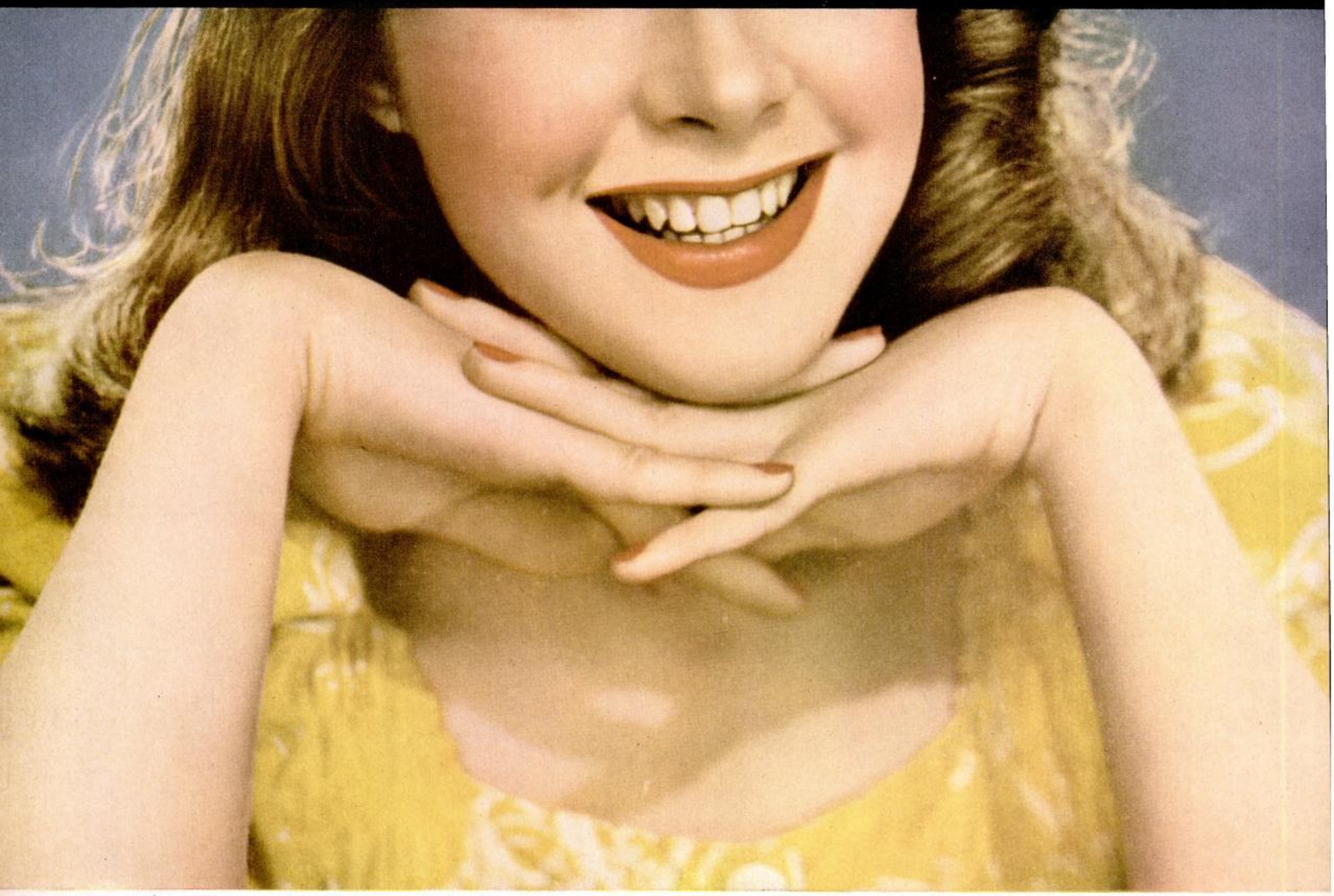


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LOOK FOR THIS TAG on House dresses · Street dresses · House coats · Brunch coats · Pinafores · Aprons · Uniforms · Skirts · Blouses · Slacks Hooverettes · Smocks · Work clothes · Play suits · Sun suits · Nightgowns · Negligees · Slips · Pajamas · Men's shirts, shorts and pajamas · Men's sports shirts, slacks and ensembles · Also ask for your Factag Slip with purchases of Pacific Yard Goods, and for your Facbook with Pacific Sheets and Pillowcases

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She broke a tooth—*she's Beautiful*



WHEN one of Daughter's front teeth suffered an accident, that used to be a family tragedy. Of course it was patched up—and that's what it looked like, forever after. "Patched up."

But not any longer. Dentists have new materials to work with, and new skill in using them. A broken tooth is still no fun. But it needn't spoil anybody's smile, or be the entering wedge for an "inferiority complex."

At the "University of Petroleum," Shell's research laboratories, they found the raw materials to make *teeth*—light, unbreakable, natural-looking teeth—in a petroleum gas. Yes, *teeth* from *petroleum!* And if that stretches your imagination, here's another: The same material makes up the gums in which whole sets of natural-looking teeth are set.

These artificial dentures—or "petroleum" fillings for front teeth—are given color, and structure, and translucency which make them virtually undetectable.

* * *

IN PETROLEUM, Shell Research has an almost limitless universe to explore, discovering new combinations of molecules which will do undreamed-of things. "Sinews of war" now being produced from petroleum have no resemblance to the messy stuff which comes from the ground. The "makings" of synthetic rubber. TNT. Drugs. Disinfectants. Plastic instruments for ships and planes. Aviation fuel with extra miles of speed and flying range "built into" every gallon.

Afterward, all of these will be "sinews of peace"—in a more abundant, more hopeful world. And the exploration still goes on.

ARMY E NAVY

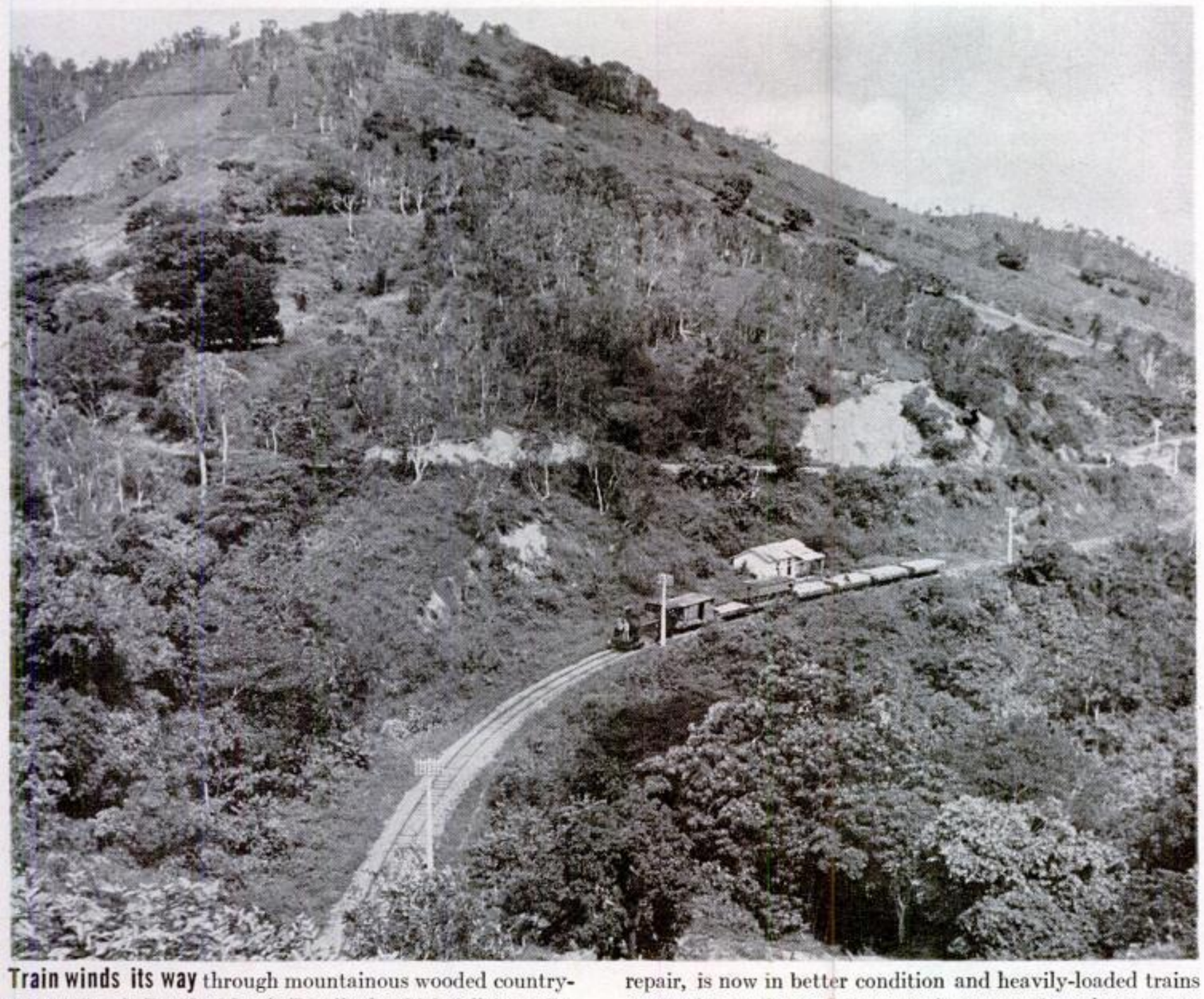
First oil refinery to win the Army-Navy "E"—Shell's Wood River Refinery.

SHELL

SHELL RESEARCH—Sword of Today . . . Plowshare of Tomorrow

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HAND-OPERATED TURNTABLE IS WORKED BY THREE ARMY MEN WHO ARE TURNING ONE OF THE MIDGET RAILROAD'S STEAM ENGINES. THE ENGINES ARE A NUISANCE TO REPAIR



Train winds its way through mountainous wooded countryside of South Pacific island. Roadbed, which fell into disrepair, is now in better condition and heavily-loaded trains can make good speed from station to station along route.

ARMY RAILROAD

It carries South Pacific freight

Since the war's start, the U. S. Army has used many novel methods of transport to move goods to its fighting men. Dog sleds in Alaska and camels in North Africa have been pressed into service to carry the stuff of war. But on a South Pacific island one of the oddest of all freight haulage systems is in operation. There the Army has taken over an abandoned, narrow-gauge railroad, patched up its primitive rolling stock, manned it with Army service force troops and is making regular trips with war materials.

The Army's chief headache is maintenance. The railroad's two steam engines are of a size very rarely used in the U. S., so repair parts for them have to be built in a native machine shop. The three Diesel engines, once destined for Singapore, had to have their gauge changed when the Army took them over. A switch engine was constructed by ingenious Army men who took a jeep's motor and mounted it on narrow-gauge wheels. Now the midget railroad is proving invaluable in relieving trucks that still clog the island's narrow supply roads. On one trip an average train can carry as much freight as 16 trucks and can make eight trips a day, loaded with airplane parts, food and ammunition. The favorite pastime of its crew is to wave derisively at sweating truck drivers as the train rolls past them at a steady 25 m. p. h.

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If You Could Walk without shoes or without touching any surface, you might escape contact with Athlete's Foot fungi. These fungi exist on almost all surfaces, hence the constant need for protection with Quinsana powder.



If You Used a Blow Torch, you could kill Athlete's Foot fungi which may thrive in shoes and re-infect feet. You wouldn't use a blow torch to fight these hardy fungi, but you can use Quinsana in shoes; see below.

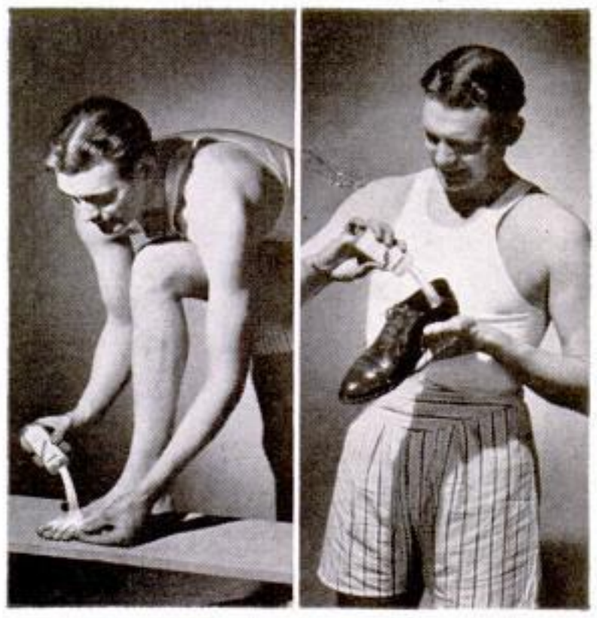
AMAZING SUCCESS OVER ATHLETE'S FOOT SPEEDS WAR EFFORT

SCIENCE is aiding U. S. war effort with important new successes over Athlete's Foot. The disease is a vital threat to war production, as it infects over 70% of adults some time during the year. But now, a fungicidal powder—*Quinsana*—produced in the Mennen laboratories, is proving amazingly effective in fighting Athlete's Foot. Quinsana action is based on new knowledge that the fungi which cause the disease cannot live in an *alkaline* medium; and that re-infection may occur from shoe linings. Figures below show remarkable results.

AMAZING RESULTS OF 30-DAY TREATMENT WITH QUINSANA

74% infected before Quinsana treatment

6% infected after Quinsana treatment



USE 2-WAY TREATMENT with Quinsana daily, as regularly as you bathe and wash. 1. Use Quinsana on feet to help prevent and relieve infection. 2. Shake Quinsana into shoes to absorb moisture, reducing chances of re-infection from this source. (Diabetics should be doubly sure to use Quinsana daily). Also excellent for excessive perspiration, foot odor. *Pharmaceutical Division, The Mennen Company, Newark, N. J., San Francisco.*

INFECTION DISAPPEARED in practically all cases among thousands of persons using Quinsana. Usual symptoms of Athlete's Foot are chronic peeling between toes, cracks, soggy skin, itching. Mild infection may suddenly become serious. Inflammation may mean germ infection; see physician or chiropodist.



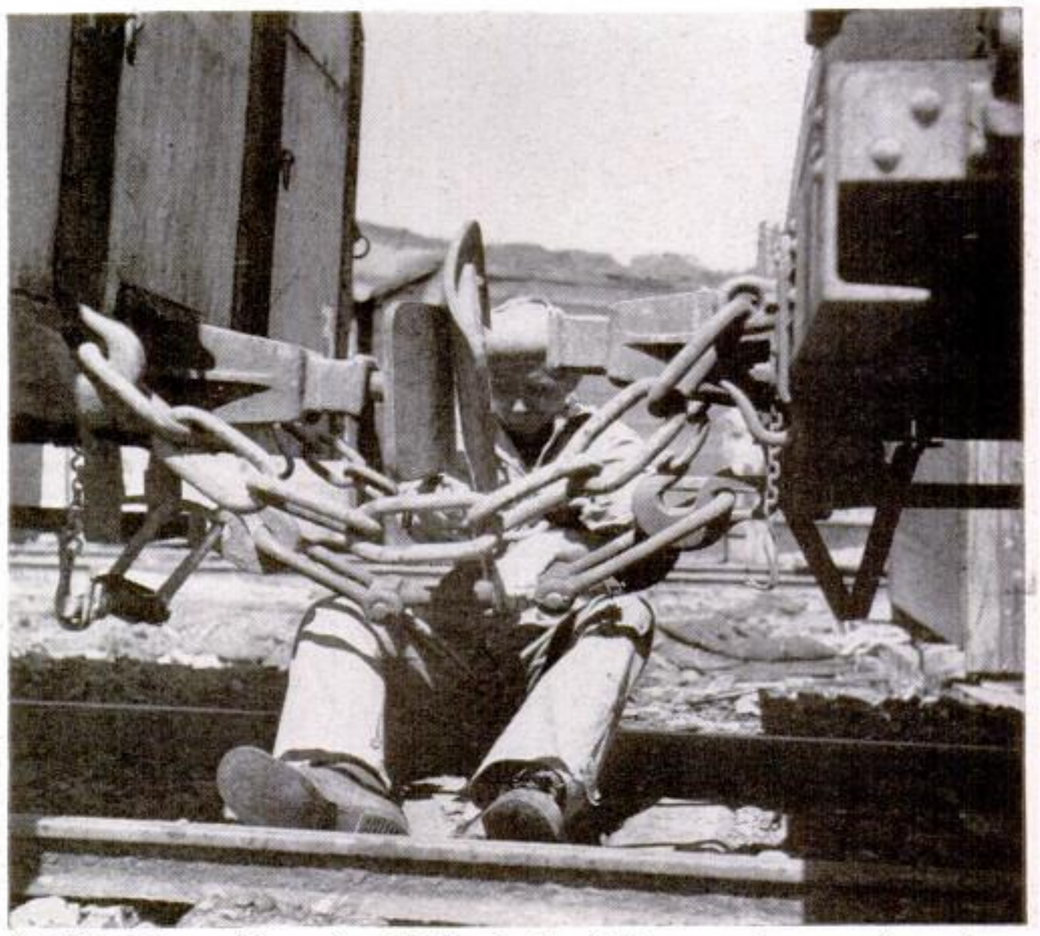
Army Railroad (continued)



Checker rides the front of small steam engine, keeping his eye on condition of roadbed. He also acts as train's switchman and helps to shoo stray cattle off the tracks.



Soldiers act as gandy dancers, putting new ties in place and making repairs to roadbed. A few natives work on the railroad but most of the work is done by the soldiers.



Coupling cars on midget railroad is done by hand. The system has 40 antiquated cars which are piled high with freight. Train passengers then clamber up and ride on top.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 66

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ALL WORK and no "PLAY"

VICTORY is our Business
GM GENERAL MOTORS

THERE is no place for "slack" in the grim game our anti-aircraft gunners play.

Many a time they have only a few seconds to get their guns laid accurately on a swift-moving target – and none can be wasted on looseness in any part of their gun mount.

In technical terms, this means that such parts must be built to specifications reading "No tolerances." There must be no "play" of any sort – not even as much as you normally find in virtually any fine peacetime mechanism.

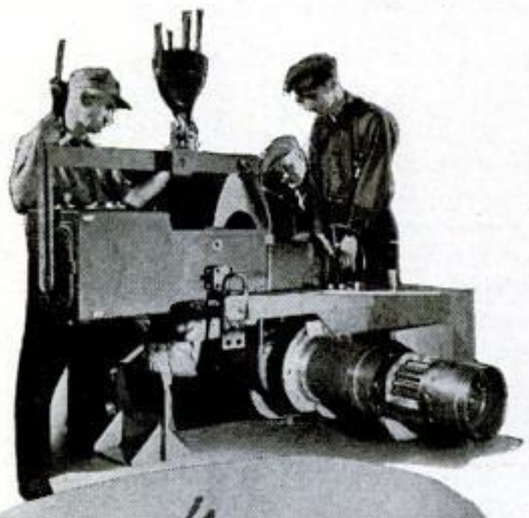
Building such parts gave Buick's experience in precision a chance to prove itself.

It is a job so precise that every tooth in every gear must be individually "lapped in" – matched exactly with every other.

But Buick men are handling it. Into these elevating and traversing mechanisms for anti-aircraft guns goes a lot of long, patient, insistent work – work that produces parts in which you will find no "play" of any sort.

Some things we make for the war effort are produced by the hundreds of thousands – these are built, literally, "one at a time."

The thing that gives us special satisfaction is that when the country needed it, experienced ability in both kinds of production was waiting to go to work under one factory roof.



WHEN BETTER *war goods* AUTOMOBILES ARE BUILT
BUICK WILL BUILD THEM

BETTER BUY BONDS
Let your dollars lend a hand

BUICK DIVISION OF GENERAL MOTORS

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1. Scratch your head and see! If you find signs of dryness or loose, ugly dandruff, you need new Wildroot Cream-Oil Formula. Grooms, relieves dryness, removes loose dandruff! Two sizes, 60¢ and $1.00.

YOUR HAIR CAN LOOK LIKE THIS WITH NEW **WILDROOT CREAM-OIL**



2. Keeps your hair well combed all day long, and without a trace of that greasy look! And grooming without grease means no more stained hatbands, no greasy pillow slips! Your hair looks good and feels good!

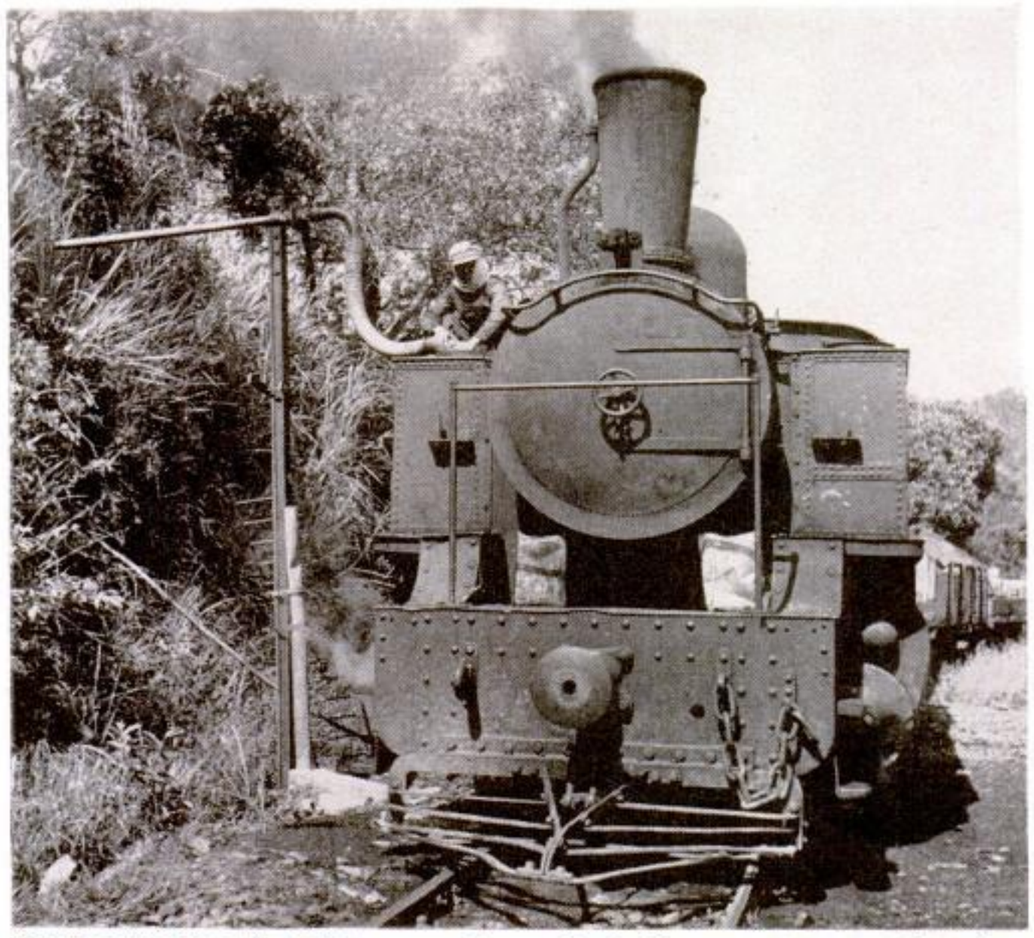
NON-ALCOHOLIC **CONTAINS REFINED LANOLIN!**



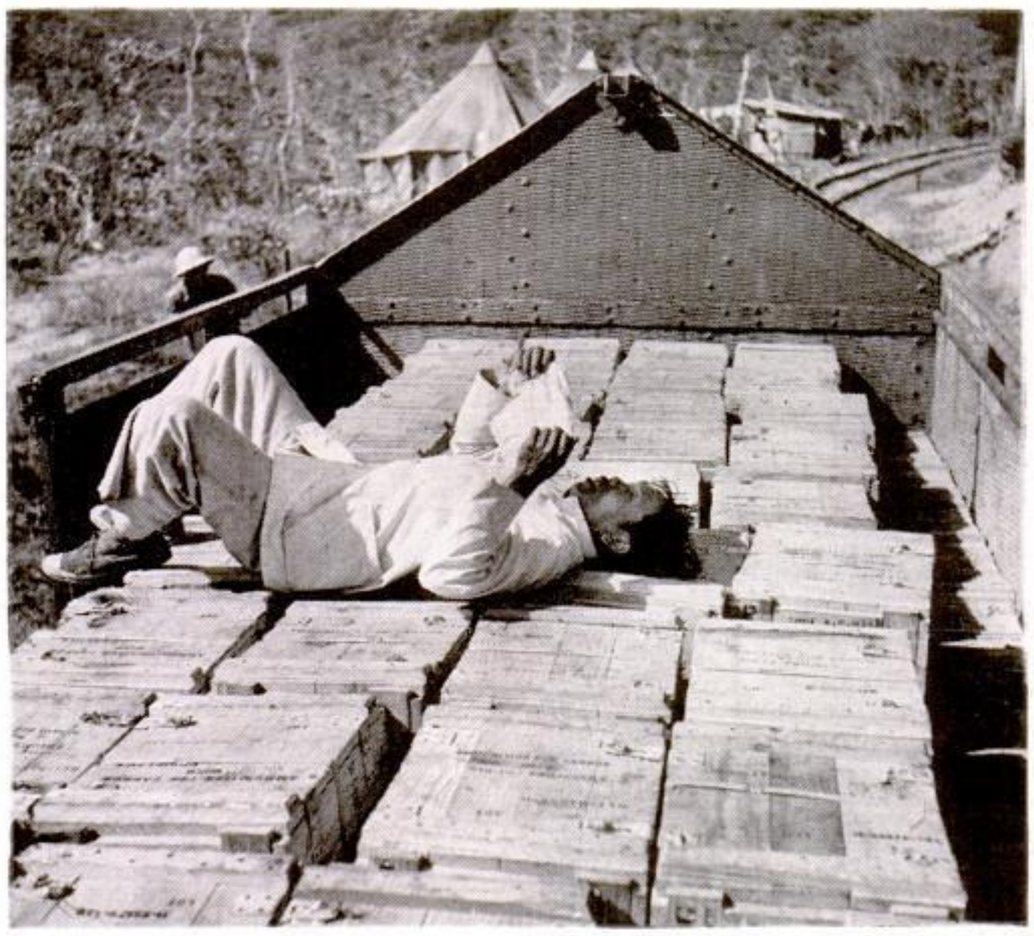
3. Refined LANOLIN has long been prescribed because of its soothing qualities, and because it closely resembles the oil of the human skin. Wildroot Cream-Oil is also homogenized for uniformity. No wonder 76 of every 100 users in a nation-wide test prefer it to the preparations they had been using. Get a bottle today at your druggists.

NEW! WILDROOT CREAM-OIL

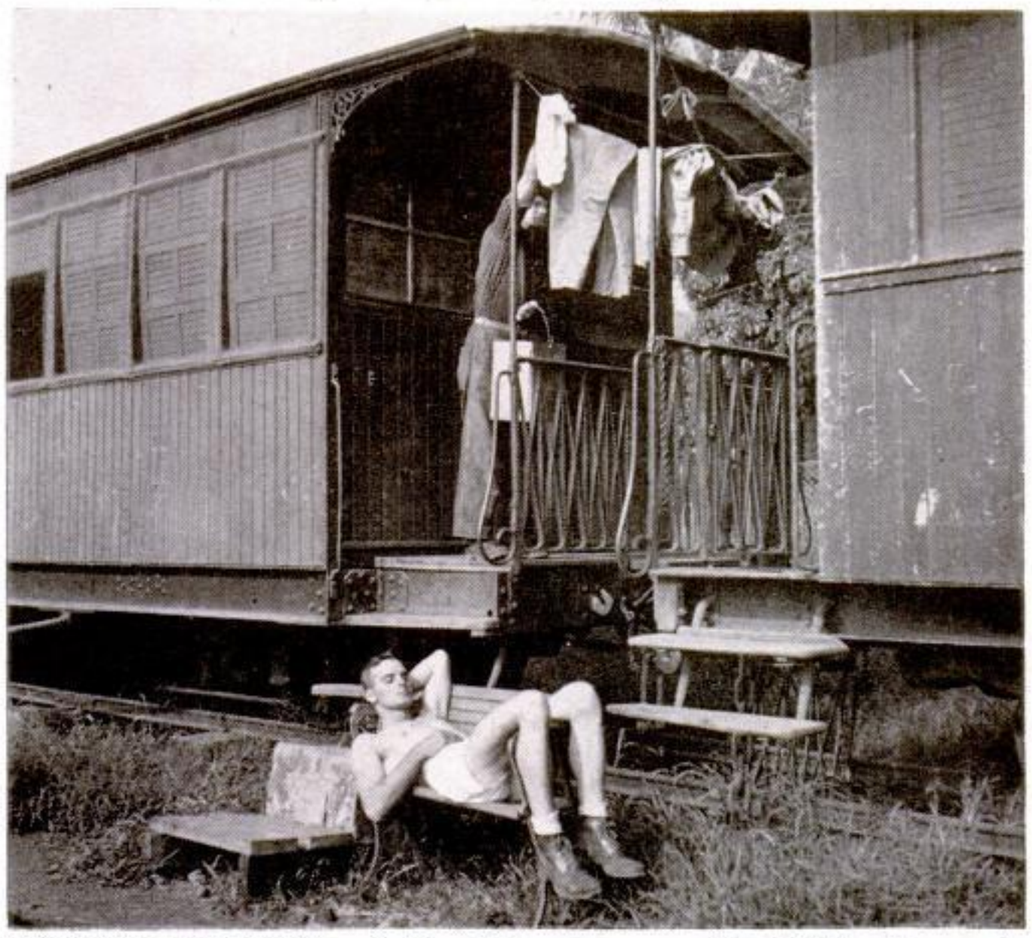
NON-ALCOHOLIC FORMULA



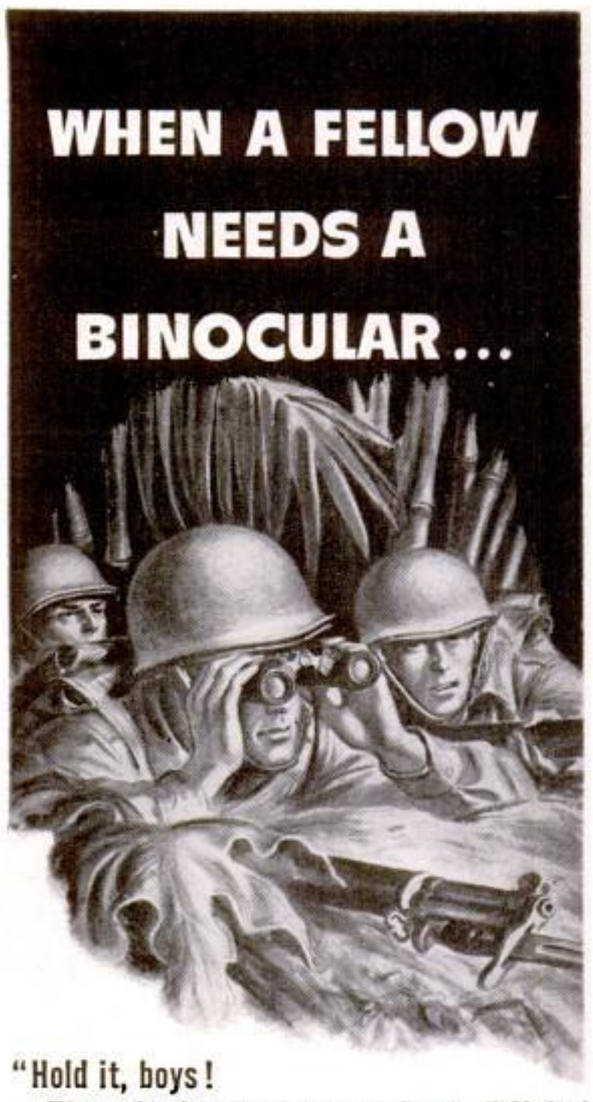
Steam engine stops for water on one of its regular freight runs to Army stations along the line. Water is ingeniously piped from small mountain stream to spot beside tracks.



Native passenger, dressed in his white Sunday best, shades himself as he rides along line. Boxes he is peacefully reclining on are packed tight with cannon ammunition.



Army railroad personnel live in discarded passenger cars, in which they have made themselves thoroughly at home. Here soldier naps while another does housekeeping.



"Hold it, boys!

Those devils are up to something..." Naked eyes might never have seen the danger. Thank heaven, ONE pair of eyes in this group was NOT naked!

Your boy is facing the trickiest enemies in history. Countless times, he may owe his life to binoculars—constantly on the watch.

Universal is proud to be one of the few manufacturers now making binoculars for our Army, Navy and Marines and The United Nations.

This work has led Universal to pioneer in many ingenious new methods of production and assembly of lenses, prisms and precision optical instruments—representing significant and permanent contributions to America's future leadership in this highly specialized field.



That patch of foam *in the distance could be a torpedo, a U-boat rising to the surface...OR Americans adrift in a lifeboat. Lookouts on American ships must know, use binoculars to be sure.*

REMEMBER YOUR PLEDGE TO BUY WAR BONDS, AND LIVE UP TO IT!

UNIVERSAL CAMERA CORPORATION

There's only one flag we're prouder of!

ARMY E NAVY

NEW YORK • CHICAGO • HOLLYWOOD

Makers of Precision Photographic and Optical Instruments

Peacetime Manufacturers of Cinémaster, Mercury, Corsair Cameras

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Hemo...grand and glorious way to drink your Vitamins and like 'em!

JUST ONE GLASS OF HEMO GIVES YOU:

The Vitamin A in 3 boiled eggs!

PLUS

The Vitamin B_1 in 4 slices of whole wheat bread!

PLUS

The Vitamin B_2 (G) in 4 servings of spinach!

PLUS

The Vitamin D in 3 servings of beef liver!

PLUS

The Iron in ½ pound of beef!

PLUS

The Calcium & Phosphorus in 2 servings of cauliflower and 1 serving of cooked green beans combined!

PLUS

Significant quantity of Niacin.

Borden's

Hemo

IF IT'S BORDEN'S, IT'S GOT TO BE GOOD!



"IF I HAD one wish," dreamed Elsie, "I'd wish I could put up a HEMO fountain alongside of every water fountain in town!"

"Why don't you include the *whole* country, while you're at it?" asked Elmer sarcastically.

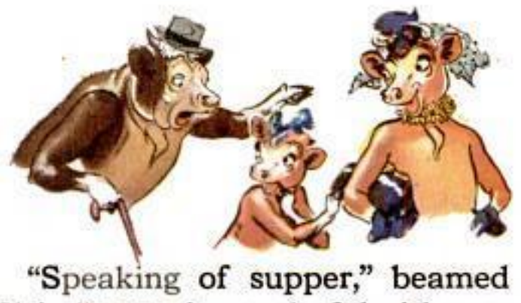
"That *would* be perfect, dear!" Elsie's eyes lit up at the suggestion. "You know, our government nutrition authorities say that 3 out of 4 Americans may not get enough vitamins with their meals!"

"Don't talk of food!" groaned Elmer. "I want to go home and EAT!"



"Just a minute, dear!" smiled Elsie. "I want to tell *everybody* that just one glass of HEMO (mixed in milk) supplies half your daily needs of Vitamins A, B_1, B_2 (G), D, and Iron, Calcium, and Phosphorus. Plus a significant quantity of Niacin...We purposely omitted Vitamin C from HEMO—you can get it easily if you drink fruit and tomato juices."

"Now, LOOK!" wheedled Elmer, "can't that wait until after supper?"



"Speaking of supper," beamed Elsie, "HEMO is wonderful with supper, or lunch! Grand with snacks, too!"

"Darling! I'm saying *PLEASE* can't we go home and eat?" begged Elmer.

"Why, certainly, dear!" agreed Elsie. "Just as soon as I remind folks that HEMO costs only 2½¢ a serving. You can get a full-pound jar—enough for 24 delicious drinks—at any drug or grocery store for 59¢...And when you lunch at fountains, you can have HEMO made up in any flavor you prefer! And—What *are* you waiting for, Elmer? Let's get home to supper!"

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Target for Tonight—Hitler's glass jaw!

High in the night over Germany, Allied bombers will search out a prized target.

With bomb bay doors agape, and the bombardier grinning in satisfaction over the final run, 8,000-lb. chunks of destruction will hurtle down—on an oil plant.

For *oil* is where Adolph can't take it. The oil fields of his stooges and of conquered regions, plus his production of synthetic oil, *still* give him, in a year, less than four weeks' normal American production!

Oil is no less vital to us than to Hitler. But the American petroleum industry has seen to it that the forces of freedom will have all they need for war.

The petroleum industry has seen to it, too, that our warplanes have the super-fuel that gives them much of their superiority—100-octane gasoline.

Again, this industry is miraculously producing from oil ever-increasing quantities of a prime material for synthetic rubber—butadiene.

And, ironically, the very bombs that smash at Hitler's oil supply are themselves loaded with TNT—the basic ingredient of which the petroleum industry now extracts from oil.

So this war is largely the war of America's oil industry. The great oil companies have enlisted solidly. They're working together. Where necessary, facilities are pooled, patents and processes are shared. There's a war on.

Tide Water Associated is fighting, like its brothers-in-arms among the oil companies, with every resource it possesses. For no effort is too great, no enemy too formidable, no sacrifice too demanding—when the stake is freedom of the world.

TIDE WATER ASSOCIATED OIL COMPANY
New York • Tulsa • San Francisco

WORLD'S LARGEST REFINERS OF PENNSYLVANIA OILS

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BUY WAR BONDS AND STAMPS

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THIS YORK IMPERIAL APPLE TREE ON THE C. L. HERR FARM HAS A HEAVY BLOSSOM "SET" THIS SPRING

SPRING on the FARM IN PENNSYLVANIA

Photographs for LIFE by Alfred Eisenstaedt

Spring came late to much of the U. S. soil this year. In Lancaster County, Pa. the month of April felt like March, and the first few days of May were like a cold and cloudy April. Then, within the last fortnight, the tardy spring came racing up the Shenandoah Valley from the South. Apple orchards burst into foamy pink-and-white bloom around the fat Lancaster County barns (*see above*) and spic-and-span farmhouses. Tractors and teams crawled across the Lancaster County fields, churning the limestone-bedded soil into a carpet of soft, deep loam. In the barnyards pungent clouds of steam rose where farmers were gathering up the winter's deposit of precious manure (*see next page*).

The pictures on this and the following pages show how the spring of 1943 looks in Lancaster County, richest farming county east of the Rocky Mountains. (Los Angeles County, Calif., which has a far more favorable climate, is first in agricultural production per farm acre; Lancaster is second.) Spring in Pennsylvania has a different look than spring in California or spring in Kansas. But wherever it is and whenever it comes, spring on the farm always finds men and animals and weather working together to renew the riches of the earth.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE 69

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A BIG MANURE HEAP is a sign of a well-run farm. Lancaster County farmers, who are among nation's best, prize manure above any fertilizer. They fatten Western beef cattle over the winter to keep their manure piles growing. In the spring they spread it on their fields.



PLOWING comes after the fields are manured. Lancaster farms are mostly level or gently rolling. Plowing them becomes a quiet, monotonous job, like piloting a little boat across a quiet pond. Toward dusk blackbirds dart after the plowshares, hunting insects in the fresh earth.

ROLLING is done several times before planting to keep moisture in ground and pulverize the soil. Lancaster farmers usually roll fields after plowing and after each harrowing. Careful husbandry like this has kept Lancaster soil phenomenally productive for more than 230 years.

DRAGGING with disk harrow spreads soil in fine, even fragments. Sometimes one field will undergo nine spring operations: liming, manuring, plowing, rolling, dragging with spring-tooth harrow (*opposite page*), rolling again, disk harrow, another rolling and, at last, the planting.

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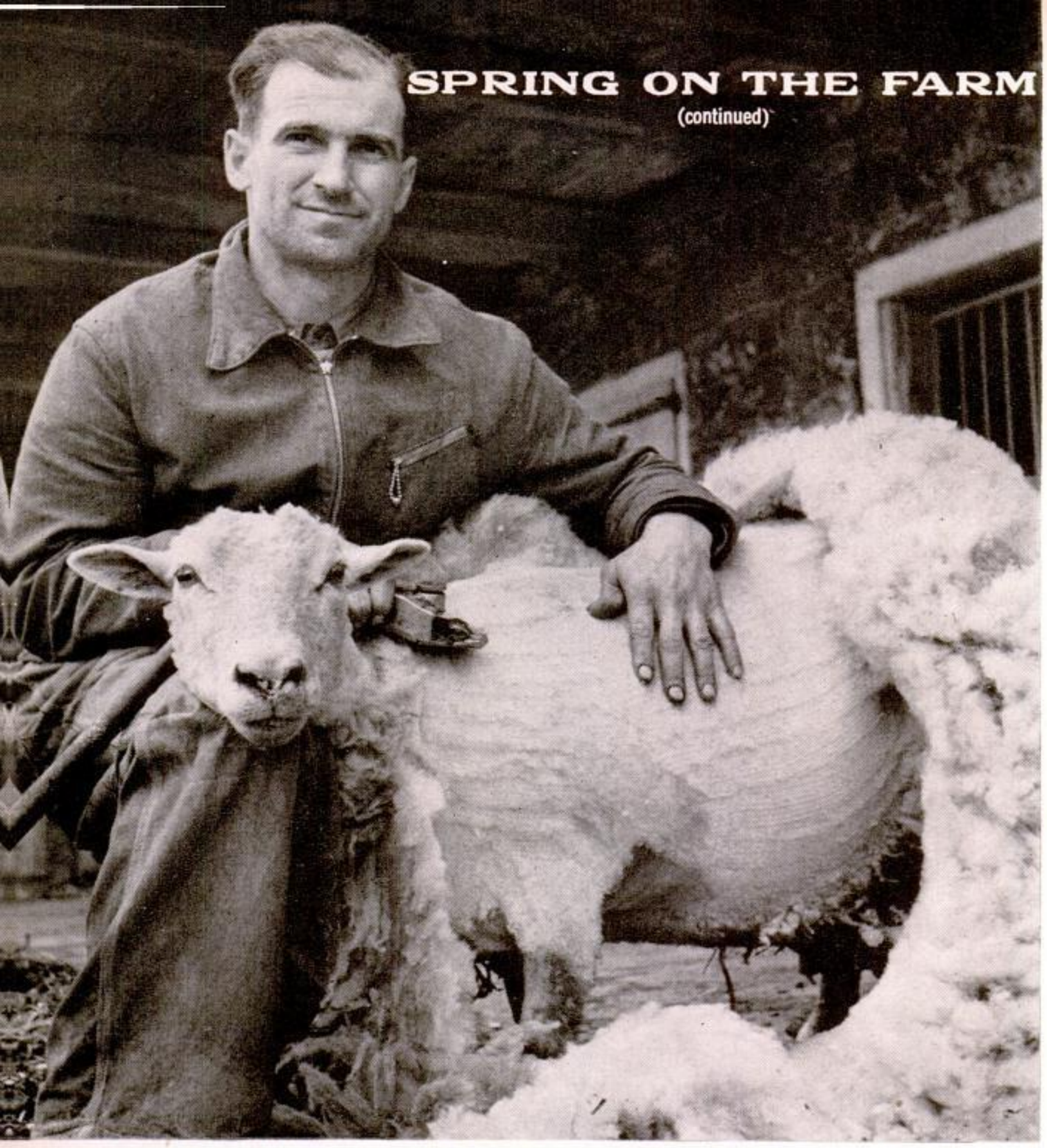


THE SOIL of Lancaster County is naturally fertile, but no more so than many U.S. counties which have a smaller dollar-yield per acre. Most Lancaster County families are descendants of German and Swiss farmers who came to Pennsylvania during the 18th Century and were the first to adopt such progressive ideas as diversified farming, rotation of crops, use of lime and growing of red clover. The result is that, after two centuries of intense cultivation, Lancaster County land still yields bumper crops of its four big staples: corn, tobacco, wheat and hay.

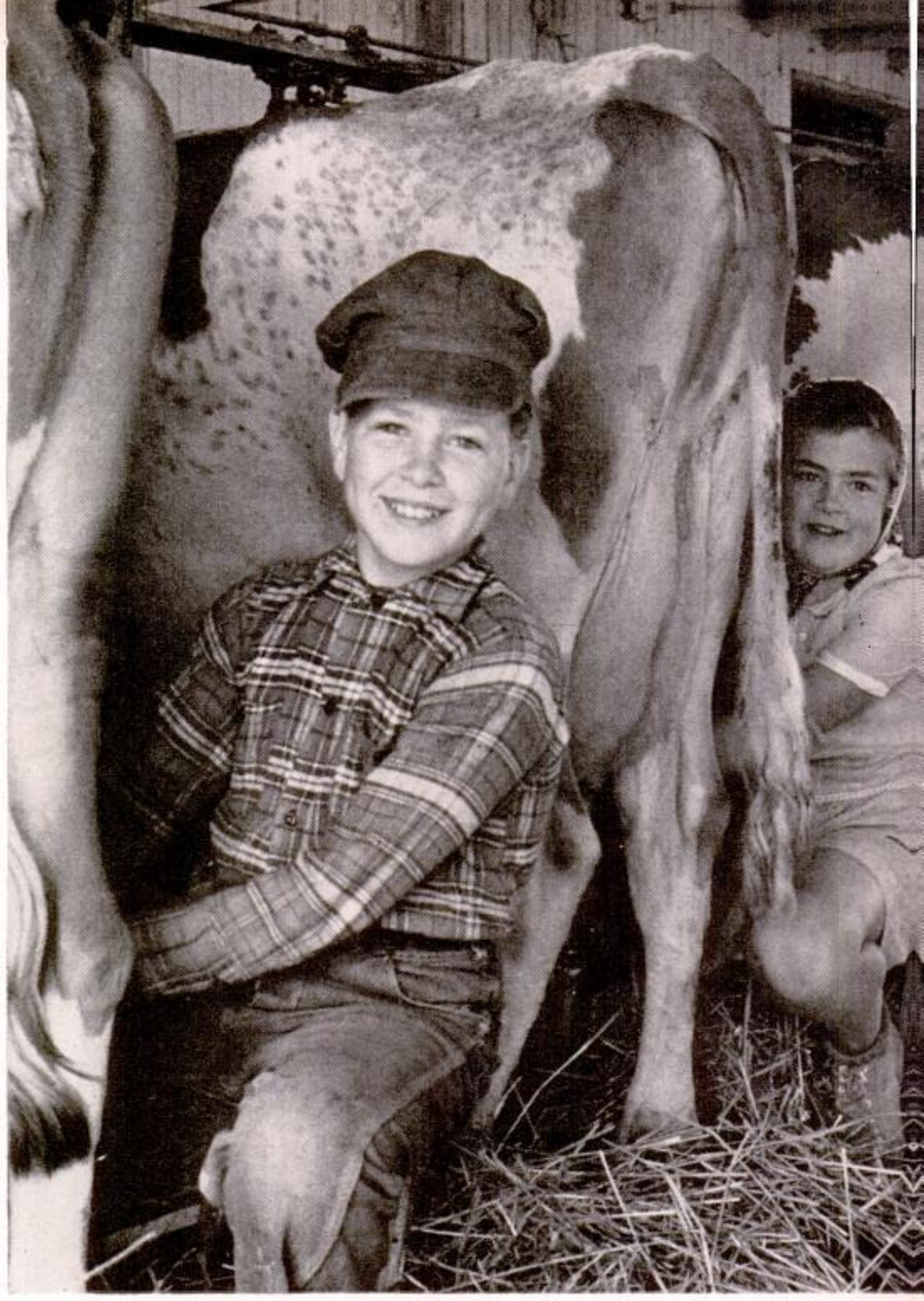
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SPRING ON THE FARM
(continued)



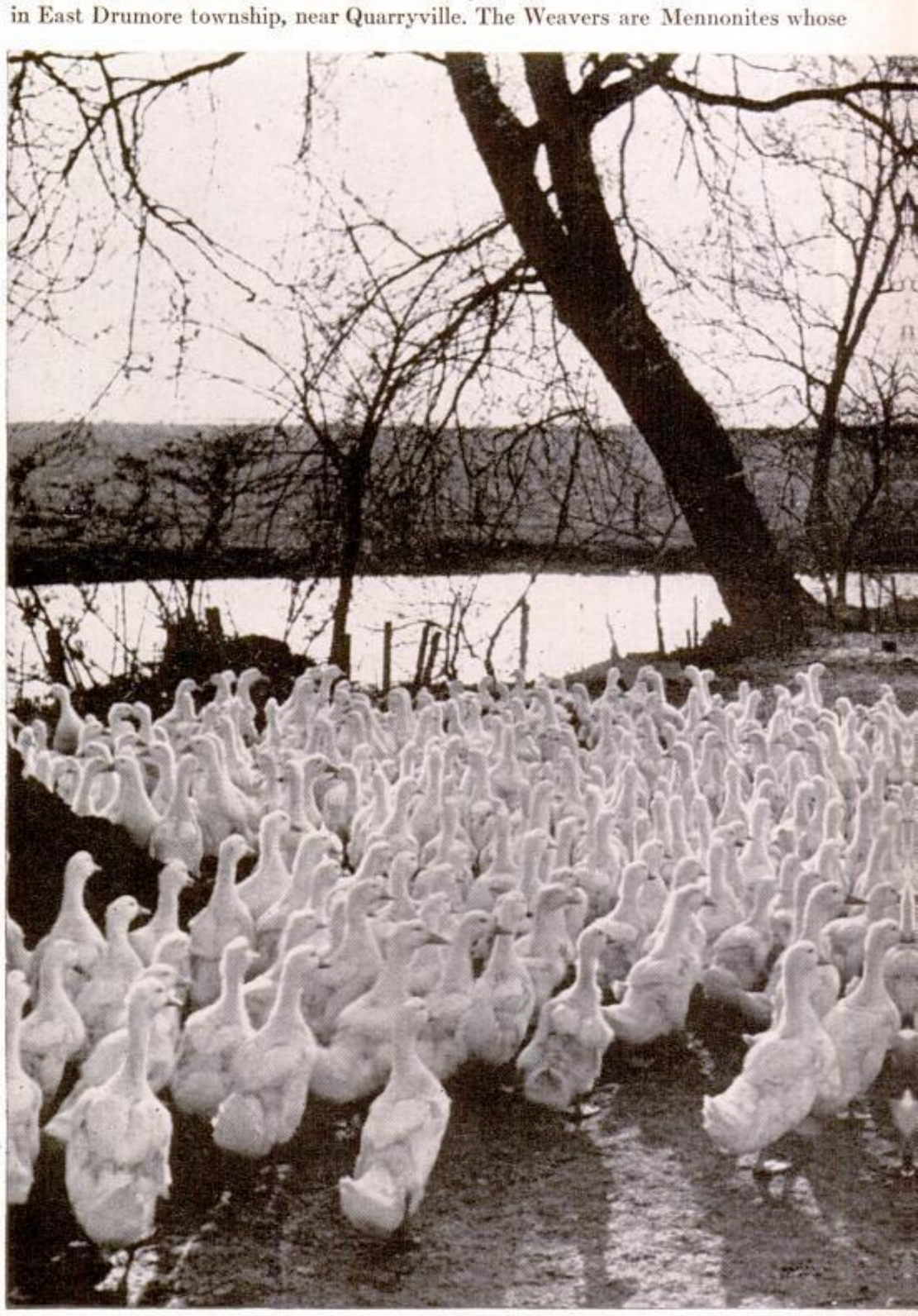
SHEEP SHEARING is a springtime job on farm of Phares Nissley, who got about 7 lb. of thick oily fleece from this ewe. Nissley also fattens beef cattle, raises corn, tobacco, tomatoes and potatoes.



FIVE O'CLOCK MILKING is a family chore on the Aaron H. Weaver farm in East Drumore township, near Quarryville. The Weavers are Mennonites whose



HOLSTEIN CATTLE are the mainstay of Harry H Noll's prosperous farm near Landisville. Caroline, the cow on the reader's left, is now averaging four 14-qt. buckets, or about 100 lb. of milk a day.



ACRES OF DUCKS are raised by J. Harold and Clarence Brubaker on their farm in Upper Leacock township, largest duck farm outside Long Island. The Bru-

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Swiss ancestors came to Pennsylvania seven generations ago. In picture (*l. to r.*) are Harold 12; Anna Mary, 10; Ruth, 9; Miriam, 14; Mother Mary; and Father Aaron.



TURKEY POULTS, each one day old, are inspected by Ellis Esbenshade, who has a turkey farm near Strasburg. Little turkeys are braver and more expensive than other poultry (these cost 75¢ apiece).



bakers have 65,000 ducks, are marketing about 1,000 a day. White Pekin ducks like these often get so fat they have trouble walking, fall flat on their chests in the mud.



SPRING PIGS are a good Lancaster crop this year. These little Hampshires have black and white bands that mark them as pedigreed. They belong to Bob Esbenshade, son of Turkey Farmer Esbenshade.

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SEEDLINGS GET SPECIAL CARE

The field in the photograph below contains 4,000 young tomato plants covered by paper "hot caps" which let in the spring sunshine but keep out spring winds and frosts. This year the Government has asked Lancaster farmers to produce more tomatoes than ever. Farmer Lloyd Baker (*center*) used to raise corn in this field.

In springtime the big barns which dominate the landscape of Lancaster County

FARMER LLOYD BAKER AND SONS REPLACE SOME OF THE PAPER CAPS THAT WERE BLOWN OFF THEIR SMALL



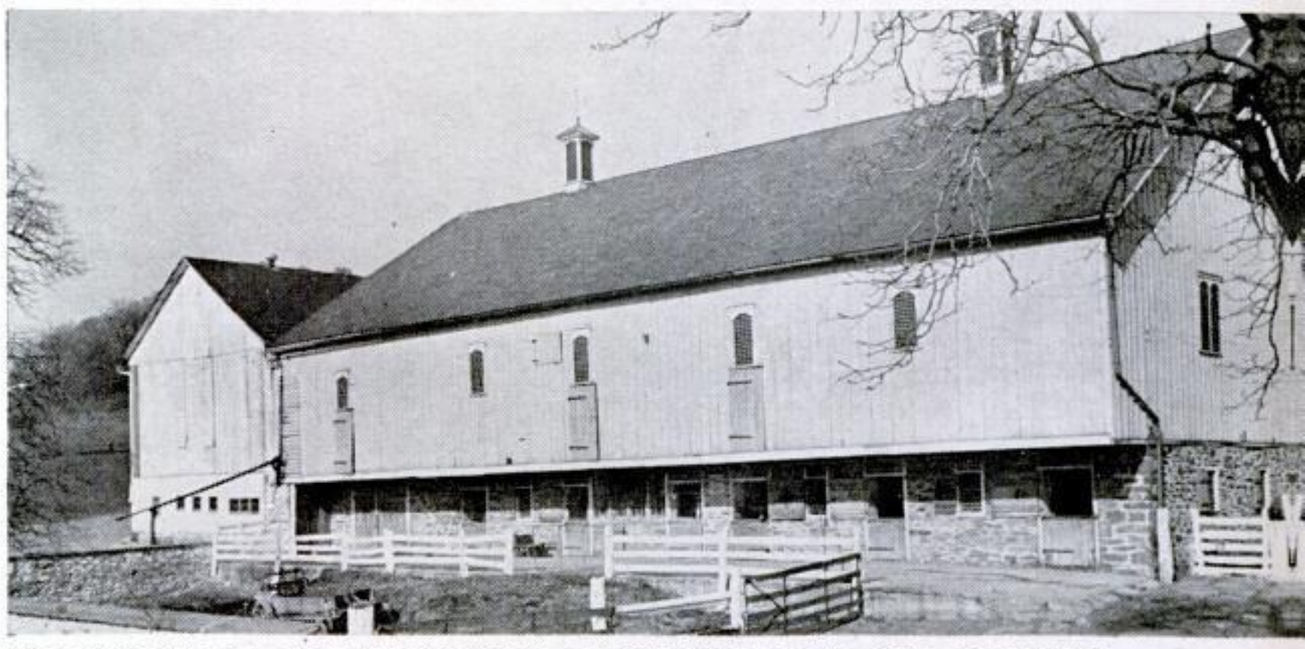
(*see right*) seem strangely empty. The farm animals still occupy their stalls on the lower floor at night, but only a few tag ends of winter fodder remain in the bins and silos overhead. The vast lofts that will be crammed with hay and festooned with drying tobacco at harvesttime are now dusty and vacant. This spring some Lancaster farmers have run short of feed, and mills have had to ration regular customers.

TOMATO PLANTS BY A SUDDEN GUST OF SPRING WIND

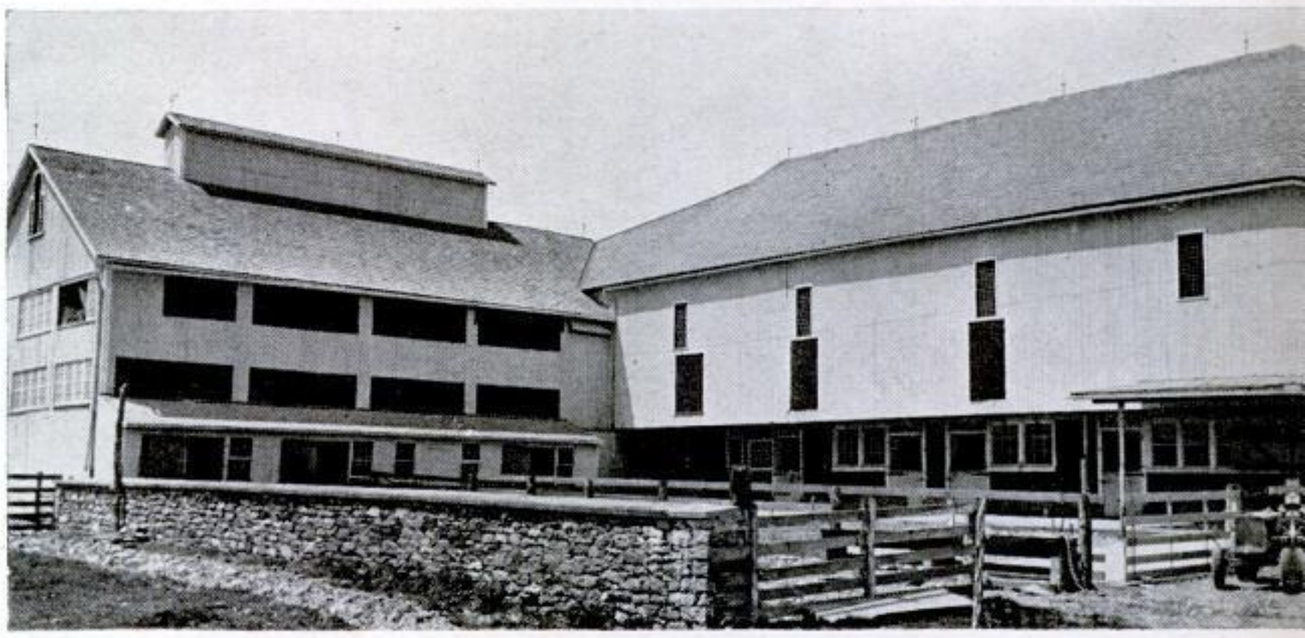




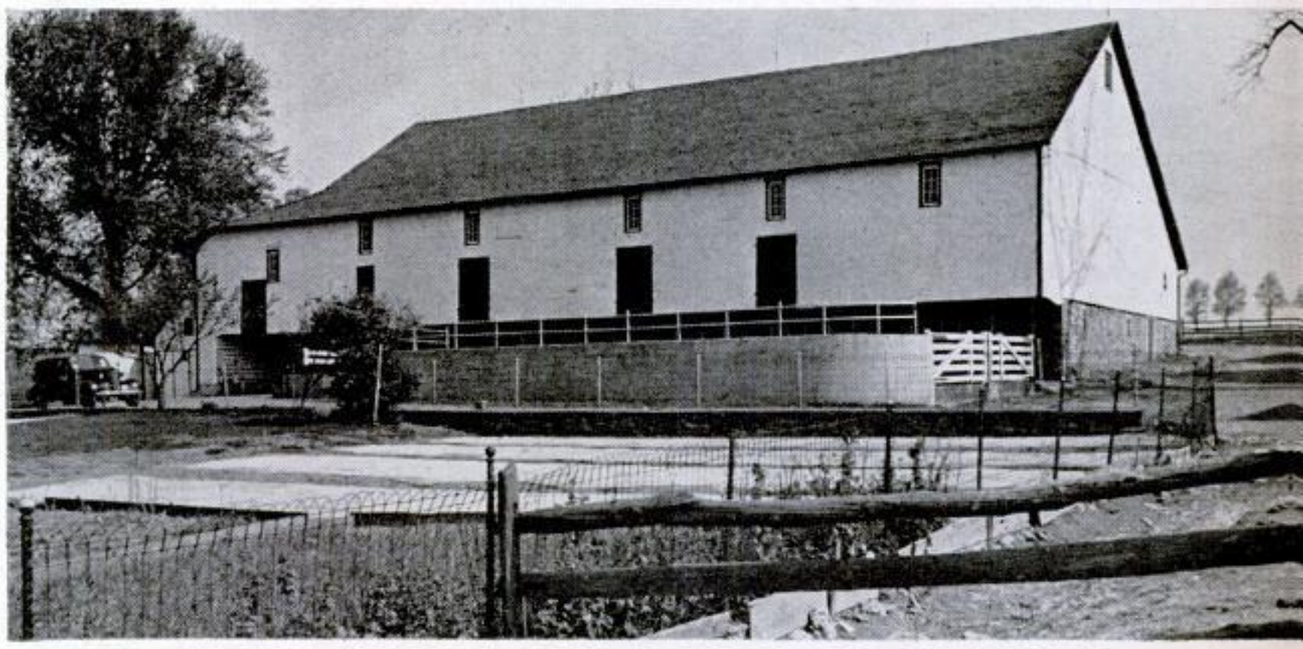
LANCASTER FARMERS ARE PROUD OF THEIR BARNS



THEY PAINT THEM WHITE, YELLOW, RED OR BROWN



THESE BARNS RESEMBLE THE SWISS BANK TYPE



WHITE STRIPS (ABOVE) COVER TOBACCO SEEDBEDS



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

THE BARNYARD COMES TO LIFE

The barnyard is headquarters for spring activities on the farm. Here the men and horses start out early in the morning for their work in the fields, and here they return together at 11:30, which is dinnertime. Cows that have been penned up in stalls during the cold months come out in the barnyard to get a whiff of sunshine and the good green grass to come. Chickens and ducks wander in and out; sometimes a

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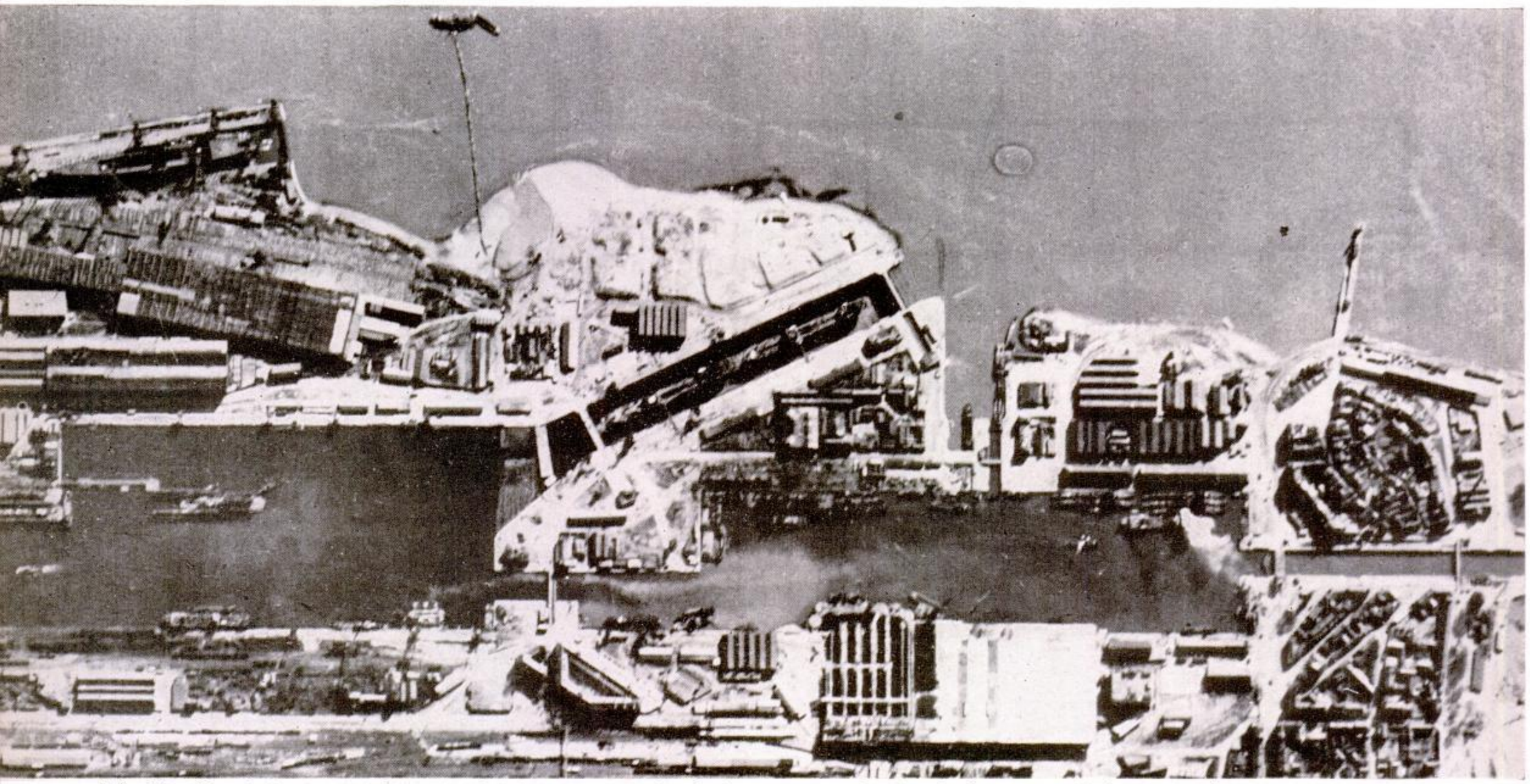


mother sow (*lower right*) parades her brood along the fence. And over and around everything are the warm sun and earthy odors of spring.

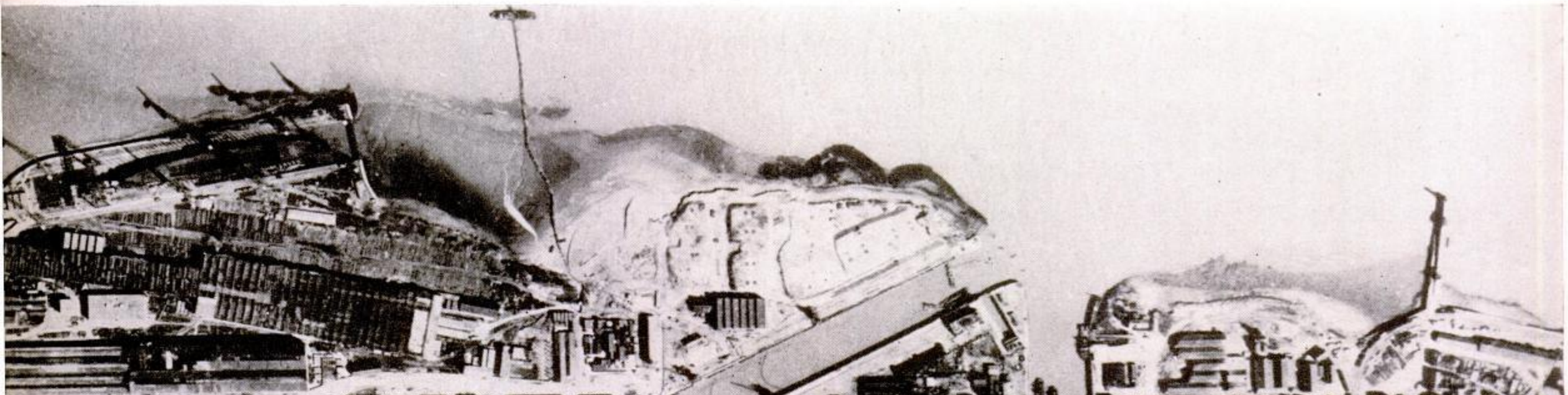
The barnyard above is on the farm of F. Lyman Windolph, just south of Lancaster city. Like many Lancaster barnyards it is as handsome as it is useful. Its buildings include a long Swiss-type bank-barn with overhanging second floor, a silo, corn and feed barn (*left center*), tobacco shed (*extreme left*), and pigsty (*extreme right*). An average 50-acre farm in Lancaster County often has a dozen well-built, freshly-painted farm buildings like these, valued at $20,000 to $25,000. This makes Lancaster farm land high-priced (up to $400 an acre) but it also gives Lancaster County a look of prosperity and abundance not equaled by any farming region in the world.

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"COMBINED OPERATIONS"



Before the raid the drydock area looked like this to R. A. F. reconnaissance plane. In the center, two tankers are in the Forme Ecluse, or drydock. Between them and the river can be seen the huge lock gate, target of *Campbeltown*. In right foreground are submarine pens. In addition, the Commandos planned to destroy the smaller South Lock at far right, whatever pumping machinery they could find and any accessible U-boats and German shipping. Naval force commander was Commander R. E. D. Ryder, R. N., while military force commander was Lieut. Colonel A. C. Newman.



After the raid the drydock area looked like this. The *Campbeltown* has successfully blown up the lock gate and the outer caisson lies along the west wall of the drydock, badly buckled and forced off its sill. The remains of the *Campbeltown* itself lie inside the dock and a salvage vessel is working in dock entrance. Severe damage has been done to the pump house on the quay. The outer-gate control post and most of the dock's machinery (not visible here) has been put out of commission. Historical note: the *Normandie* was built against east wall of Bassin de Penhouet next to drydock.

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HOW BRITISH LAND, SEA AND AIR FORCES, WORKING TOGETHER, DESTROYED THE LOCKS OF THE GREAT DRYDOCK AT ST. NAZAIRE BY RAMMING H.M.S. "CAMPBELTOWN" AGAINST THEM, THEN BLOWING HER UP

by HILARY ST. GEORGE SAUNDERS

An outstanding job has been done by Britain in turning her war exploits into popular literature. Secret records and official reports are opened by the war ministries to a competent author like Hilary St. George Saunders, who weaves all the available information into a fast-moving battle narrative which, though aimed at the general public, still contains much technical discussion of tactics and strategy. Saunders' books, like *Battle of Britain, Bomber Command* and *Coastal Command*, have been distributed in cheap editions by the millions and have been translated into 24 different languages.

The British Government's latest book, also written by Saunders, is called *Combined Operations* and tells how the land, sea and air forces work together in raids directed against enemy territory for limited objectives. The book is being published in the U. S. by Macmillan ($2) and has been selected as the Book of the Month for June.

The story printed here is an extract from *Combined Operations*, telling about the Commando raid on St. Nazaire, March 28, 1942. St. Nazaire was selected as a target primarily because it contained the only drydock on the Atlantic coast capable of holding the German battleship *Tirpitz*. The purpose of the raid was to ram the British destroyer *Campbeltown* against the locks of the drydock and blow her up, rendering the drydock useless. Besides the *Campbeltown*, the task force consisted of two escort destroyers, the *Atherstone* and the *Tynedale*, a motor gun boat, a motor torpedo boat, a number of motor launches and 621 officers and men.

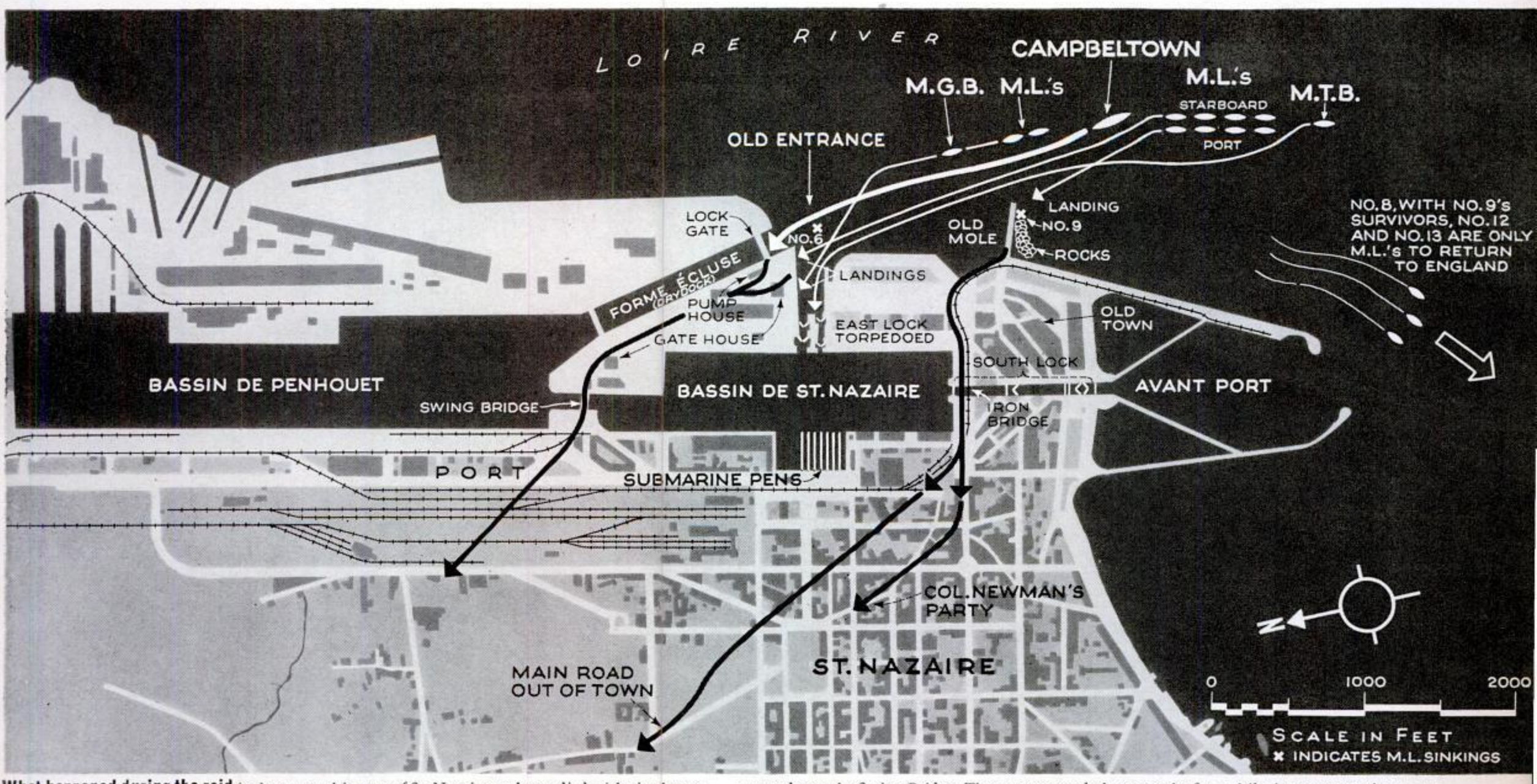
During the afternoon of March 27 the Force had been taking a decoy course across the bay southward in the direction of La Pallice and La Rochelle. The *Campbeltown* under Lieutenant-Commander S. H. Beattie, had now been ordered to steer northeast at 15 knots for St. Nazaire. During the approach stage the small striking force of the motor gun boat and two torpedo-carrying M. L.'s (motor launches) was formed ahead, then the *Campbeltown*, followed by the remaining M. L.'s in two columns, and the motor torpedo boat bringing up the rear. By 11 p. m., after having been at sea 33 hours, the Force was brought by the most brilliant and daring navigation on the part of Lieutenant A. R. Green, R. N., Force Navigation Officer, to exactly the right place at exactly the right time.

The *Atherstone* and the *Tynedale* now parted company and patrolled to seaward with last instructions to proceed at slow speed and avoid detection. Shortly afterwards, the ships could hear passing overhead the welcome drone of our bombers on their way to carry out the preliminary air assault. By midnight, gun flashes were seen in the distance to the northeast. By 12:45 a. m. on the 28th, the northern shore could be dimly discerned. The *Campbeltown* was started on her course and her speed reduced to 11 knots. Commander Ryder [the Naval Force Commander] says that at this stage their feelings were "very buoyant but suppressed." The M. G. B. [motor gun boat] with Commander Ryder and Lieutenant-Colonel Newman [the Military Force Commander] on the bridge, leading the line, entered the main channel about a mile west of the main entrance to the harbour. The dark shape of a patrol vessel was seen and safely passed, though the sky was lit with a veritable firework display of blue, green and white tracers from the German A. A. guns.

Shortly after the M. G. B. had spotted the arms of the Avant Port, about a mile off, came the first enemy challenge. It was from someone flashing an Aldis lamp, for the searchlights were still concentrating on our bombers. The M. G. B., now travelling at 15 knots, and no more than two cables ahead of *Campbeltown*, made reply; but less than five minutes afterwards the enemy was evidently roused, and every available searchlight concentrated on the estuary, floodlighting the entire Force. "Each boat," writes Commander Ryder, "with her silvery white bow and stern wave was clearly visible, with the *Campbeltown* astern of us rising up above all the others. The glare of a disturbed enemy was on us."

The resources of bluff and distraction were rapidly running out, with the *Campbeltown* still nearly two miles from the lock gate. A few moments later a dozen searchlights caught her. The period of stealth was at an end, all was now sound and fury. No narrative can do justice to the intensity and splendour of the action that was now joined or give full coherence to the events

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE



What happened during the raid is shown on this map of St. Nazaire, to be studied with air photos on opposite page. Successfully braving point-blank enemy fire, the *Campbeltown* rammed herself against the lock gate of the Forme Ecluse. Her Commandos made their way down the dock and escaped over the Swing Bridge. The motor torpedo boat caught fire, while the motor gun boat, carrying Commander Ryder, and several motor launches landed nearby. Delayed torpedoes destroyed the East Lock. The Commandos fought their way through the town, but most were later captured.

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BUY BONDS TO SPEED VICTORY

of the utmost violence and confusion crowding in on each other from all sides at once. The steady sequence of the planning room was lost in the turmoil of the battle.

First let us follow the *Campbeltown* to the end of her voyage. The searchlights caught her and "the Germans at once opened fire, somewhat ragged to begin with, which the *Campbeltown* returned. By then she was directly opposite the entrance to the lock gate."

"I saw *Campbeltown* urging bravely on," writes Lieutenant Horlock who was watching her from his M. L. "So many searchlights were concentrated on her and the rest of the party that it seemed to me as though I were taking part in a pre-war Aldershot Tattoo. I could see *Campbeltown's* bridge being rather heavily plastered. The fire was all tracers and coming from port. Some of it looked like very fast-moving rockets and when the shells ricochetted they looked like sudden stars."

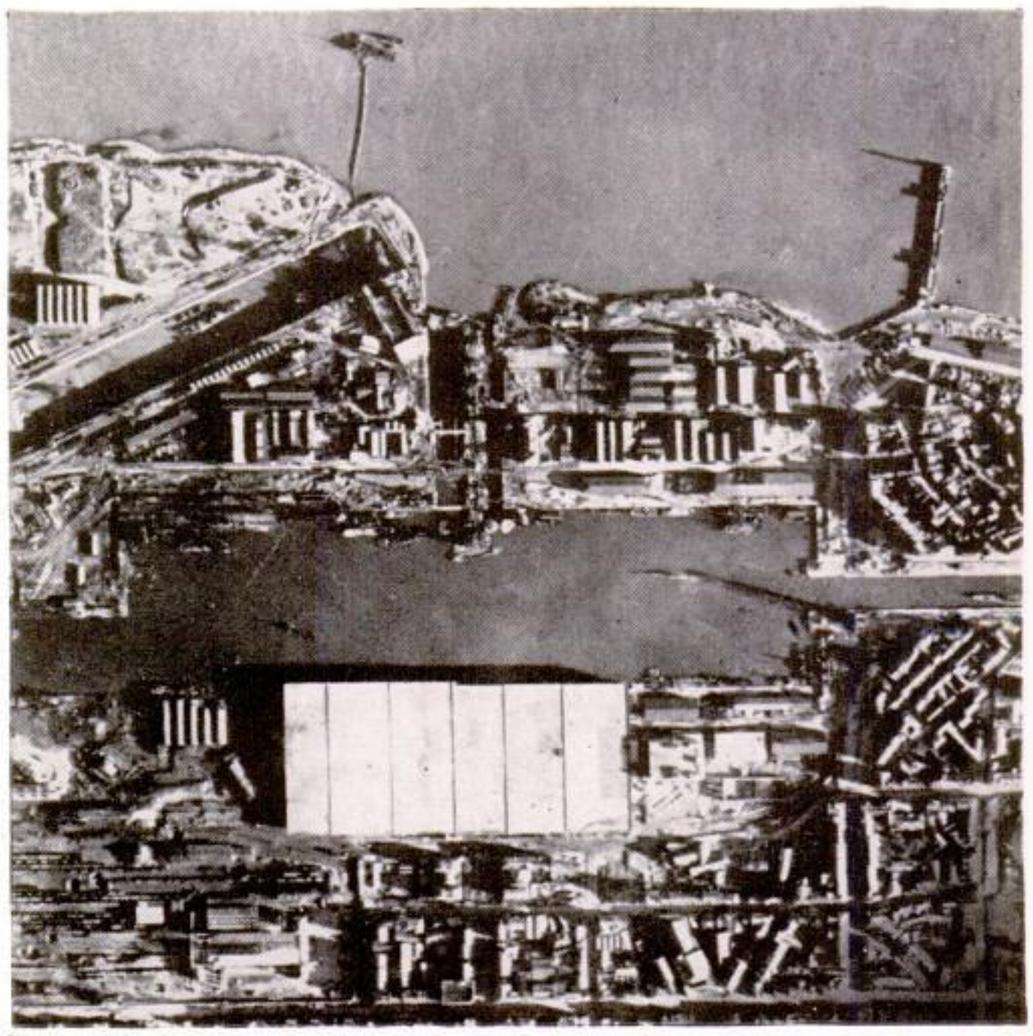
As soon as the *Campbeltown* had been fired on and it was obvious the Force had been discovered, all the M. L.'s increased speed to 18 knots and opened up a fire sufficiently heavy both to check and confuse the German gunners for nearly a quarter of an hour. Lieutenant Curtis describes how the M. G. B. rushed past the Old Mole at 18 knots and adds, "I could then see that *Campbeltown* was being hit very frequently, especially on the bridge. Her engine room appeared to be on fire. By this time stuff was going off in every direction and the noise was very great. We saw the entrance to the lock, put our helm to starboard and let *Campbeltown* go ahead; she was coming fast and shooting hard. She made a straight dive for the lock gates and she had to help her a flood of towards one-and-a-half knots. There was a hell of a crash."

"Campbeltown" fast in the gate

Commander Ryder, who was standing next to Lieutenant Curtis, describes how "she was lost to us in the glow of the searchlights as we circled round to starboard. The next we saw of her was at the moment of her striking the lock gates. There was a grinding crash and the flash of some minor explosion on her fo'c'sle as she came to rest. We were unable to see the soldiers scrambling ashore, but we could see she remained fast in the gate with all her guns firing hard up the lock." The plan laid down that the *Campbeltown* should hit the lock gate at 1:30 a. m. She hit at 1:34.

With the bows of the *Campbeltown* well and truly jammed in the lock gate, orders were passed to abandon ship. Chief Engine-Room Artificer H. Howard, who had now to take charge of the difficult scuttling operation, has described how, with all the lights in the ship gone and the steam shut off, the task had to be carried out by torch light. "No time could be wasted and I had to get busy opening valves, etc., to flood the ship." Making his way along the upper deck, through flames which were rapidly enveloping the *Campbeltown*, he could see the stern settling down. "On reaching the forepart of the ship I found several of my shipmates standing and these I told

CONTINUED ON PAGE 82



Ten months later, the drydock is still out of action. The *Campbeltown*, with her bows blown off, lies halfway down the dock. The dock's outer entrance is sealed with sand.

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The Hill

Most Californians call it the Donner Pass over the High Sierra, but to every railroad man on our Sacramento Division, it is "The Hill." There's no tougher stretch of railroad in the country than this section of S. P.'s Overland Route between San Francisco and Chicago.

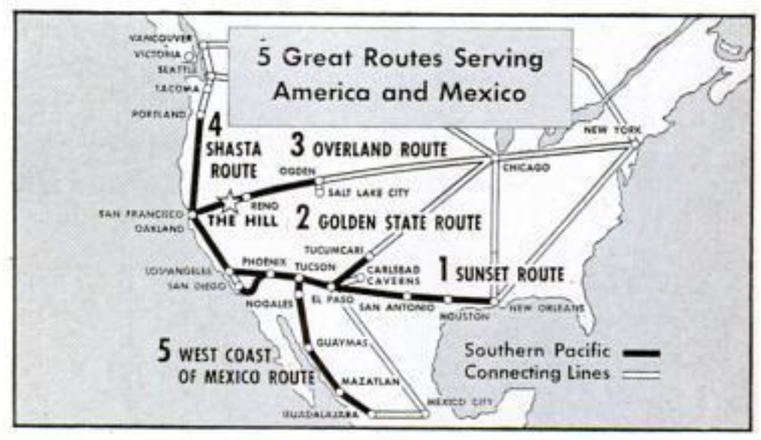
From the rolling country east of Sacramento, the double track begins to climb toward the gentle foothills that hide the summit ridge. But the grade is deceptively steep, and at Roseville the big cab-in-front locomotives are coupled on.

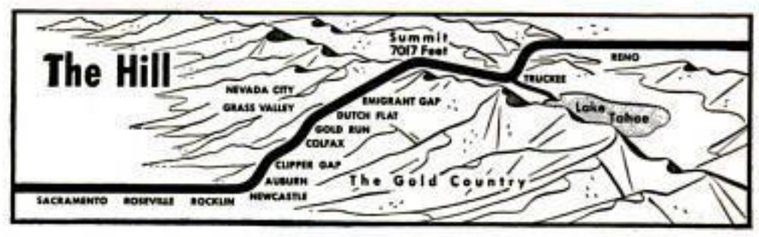
With exhausts roaring and sixteen drive wheels charging, the great engines assault The Hill. Through Rocklin, Newcastle and Auburn, through Clipper Gap and Colfax and Gold Run—the way stations of the Forty-Niners—through Dutch Flat and Emigrant Gap to the 7,000-foot summit, with Donner Lake shimmering far below.

From the summit you can hear the monsters coming up the grade, their far-off whistles echoing in the granite canyons. You can feel the stirring pulse of a railroad at war—the grim determination of the big engines and the men who run them.

There isn't a man on The Hill who isn't proud of the kind of railroading they do there, proud of the way they keep the line open in spite of everything that Nature can throw at them.

If you've ever been routed out of a warm bed to help man a work train or a rotary snow plow, you know why being a railroad man is a lot like being in the army. Every one of us is on call 24 hours a day to keep 'em rolling.





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One $18.75 War Bond will buy a 75 mm. shell

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We are glad that Nescafé is able to play an important part in satisfying and stimulating our fighting forces—yet we regret that it is necessary to disappoint our civilian consumers. We know our customers will take satisfaction in the thought that the package of Nescafé that is not available today is serving some friend or relative in the military service.

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The juice of delicious, ripe Valencia oranges, the delicate tang of orange-peel, the zest of citric acid from lemon-juice, and syrup of sugar with filtered, carbonated water . . . that's Orange-CRUSH.

★ AMERICA'S LEADING BOTTLED ORANGE DRINK

to follow me, and through the flames on the fo'c'sle we scrambled down the ladders placed by the Commandos and got on shore. The Commandos were carrying out their duties of demolition." A series of loud explosions in close succession from the area of the Forme Ecluse testified that this part of the combined operation was proceeding without a hitch.

The M. L.'s, however, which had been advancing in two columns astern of the *Campbeltown*, had not fared so well. It had been arranged that the starboard column should disembark their troops by the Old Entrance; but the leading M. L. of this flotilla was the first to be hit and was on fire from stem to stern before she could reach her objective. She was beached at the end of the Old Mole. Of the remainder of this flotilla, some succeeded in gaining the Old Entrance and disembarking their troops. The M. L.'s in the port column suffered even more heavily—their goal was the north or landward side of the Old Mole, but in the stress of the battle they were diverted to the more exposed south side. Lieutenant T. D. L. Platt, R. N. R., in *M. L. 9*, was leading the flotilla, and in his resolve to run his craft alongside brought her, in the face of machine-gun fire at point-blank range, to within ten feet of the Mole. Grenades were lobbed into her from the jetty above and within a few moments she was ablaze. In this extremity, Lieutenant Platt did his utmost to rescue survivors, but his efforts would have been to no avail but for the sudden arrival on the scene of *M. L. 8* commanded by Lieutenant T. W. Boyd, R. N. V. R.

M. L. 8 had not been assigned to either port or starboard flotillas but had been given a roving commission to torpedo anything that might be found in the harbor. Lieutenant Boyd was, in fact, searching for a 10,000-ton tanker said to be somewhere in the vicinity. Having gone beyond the dock, he turned about and moved toward the Old Mole, successfully engaging with his 3-pounder and Lewis guns two enemy guns on top of a nearby building. He decided to fire his torpedo at the shape of a German destroyer. He then made for the Mole. By now gunfire was all round and all over the ship but missing it by about four feet, and they were more or less continually held by searchlights. Thereupon Boyd reports, "I saw some men in the water and someone shouted 'M. L. ahoy!' There were three men in the water whom we pulled out." It was then that he saw *M. L. 9* "on fire and smoking like hell. I went between him and the Mole, turned, ran my stern into him amidships. There was a lot of smoke coming from him forward and his engine room was on fire. I got five or six wounded soldiers off, two unwounded and four ratings and I took the captain of the boat, Platt, off. It was the first day of his first command."

M. L. 12 (Lieutenant N. B. Wallis, R. A. N. V. R.), following in the port flotilla, crashed into a boom or rock, and it was this obstruction which, in Lieutenant Horlock's view, prevented all these M. L.'s getting close enough to the Mole. Lieutenant Wallis very nearly succeeded in securing a foothold but, with his Oerlikon gun out of action, he could not train his Lewis and Bren guns on the enemy above and was altogether too heavily engaged. Ultimately *M. L.'s 13* and *12* joined up with *M. L. 8*—the only three to return to England under their own steam and without escort.

Landing parties get to work

After the crash of the *Campbeltown* hitting the lock gate, the noise continued to be terrific. "I had," says Lieutenant Curtis, "to shout at the top of my lungs the whole time, yet on occasion there would be a sudden lull and then I felt as though I were shouting in a cathedral." The M. G. B., with the Force Commanders still on board, stopped amidstream facing the old lock, and fired at the shore batteries. There was no opposition in the old lock of any kind and two M. L.'s went alongside a pontoon on the port side and landed their troops. The M. G. B. followed them, as Lieutenant-Colonel Newman was anxious to take personal command of his troops. The last view of him and his Headquarters Party from the M. G. B. was as they went over the port side "full of beans."

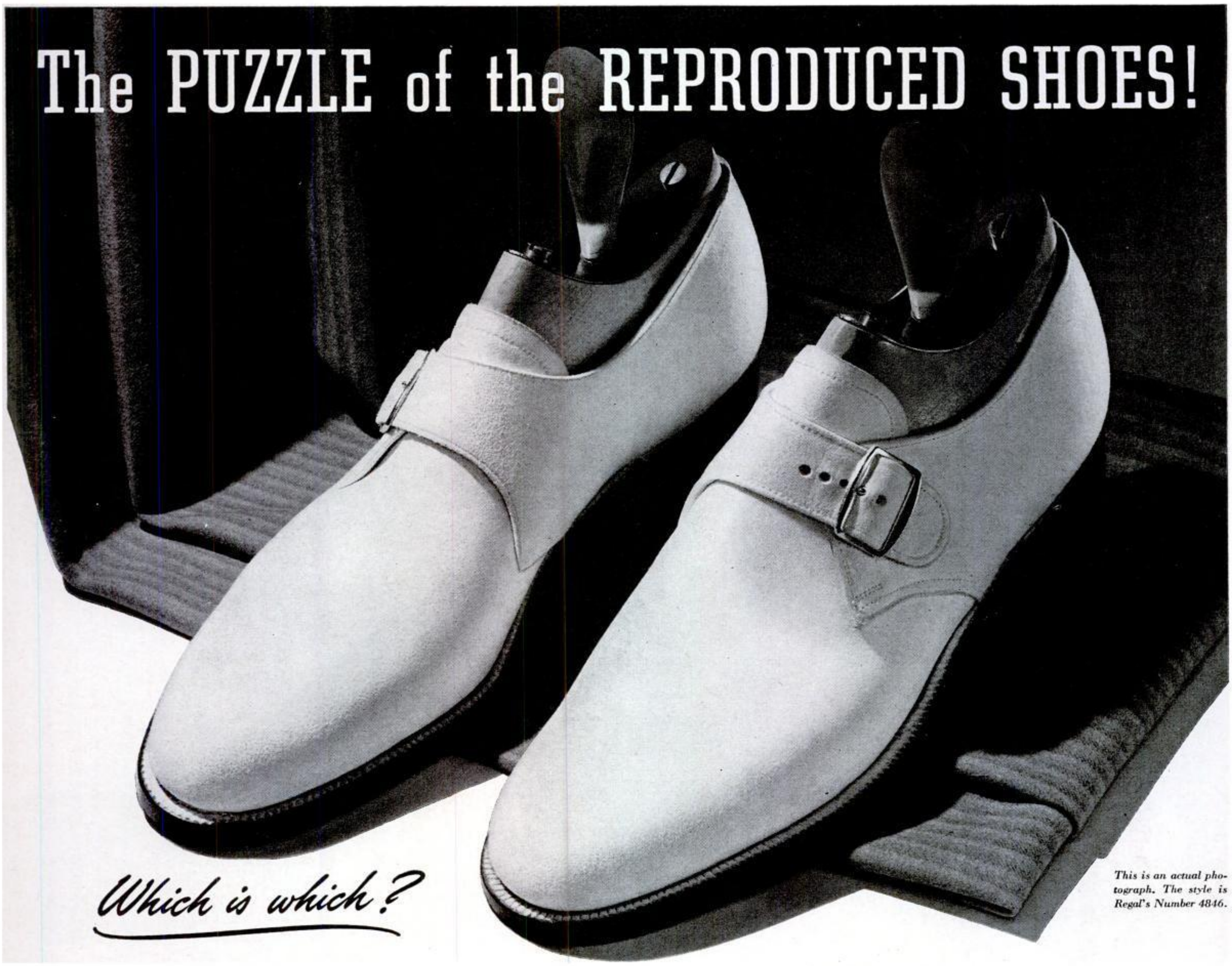
"The battle at this moment was beginning to go in our favour," says Commander Ryder. "The weight of supporting fire had evidently been felt, and the Commandos in the area of the *Tirpitz* dock had undoubtedly overcome the resistance in that area. There was an appreciable slackening in the enemy's fire."

Survivors of the *Campbeltown* were being rushed on board the M. G. B., and Commander Ryder decided to go and make certain for himself that the *Campbeltown* was well embedded in the lock gate. He went ashore; a challenge from a crouching figure with a tommy gun halted him abruptly. "I gave the password, which was my own name, and was permitted to continue. I reached the side of the dock entrance and hailed the *Campbeltown*, but all seemed quiet there. A

CONTINUED ON PAGE 84

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This is an actual photograph. The style is Regal's Number 4846.

Can you tell the $47 Oliver Moore Original from the $6.60 REGAL REPRODUCTION?

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P. S. *See page 90 to learn "which is which" in the actual photo above.*





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"Prescription Fitting" is the world's most nearly perfect shoe-fitting system! By means of the patented, scientific Resco Fitting Machine, both your feet are measured in three basic positions (sitting, standing and stepping) . . . to assure you a healthful, comfortable fit!

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small fire was burning still in the fo'c'sle mess deck. The M. L. we had sent alongside her had shoved off and there seemed to be no sign of life. I stepped forward and hailed again, but was greeted by a burst of fire which I imagine came from one of the ships in the dock. It struck the masonry of a small hut close by me. I dodged behind the hut and watched the *Campbeltown* from behind there for what seemed to be a good five minutes. Then to my relief I saw a series of small explosions along her port side and it sounded as if there were others on the farther side, too. The ship had ridden over the torpedo net and was firmly held by the bows. However, she started to settle by the stern, so I decided that everything was going to plan there.

"My next task was to see how other landings were getting on. As I stood watching the *Campbeltown*, there was a minor explosion in the big pumping house of the dock nearby. There was a flash inside and the glass flew out of the windows. A moment later, as I was returning to my ship, there was another explosion even nearer, in the hut containing the mechanism for withdrawing the outerlock gate. Apart from this, we heard one explosion farther up towards the other end of the big dock, which I took to be the mechanism for working the other gate, and there was a shed near the pumping house which the Commandos had set on fire. It was now blazing furiously and casting a lurid light on the surrounding buildings and on the black waters of the Loire."

On his return, Commander Ryder ordered Lieutenant R. C. M. V. Wynn, R. N. V. R., in his M. T. B., to go up the lock and torpedo the gates of the submarine base. This order was successfully carried out and Lieutenant Wynn returned to the M. G. B. to report.

Miraculous escape of the M. G. B.

The M. G. B. itself was now an easy target for short-range fire from the Old Mole, which was in enemy hands, and her own fire was largely confined to an exposed fo'c'sle gun. This gun, however, was handled with particular coolness and accuracy by Able Seaman Savage, who succeeded in silencing a troublesome pillbox with it.

The situation was now rapidly deteriorating. They could not see any other craft afloat, and up and down the river there seemed to be several blazing M. L.'s. They decided to make a last effort to contact the forces ashore, but there was a fierce battle in progress across the Old Entrance in which the M. G. B., unable to distinguish friend from foe in the dark melee, could not safely join. While crouching on the bridge, Commander Ryder held a council of war with Lieutenant Curtis and Lieutenant Green. Theirs was the last ship left; in a few minutes they would be inevitably set on fire like the others. Both the landing places were in enemy hands. "And sadly," writes Lieutenant Curtis, "we realized that there was nothing we could do to help our gallant soldiers on shore." They decided to try to save their wounded and to leave at once. A last signal was made, but it is unlikely that it was picked up on shore.

The escape of the M. G. B. from St. Nazaire harbor was, to quote from the citation accompanying the award of the Victoria Cross to Commander Ryder, "almost a miracle." She was repeatedly hit all down the starboard side, but providentially her engines continued to work, even after the bilge pump of one of them had been shot up. Six Oerlikon shells passed through a petrol tank, but it was full and did not explode. They rushed down the river at 24 knots with searchlight beams full upon them. For 25 minutes they faced this terrific onslaught, all the while the indefatigable Gunner Savage at the pompom maintaining his fire. Commander Ryder and Lieutenant Curtis took alternate turns at the wheel, for the coxswain had been sent down to help the wounded, many of whom had been wounded again.

Well outside the harbor they saw another M. L. and signalled her to follow, laying a smoke screen to cover her. They were now out of range of the random tracer, only to come under coastal artillery fire of great accuracy. Gradually the searchlights lost them, first from the north bank and then from the south, although the guns continued to fire. Commander Ryder recalls the tragedy of the last salvo of all, "which straddled us in the dark at a range of about four miles, and, to our great sorrow, a splinter struck and killed Able Seaman Savage." For his great gallantry, skill and devotion to duty, Able Seaman Savage was awarded the Victoria Cross, but the citation expressly added that this V. C. was also "in recognition of the valor shown by many other unnamed in M. L.'s, M. G. B. and M. T. B. who gallantly carried out their duty in extremely exposed positions against enemy fire at close range."

At 6:30 a. m., with visibility about four miles, the five enemy torpedo boats which the Force had eluded the previous day were sighted by one of the escorting destroyers. The *Atherstone* and the

CONTINUED ON PAGE 87



IS HE

Man or God OR

JUST BILL JONES?

Two-way radio communication is enough of a miracle for most people. But here it is walking around South Sea islands, talking to planes in the sky and bringing troops out of the jungle. . . . No wonder the natives want to know what manner of men the Yankees are!

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Other fasteners that we make are helping to hold the apparatus on his back — also his helmet, canteen, ammunition and automatic. These safe-guarding parts are small but their responsibilities are increasing daily in number and importance.

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MINT

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...switch him to the Milk-Bone diet. Give him crunchy Milk-Bone for breakfast. And nourishing Milk-Bone Tiny-Bits for the other meal—just adding warm water, soup or broth, plus bits of meat and vegetables, if you wish. Both these time-tested dog foods contain five vital vitamins—A, B_1, D, E, and G, with milk, high protein beef meat meal, fish liver oil, yeast, whole wheat flour and necessary minerals. Ask for Milk-Bone at your dealer's today!

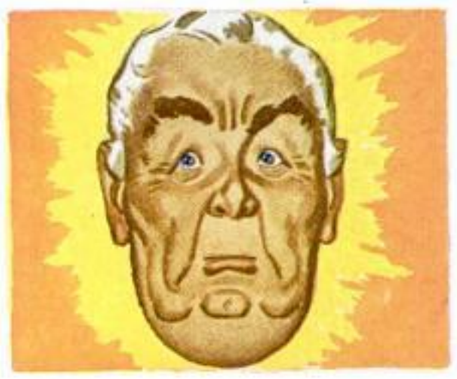


Contains Vitamins A, B_1, D, E, and G

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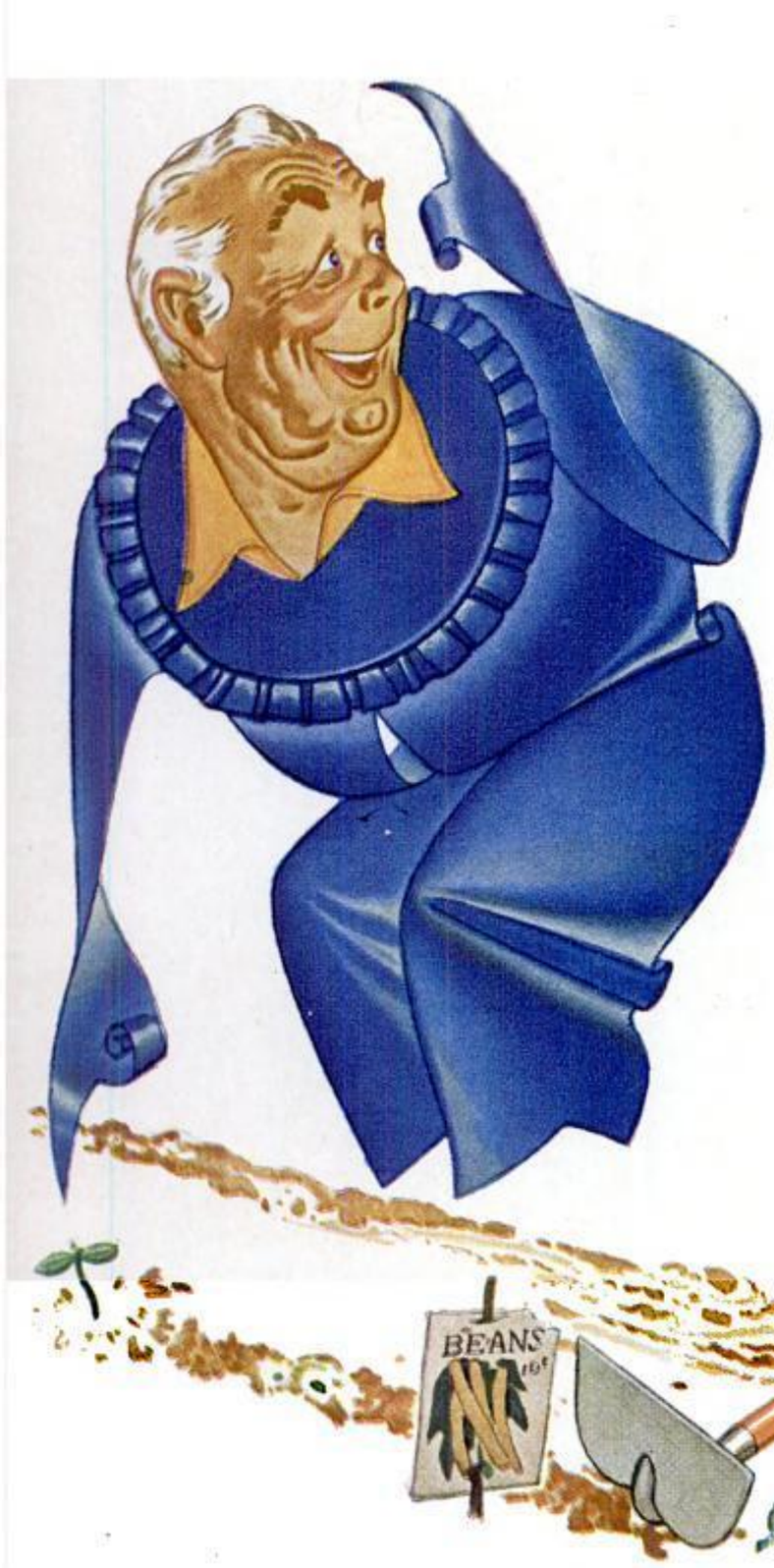
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This is the Banker



of BLUE RIBBON TOWN

who formerly wore a Perpetual Frown!



THIS jovial gentleman
out in his yard
Whom townspeople hold
in the highest regard,
Is Banker J. Buxton—
and *this* is his wife
Together they're living
a new sort of life.

FOR what with the shortage
of tires and such—
The Buxtons aren't traveling
nearly as much,
And now they've discovered
that life's greatest treasures
Are little things, simple things—
everyday pleasures.

FOR instance, they've found that
Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer
Refreshes, relaxes, and brings them
good cheer—
Yes, all over Blue Ribbon Town
there's a trend
To the friendlier taste of
this *full flavor blend!*





LIFE is simpler these days in Blue Ribbon Town (your town — everybody's town). More than ever, Pabst Blue Ribbon Beer is a symbol of friendly companionship.

To get that softer, kindlier taste, Pabst blends no less than 33 master brews into one great beer—giving you the complete range of delicious "taste-tones."

Pabst Blue Ribbon is made like the finest champagnes —by a Pabst process known as FULL-FLAVOR BLENDING. There is no finer, friendlier beer in all the world than Pabst Blue Ribbon.

Now More Than Ever—
A Symbol of
Friendly Companionship

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33 FINE BREWS BLENDED

into One Great Beer

In standard 12 ounce and full quart size bottles.
Also on draught at better places everywhere.

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One of the strangest juries ever called!...

Who were they?...Six of the world's most sensitive palates...making a professional jury of top-rank tasters of fine wines, teas, coffees. They worked with Fleetwood's blender until a blend was developed which they found is *both milder* and *better-tasting* than any of the six largest selling cigarette brands! We hope that you will try the result...a rare and luxurious combination of extreme mildness and exquisite flavor.

FLEETWOOD TOBACCOS are mild, fine vintage leaf, sun-ripened and aged-in-wood to perfect mellowness.

FLEETWOOD EXTRA LENGTH gives extra smoke filtration, thus means *less* throat irritants, less nicotine, and less tars that stain fingers and teeth . . . provided you do not smoke more of a Fleetwood than of an old-size cigarette. (See test results in chart below.)

FLEETWOOD SAFETY is increased by a moisture-retaining agent which *does not produce* acrolein, an irritating gas usually present in cigarette smoke.

FLEETWOOD A cleaner, finer smoke

RESULTS OF TESTS of the smoke of Fleetwood and four of the large-selling brands which were also included in the famous Reader's Digest test. As tested here all cigarettes were machine-smoked to an average distance of 40 millimeters to simulate natural smoking.

Brand	Milligrams of Tar in the smoke	Milligrams of Nicotine in the smoke
Fleetwood	7.7	1.2
A	8.2	1.8
B	8.3	1.8
C	9.0	2.1
D	10.4	2.4



A SUPERIOR CIGARETTE AT THE STANDARD PRICE

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Lt. Col. A. C. Newman was Military Force Commander. He was captured by Nazis.



Lt. Comdr. S. H. Beattie was captain of the *Campbeltown*. He, too, was captured.

"COMBINED OPERATIONS" (continued)

Tynedale opened fire at the extreme range of seven miles and after ten minutes of desultory action, the enemy altered course away under smoke. Shortly afterwards, the destroyers sighted two M. L.'s and the M. G. B. which duly joined up with them. Casualties and military personnel were at once placed aboard the *Atherstone* and the Force set off at the comparatively high speed of 14 knots. Shortly after 9 a. m., the destroyers *Brocklesby* and *Cleveland* arrived and, with their arrival, Commander Ryder, who had already transferred from the M. G. B. to H. M. S. *Atherstone*, placed the whole Force, in accordance with naval procedure, under Commander C. B. Sayer, R. N., commanding H. M. S. *Cleveland*, who was the Senior Officer present.

The Commandos got cracking

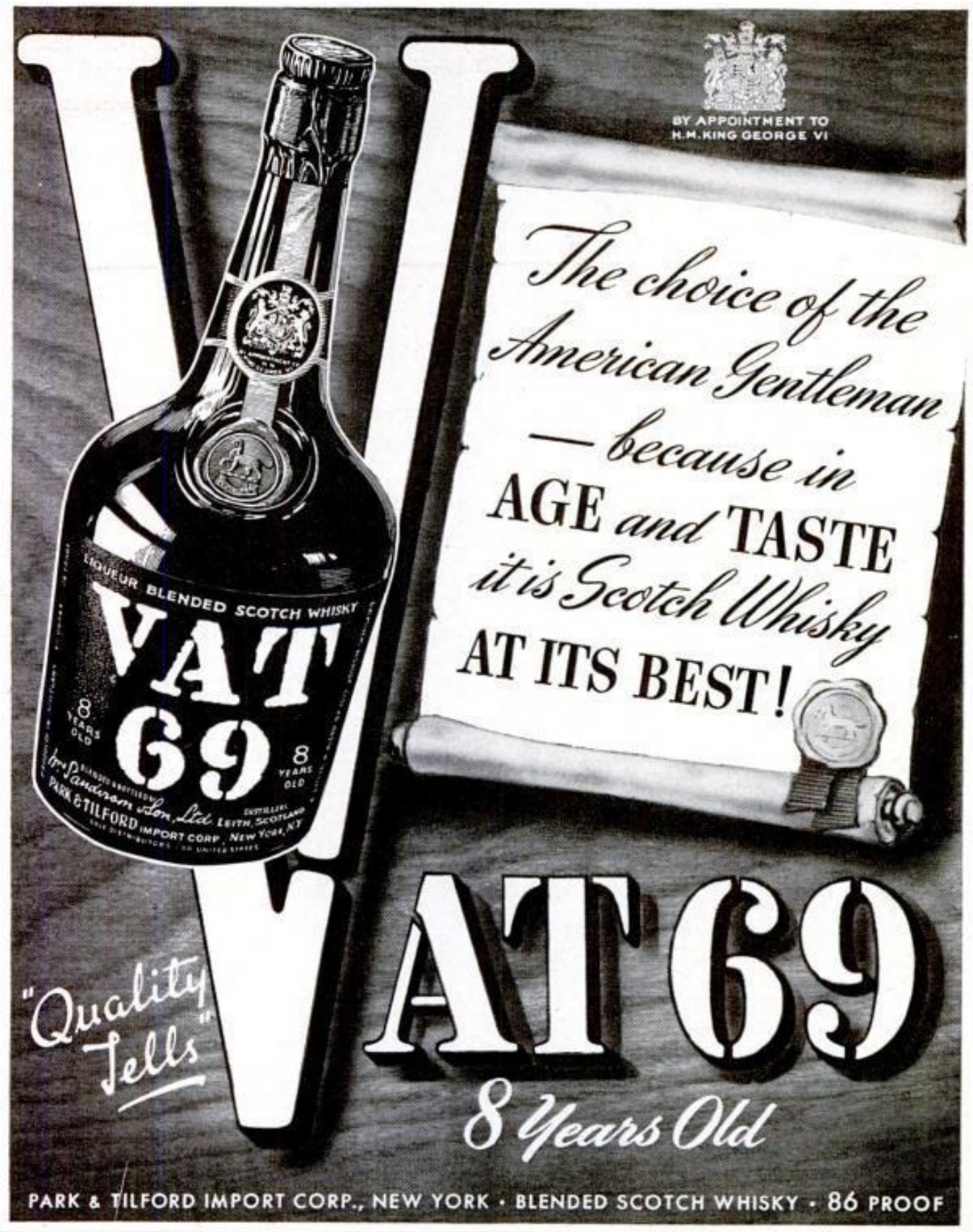
The story of the St. Nazaire raid is primarily as seen from the decks of the M. L.'s. When the Commander-in-Chief, Plymouth, wrote his report on the operation, he was obliged to confess that there was little in it about "the admirable work ashore of the Commando troops because, unfortunately, none who took part has returned nor is there any officer from H. M. S. *Campbeltown* to give the full story of her gallant exploit." Admittedly, until Lieutenant-Commander Beattie and Lieutenant-Colonel Newman, who are both prisoners of war, can add their personal contributions, the records of this raid must remain seriously incomplete.

Various accounts have come through, on three of which—the most vivid and comprehensive—this account is based. All three authors of them made their escape from St. Nazaire and joined up with the gallant party led by Lieutenant-Colonel Newman, which, with most of its members wounded, its retreat cut off and all available German forces fully roused, resolved to hack its way through the town. We learn from them that the early and most vital stages of the assault were successful. The various parties turned up to report that their primary tasks had been satisfactorily completed. The second phase was one of increased enemy opposition and unexpected trouble in the Old Mole area, which in due course jeopardized the entire withdrawal plan.

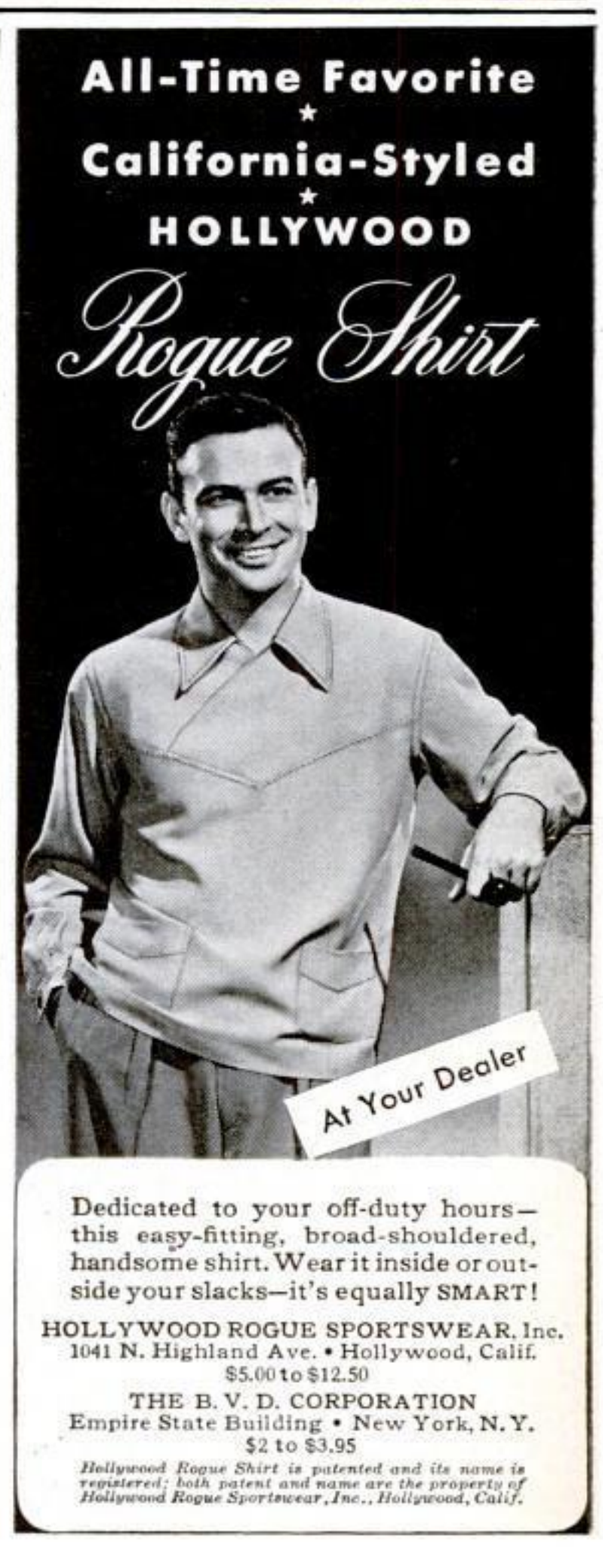
One of the authors was aboard the *Campbeltown* on the starboard side, lying down behind the protection shields. When *Campbeltown* hit, he was holding on tight and hardly felt the shock. He landed on the road on top of the lock gates but was soon wounded by a hand grenade. He saw, successively, the pump house to port just outside the dry dock blown to pieces, the scuttling charges in *Campbeltown* go up and a big explosion at the far end of the dock opposite the bow of *Campbeltown*.

Another of them was with a demolition party detailed to land at the Old Mole in the second M. L. of the port flotilla and to blow up the inner gate of the South Lock joining the outer harbor with the St. Nazaire Bassin. His party consisted of an officer and four N. C. O.'s. The landing took place smartly and without any apparent hitch, but the assault party, which was supposed to have landed in advance to make a bridge-head to cover the advance of the demolition party, was not there. Once ashore, they followed some railway lines running along the Mole until they reached some trucks. They were by then under heavy fire, particularly from two machine guns mounted on houses to their left in the Old Town. They tried to cover behind the trucks, only to find that there was fire coming from a block house on the other side of the lock.

CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE







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FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

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Modern life now demands at least 1 man in 7 shave *every day*—and men in service must get clean shaves, too. Yet daily shaving often causes razor scrape, irritation.

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ESPECIALLY FOR THE 1 MAN IN 7 WHO SHAVES DAILY

For men who must shave *every day*—doctors, lawyers, businessmen, service men—Glider is invaluable. It eliminates the dangers frequent shaving may have for the tender face and leaves your skin smoother, cleaner. Glider has been developed by The J. B. Williams Co., who have been making fine shaving preparations for over 100 years.

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If you want to try Glider right away, get a regular tube from your dealer. If you can wait a few days, we'll send a generous Guest-Size tube for a dime and any used metal tube. It is enough for three weeks and is very handy for traveling.

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Send your name and address with ten cents and a used tube to The J. B. Williams Co., Dept. CG-04, Glastonbury, Conn., U. S. A. (*Canada:* Ville La Salle, Que.) Offer good in U. S. A. and Canada only.

After suffering casualties which included the officer, they were joined by a small covering party consisting of another officer and five men. They decided to try to approach the lock gates by cutting along behind a warehouse and then along the quayside. No sooner had they reached the end of the warehouse than they ran into further heavy fire from the other side of the Bassin, presumably from the submarine pen, and from a ship near it in the Bassin. They had, by now, been ashore for over an hour and the party was somewhat dispersed. One of them was sent on an abortive attempt to contact Headquarters and get reinforcements. Returning from this dangerous mission, he found that the officer had just decided to make a do-or-die effort against the lock gates; but then a runner told them to return at once to the Old Mole, these being Colonel Newman's orders. On their way back, "a bit peeved" at having to leave intact the lock gates they had been sent to destroy, they ran into the Headquarters party near an old house 50 yards or so to the west of the Old Mole. The party consisted of Lieutenant-Colonel Newman, Major Copeland, Captain Day and an assault party of the Liverpool Scottish under Captain Day's command—in all some 50 men, most of them slightly wounded.

"We waited for the M. L.'s," the account continues, "and kept a sharp lookout for them, but nothing happened, and I imagined that we had no contact with them. Rumors went about that they had all gone down. We were still feeling quite good; our attitude towards the whole show was that there was a big chance it would be a sticky one, but that we were quite prepared for it. We had been told that if things did become sticky, we should try to get out of St. Nazaire and make our way back to England the best way we could. While waiting there, I heard Lieutenant-Colonel Newman say that we must fight our way into the open country. Hearing this did not surprise us, because we were expecting him to give that order. While waiting there he was very cool and made some cracks. I remember him saying, 'You could do with your ammunition boots now, couldn't you?' He said this because we were wearing the special rubber boots issued to us. Our morale at that time was excellent—even better, I think, than when we were running up and down the warehouse. By that time we knew what was in front of us."

Fighting their way through town

"Lieutenant-Colonel Newman then issued the following orders: (a) to do our best to get back to England, (b) not to surrender until all our ammuniton had been used, (c) not to surrender at all if we could help it. He then told us that our best chance was to fight our way through the town to the open country. Lieutenant-Colonel Newman was very cool and made several joking remarks, one of which I remember was, 'It's a lovely moonlight night, isn't it?' "

Lieutenant-Colonel Newman then called together his officers and put the men armed with tommy guns, about 20 in all, in the front. They also had a Bren gun, but the gunner was soon wounded, and it was evident that German troops were concentrating a force in the area to mop them up.

Some of them discussed whether they should try to swim across the Bassin, for by that time they knew that the lock which had been their original objective was heavily held, as also was the iron bridge next to it.

"Lieutenant-Colonel Newman, Major Copeland and Captain Day were still with us—we soon saw that we should have to run the gauntlet over the iron bridge in the bright moonlight. This we proceeded to do, I being one of the first. We bounded from girder to girder. These girders were a psychological protection, but nothing else, because we could not get behind them." Once they were over the iron bridge, the block house from which the enemy fire had been coming became quiet. One or two then took cover behind a fence and got slightly separated from the rest of the Headquarters party, which was running down a street leading towards the town. While attempting to catch up with Lieutenant-Colonel Newman, they encountered two German S. S. men on motorcycles armed with light automatics followed by several more on motorcycles and in a van, who opened fire at long range. "It was a bit annoying but did not cause any casualties. It did, however, give away our presence. We replied to the fire, but we were still doing our best to avoid a major conflict. By then it was about 4 a. m."

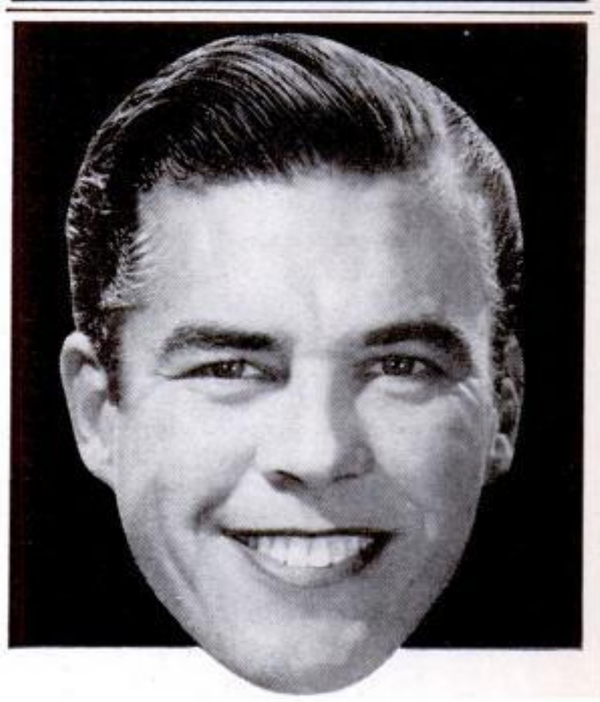
Meanwhile the main party was still in action. "We worked our way," one of them says, "along various streets leading towards the middle of the town. We were still more or less together and were some 30 or 40 strong. Presently we decided—I think it was Lieutenant-Colonel Newman who gave the order—to try to reach open country via the back gardens of the houses. We all barged through a

CONTINUED ON PAGE 90



Smoother, creamier, makes thrifty wartime meals go big!

AMERICA'S LARGEST SELLING PREPARED MUSTARD



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the annoyance of itching scalp flecked with unsightly loose

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SCRAMBLED EGGS . . . coffee (a little spilled in the saucer) . . . toast (just a bit on the burned side) . . .

It's just Mr. Potter's way of thanking Mrs. Potter for putting up with him all these years. And don't think she doesn't love it!

But don't we all? Small acts of tenderness . . . little compliments . . . quick, friendly smiles . . .

Little things, sure—but what a lot they mean to us, especially in days like these. Little things that brighten our spirits . . . that help us take the bad news with the good . . . that build *morale!*

☆ ☆ ☆

It happens that millions of Americans attach a special value to their right to enjoy a refreshing glass of beer . . . in the company of good friends . . . with wholesome American food . . . as a beverage of moderation after a good day's work.

A glass of beer—a small thing, surely, not of crucial importance to any of us. And yet—morale *is* a lot of little things like this. Little things that help to lift the spirit, keep up the courage. Little things that are part and parcel of our own American way of life.

And, after all, aren't they among the things we fight for?

A cool, refreshing glass of beer—a moment of relaxation . . . in trying times like these they too help to keep morale up

MORALE IS A LOT OF LITTLE THINGS

BREWING INDUSTRY FOUNDATION

Copyrighted material

house which had no one in it, though it was clean and furnished. It looked to me like a working-class house."

It was becoming increasingly obvious that the best thing to do was to split up into small parties. This was done in accordance with a prearranged plan.

The party, which was already reduced in numbers, was drifting away in small groups. Eventually two of them, one a regular soldier and Canadian born, who had recently returned from India, decided to have a look at the house in the front garden of which they were hiding. They went in, found some French people and said emphatically, "*La porte arrière!*"

"We went through the back door, and they shut it upon us. We heard Jerry shouting. There was a wall in front of us. It was about ten feet high and we decided to climb it. There was a pile of logs which helped us up it. We jumped down on the other side into a big garden. Beyond it was a road with Germans moving up and down."

It was now about 5:30 a. m. and beginning to get light, and so it was obvious that they would not be able to reach the open country before daybreak. They decided, therefore, to look for a place in which to hide. They crossed three gardens and reached a house which had an opening in one of its walls at ground level. The opening was about 18 inches high. They lay there for a whole day. It was too uncomfortable to sleep. "From time to time we heard footsteps overhead, and during the day we heard occasional shots and bursts of tommy-gun fire, particularly during the morning. We took this to mean that some of our people were being rounded up.

"There goes the Campbeltown"

"Between 11 a. m. and noon we heard a terrific explosion. We said to each other, 'There goes the *Campbeltown*.' Throughout the day we whispered to each other at intervals and made plans; the gist of our talk was that we must get through. We realized that our greatest difficulty would be to get out of St. Nazaire, and that, to do so, we should have to leave at as late an hour as possible. Our morale was, I think, high.

"About midnight we crawled out of the hole into bright moonlight. It looked like daylight. We thought we had a pretty fair chance of not being spotted. We climbed over the wall into a street, guiding ourselves roughly by means of the stars and the moon. We made our way along various side streets, keeping close in to the houses. We heard some Jerries singing in a house and wanted to go in and empty our pistols into the party but thought we had better not. Soon afterwards we struck the main road out of St. Nazaire. We walked along the side, taking it in turns to lead. We went some two and a half miles along the road and presently got well out of the town. During this time we did not meet a soul."

Assessment of damage

The rest of these men's travels cannot be pursued further here; but they are a tribute to the mental and physical resilience of the men who are trained for special service duties on combined operations. From their accounts, however, and from other reliable but secret sources it was confirmed that the *Campbeltown* did not blow up until the morning following the raid; the explosion heard by the returning Naval Force at 4 a. m. must have been the result of some other powerful demolition.

From all the evidence at present available it is clear that the primary purpose of the raid, the destruction of the drydock together with the pump house and winding gear in the vicinity, was successfully accomplished. Among the subsidiary damage was the sinking of a merchant ship near the inner gate of the South Lock, considerable destruction on the quays, damage to the warehouse behind which a Sergeant Major and his party sought shelter, the destruction of gun positions and of a certain amount of German shipping in the Loire, including at least one ship put out of action by the Germans themselves.

Intelligence reports and reconnaissance flights confirm that the outer caisson was lying inside the drydock, badly buckled and forced off its sill. The drydock was shown to be fully exposed to the sea. For some months the Germans had been reclaiming land in the St. Nazaire area by means of a suction dredger and pipeline discharging sand at the required point. It would seem that the pipeline, after the raid, was extended to the drydock for the purpose of filling it up with sand and reinforcing the inner caisson. This means, however, that the dock itself is likely to be out of action indefinitely.

It is now known that, at the time the *Campbeltown* blew up, an inspection party of some 40 senior German officers including, probably,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 93



●"Dive Bombing" mosquitoes — "Four Motor" flies — are just two of the treacherous insect-enemies that wage war on our soldiers on many battle-fronts... and two good reasons why the army uses such vast quantities of FLIT and our other insecticides.

For FLIT, like our other insecticides, is known as a super-slayer of foreign pests. Just as it is known throughout America as a deadly weapon against domestic mosquitoes, ants, moths, flies, and roaches.

FLIT has the highest rating established for household insecticides by the National Bureau of Standards... the AA Rating.

Buy this swift, sure insect-killer today!



Copr. 1943 Stanco Incorporated

"She's a delightful hostess"
"Yes. But her toilets..."



Keep it clean!

There's no excuse for toilet bowls that offend. Sani-Flush takes all the hard work out of toilet sanitation. It's quick, easy. Removes stubborn stains *and* the recurring film where toilet germs lodge. Cleans away a cause of toilet odors. Use it at least twice a week.

Don't confuse Sani-Flush with ordinary cleansers. It works chemically. Even cleans the hidden trap. *Cannot injure septic tanks* or their action and is safe in toilet connections when used as directed on the can.* Sold everywhere. Two handy sizes.

FREE* For Septic Tank Owners

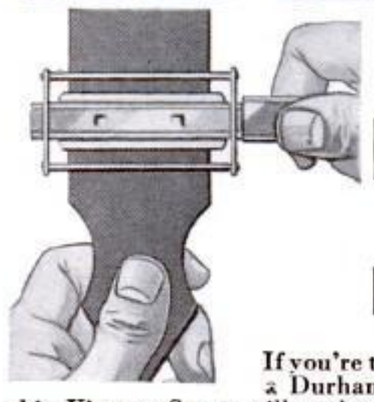
Septic tank owners don't have to scrub toilets, either! Tests by eminent research authorities show how easy and safe Sani-Flush is for toilet sanitation with septic tanks. For free copy of their scientific report, write: The Hygienic Products Co., Dept. 28, Canton, Ohio.



Sani-Flush
CLEANS TOILET BOWLS WITHOUT SCOURING

★ Buy still MORE war bonds ★

THIS STROP



gives DURHAM blades NINE LIVES

If you're the lucky owner of a Durham Duplex Razor*, this Victory Strop will make your long-lasting Durham blades last even longer. Durham's famous *hollow-ground* blades are *twice thicker*—to take repeated stroppings for "new blade" smoothness every shave.

*In case you don't own a Durham Razor, you may still find one at your drugstore.

Send $1 direct for special Durham strop outfit. Can be used only on Durham Duplex Blades.

DURHAM-ENDERS RAZOR CORP., Dept. L, MYSTIC, CONN.

$47 or $6.60 In the Regal Shoe advertisement on page 83, the shoe at the left is the bootmaker's original, which cost $47 a pair. The shoe at the right is the "Regal Reproduction" at $6.60! Please don't feel bad if you "missed"—even shoe experts have failed to choose correctly.

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CLARK'S

the Nation's New CHEWING DELIGHT



BUY U. S. WAR BONDS AND STAMPS!

Clark's *Tendermint* Gum

You'll be delighted with the definitely different flavor—the true flavor of crisp fresh mint leaves—deliciously pleasing, long lasting. "It's different—naturally."

Clark's *Teaberry* Gum

Here is "A different flavor—mountain-fresh"—real Teaberry leaves right from the mountain side, give a truly delightful taste to this pure wholesome gum.

ask for—
reach for **CLARK'S**
Chewing Gum

PRODUCTS OF CLARK BROS. CHEWING GUM COMPANY OF PITTSBURGH, PENNA.

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Something to remember...

it's a new kind of summer but you have the same kind of sun, the same kind of sky, water for swimming and thrilling new Jantzen swim suits to make a girl lovely for a man on leave . . . to give a man something to remember. Wonderful slimming knitted fabrics, unforgettable colors, marvelous bras for the girls.

For men, the smartest trim-tailored knitted trunks in America.

COQUETTE FLARE Velva-lure 9.95

COMMANDER all-wool trunks 5.00



pete hawley

Jantzen

AMERICA'S SWIM SUIT

JANTZEN KNITTING MILLS, PORTLAND, OREGON • VANCOUVER, CANADA

TO BE FREE TO ENJOY TOMORROW...BUY BONDS TODAY!

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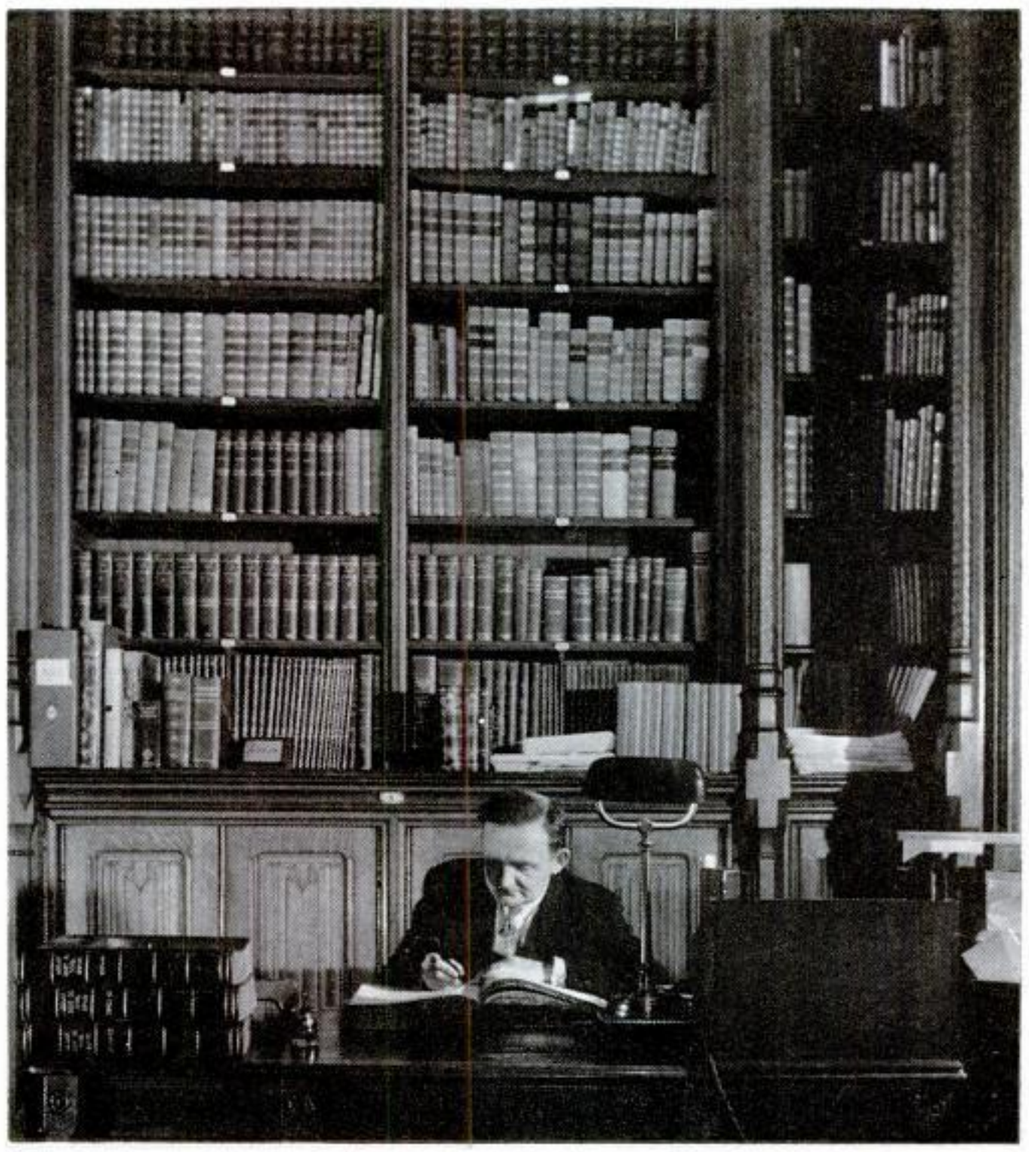
the officer commanding the area, were aboard trying to find out how best she could be moved. They were all wiped out by the explosion together with a great many German soldiers who, as sightseers, were swarming round the part of the dock where the ship lay. The price the Germans paid for their curiosity was a death roll of nearly 400 officers and men. Two days later, both sides of the lock were still littered with human remains which German military working parties, dazed and disorganized, were shoveling together and covering with sand.

Pandemonium broke loose

But this was not all. At 4:30 p.m. on Monday, March 30, the port area was shaken by another heavy explosion and everyone at work in the port rushed back to the lock to see what had happened. Actually, it was the first of Lieutenant Wynn's delayed-action torpedoes, which had gone off in the Old Entrance lock gate 60 hours after it was discharged. An hour later, a second torpedo shattered the remains of this entrance; then pandemonium broke loose. All the workers in the area rushed to the bridge over the remaining lock gates of the Forme Ecluse. The bridge was jammed with workmen, both French and German, and the exit was barred by sentries. The workmen overpowered them and rushed on to the bridge which crosses the point joining the St. Nazaire and Penhouet basins, throwing their bicycles over the barrier. German sentries opened fire and this was the signal for general firing to break out over the port. No fewer than 280 French workmen were killed in this indiscriminate massacre

German casualties were heavier still. Having lost most of their officers ashore or aboard in the *Campbeltown* explosion, leaderless German soldiers imagined they saw British Commandos round every corner in the port area. A large number of workmen of the Organization Todt, who were employed in various jobs, joined in the general melee and were mown down by machine guns. Their khaki uniforms were mistaken for British battledress. Most of them were killed running across the railway lines and in the Penhouet neighborhood as they left work. Houses facing the Avenue de Penhouet were pockmarked with bullets and shell holes, and a heavy engagement was evidently fought here against the imaginary enemy. After dark, the German soldiers kept up the battle with themselves, returning each other's fire to good effect. In all, it is estimated that between three and four hundred Organization-Todt workmen and soldiers were killed.

The Germans closed the whole harbor area for the remainder of that week and they evacuated all the population of the Old Town.



Hilary St. George Saunders works at desk in the Houses of Parliament library where he is still assistant librarian. He has collaborated in the writing of 32 mystery stories.

Women at War! Pay Attention to Tampax

Internal sanitary protection makes work easier on "those days"



When your entire daily life is speeded up by war conditions, you will find Tampax a great help on such days . . . For Tampax is *worn internally*. It requires no belts, pins or pads. It is neither bulky nor bulgy and there is no odor . . . Think what this means to plant workers traveling in buses and to housewives on their feet early and late, giving their best to the war effort . . . Perfected by a doctor, Tampax is made of pure surgical cotton. Wearer does not feel it when in place. Cannot chafe. Easy disposal. Ask for "Tampax" at your drug store or notion counter; full instructions in package. Buy it before next month; have it ready. Tampax Incorporated, Palmer, Mass.

TO SHIELD YOUR EYES FROM HARMFUL HEAT YOU'LL FIND THAT COOL-RAY'S HARD TO BEAT!



You'll hardly believe how much comfort and protection you can get from sun glasses until you try *Cool-Ray*. Cool-Ray Sun Glasses give *3-way* eye protection . . . reduce excessive glare, and meet U.S. Army Air Force specifications for absorption of infra-red (heat) rays and ultra-violet (sunburn) rays. Scarce because we're filling needs of the Armed Forces, but you'll still find Cool-Ray in some stores . . . $1.95 up.



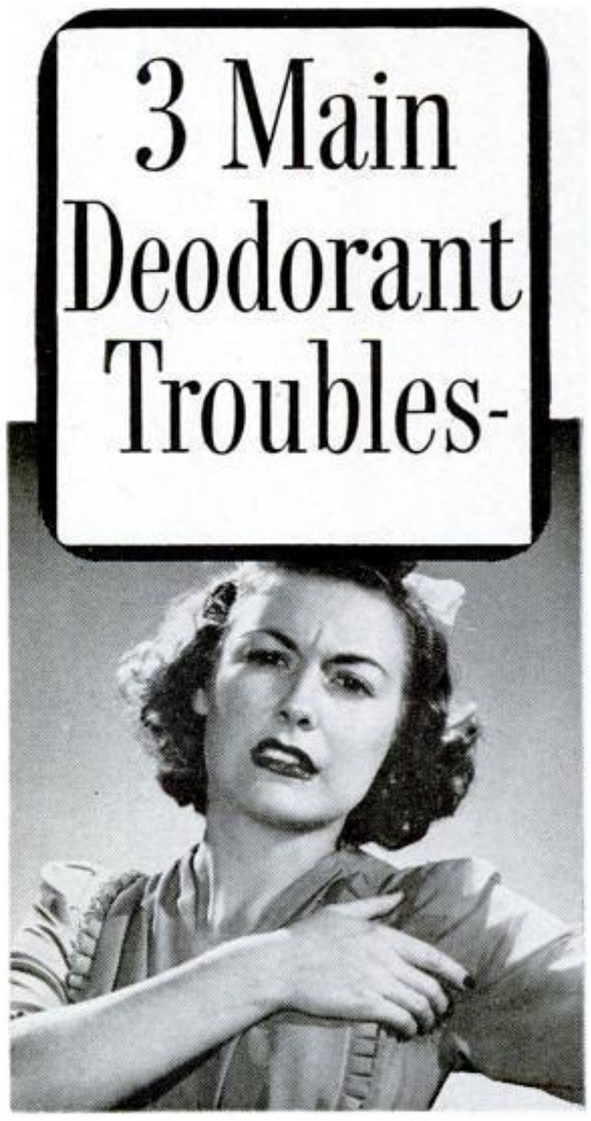
BEST UNDER THE SUN

COOL-RAY SUN GLASSES

American Optical COMPANY

SOUTHBRIDGE • MASSACHUSETTS

3 Main Deodorant Troubles-



"ARMPIT PIMPLES?"
(Due to irritating chemicals)



You don't need to offend your armpits to avoid offending others! A new-type deodorant —Yodora—is made entirely without irritating metallic salts! *Actually soothing* . . . Yodora can be used right after shaving.

CREAM GOES GRAINY?



Now you can end this waste! Yodora never dries, never grains. Stays smooth, creamy to the last.

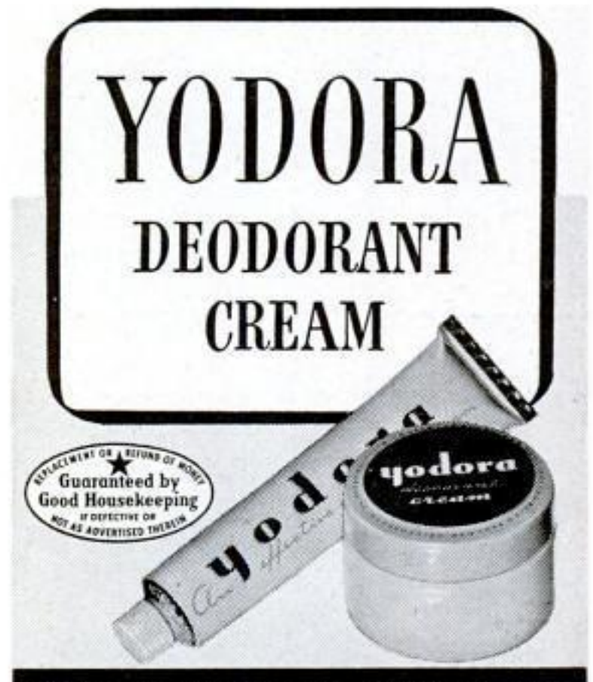
TOO STIFF TO SPREAD?



Such creams are outmoded forever by Yodora. Soft, delicate, exquisite—Yodora feels like whipped cream. Amazing—that such a fragrant, lovely cream can give such effective *powerful* protection.

Frankly, we believe you won't even finish your present supply of deodorant, once you try radically different Yodora. So much easier to apply! So much lovelier! Never fades or rots clothes. Yet you get powerful protection. Try Yodora today! In tubes or jars, 10¢, 30¢, 60¢. McKesson & Robbins, Inc., Bridgeport, Conn.

YODORA DEODORANT CREAM



"AND McKESSON MAKES IT"

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Life Goes to a Party



In the sunken garden, Jean Colleran, Peggy Lloyd (*see cover*) and Betty Jane Hess, clad in bathing suits, interpret the classic group pose of the *Three Graces*, statue at the left. The girls, who made their living as models before they came to Hollywood, were delighted at this chance to compare their modern charms with those of three late 18th Century Italian models.

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Life Calls on 16 Cover-Girls

They frolic in rented movie mansion

Like a mother bird hovering over her prized fledglings, Columbia Pictures is taking excellent care of the 16 New York models imported to Hollywood for the movie, *The Cover Girl* (LIFE, Jan. 18). The studio even found a superbly feathered nest for these starlets, renting the luxurious estate on Benedict Canyon Drive in Beverly Hills, occupied last winter by Publisher William Randolph Hearst.

This four-acre estate has a 20-room Spanish-type hacienda and all the expensive accessories which make a Hollywood house a dream come true. It is complete with tennis courts, swimming pool, gardens, bar and private projection room. The furnishings are lush and garish, with soft satins and glittering gold leaf everywhere. Each bedroom has a fireplace, mirrored bathroom (*right*). The master suite, in addition, has a sitting room. This unit, formerly occupied by Marion Davies' sister, is now used by model Anita Colby (*see below*) who acts as a combined housemother and major-domo for the bizarre establishment, which costs each girl only $75 a month for room and board.

As soon as the cover girls were settled, LIFE visited them to see how they liked being bounced on the lap of luxury. As the pictures on these and the following pages demonstrate, the girls are liking it fine.



KAREN GAYLORD WATCHES AS SUSANN SHAW DECORATES BUBBLE BATH WITHOUT WAVING A PHOTOGENIC LIMB IN AIR

Cover girls gather in the main living room attired in their frilliest formal evening clothes. They are about to go off as a group to party given by Cary Grant and his wife, the former Barbara Hutton. Standing in front of the fireplace are Anita Colby, who acts as "housemother" for the girls, and Susann Shaw. Over the fireplace is an oil painting of Marion Davies.



CONTINUED ON NEXT PAGE

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Pre-War Babies!



Blackie: "I'm glad we started maturing 8 years ago, Whitey."

Whitey: "So am I, Blackie—that makes us ready now to face the world."



Mature and ready—because Scotland had the foresight to accumulate a choice reserve of BLACK & WHITE—before the war began! That's why you can still enjoy the same fine, mellow, 8-year old BLACK & WHITE you've always appreciated. These **pre-war babies are still coming in!**

"BLACK & WHITE"

The Scotch with Character

BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY • 86.8 PROOF

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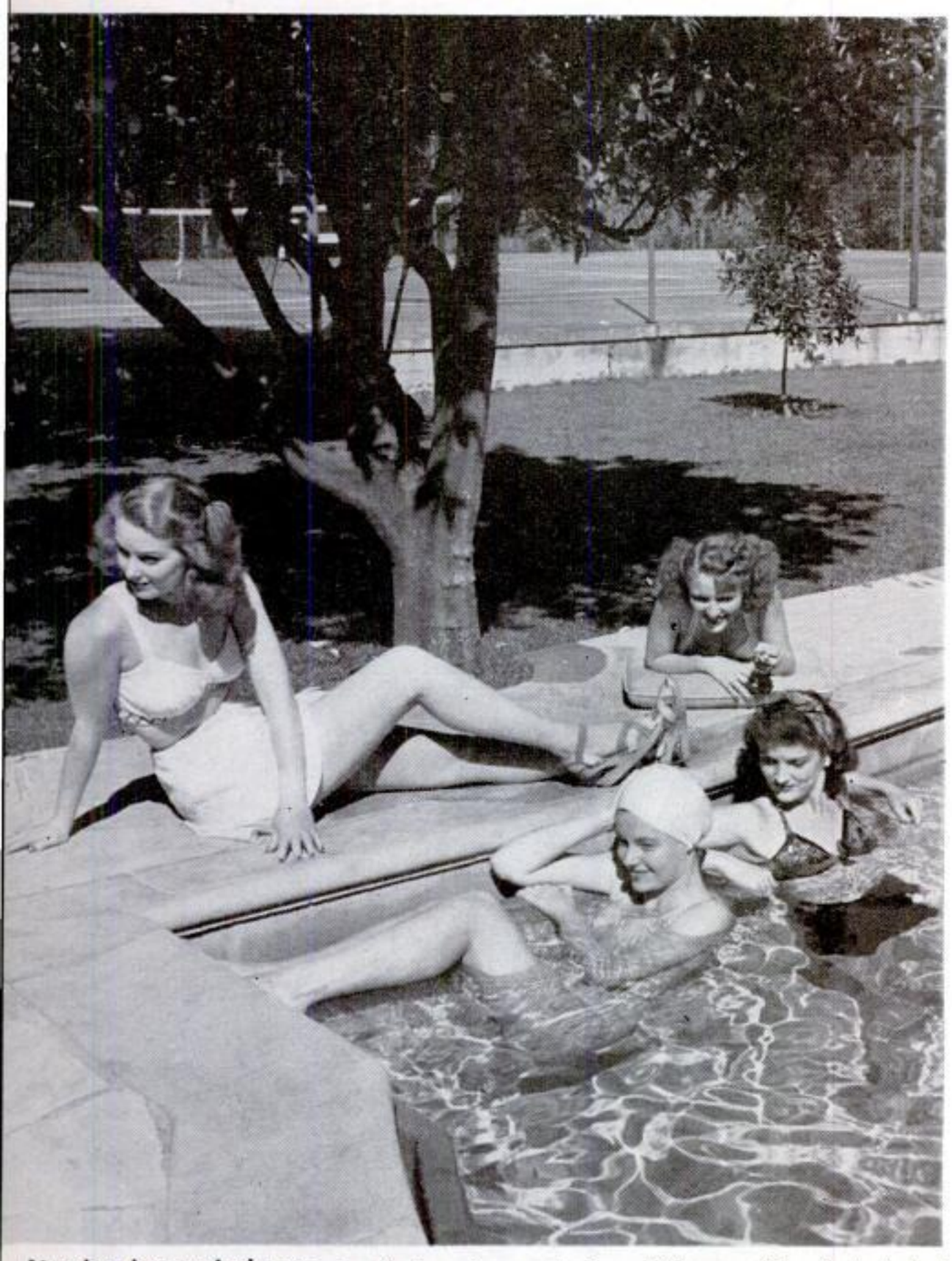


Pillow fighting in a lavish bedroom, Helen Mueller knocks Cecelia Meagher to floor. On other side of big bed Jean Colleran and Betty Jane Hess (*right*) threaten to let go.



In private projection room girls gaze soberly at a screening of the farcical *The More the Merrier* (LIFE, May 3). Since starlets are usually too tired after a day's work

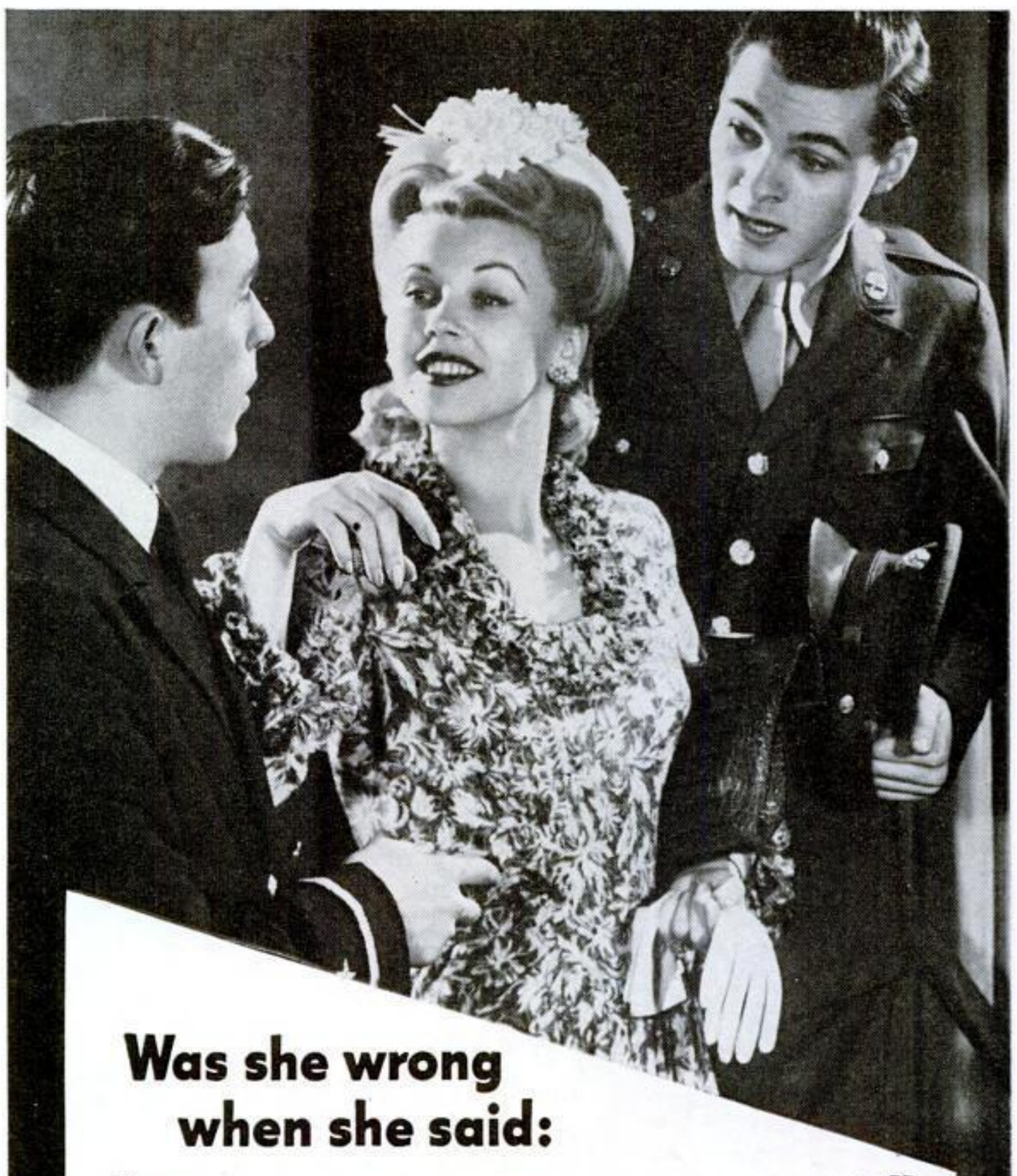
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At swimming-pool edge Martha Outlaw sits sunning herself. Susann Shaw is stretched on beach mattress, while Peggy Lloyd (*in cap*) and Helen Mueller relax in the water.



to go out in the evening, their studio (Columbia) sends over two films nightly with technicians to run them. The sleepy child in the front row is Cheryl Archer, aged 5.



Was she wrong when she said:

"Pleased to meet you!"

It's **Etiquet,** when introduced, to say: *"How do you do?"* Other phrases—such as "Pleased to meet you," "Glad to make your acquaintance," "Likewise, I'm sure"—are incorrect. Avoid embarrassment from such mistakes. And avoid embarrassment from under-arm perspiration and odor! Use Etiquet—the new *antiseptic* deodorant cream. More effective!* Works 5 ways!

Copyright, 1943, by Lehn & Fink Products Corp., Bloomfield, N. J.

It's **Etiquet** *that stops under-arm perspiration 1 to 3 days*

- **SAFELY STOPS** under-arm perspiration 1 to 3 days. Use twice a week or oftener.
- **SAFELY STOPS** under-arm perspiration odor 1 to 3 days. 24% more effective than other deodorant creams tested.*
- **SAVES ON CLOTHES.** Prevents clothes-stains, clothes-rot due to under-arm perspiration.
- **ANTISEPTIC.** Pure. Soothing. Not irritating to normal skin. Safe to use every day.
- **WORKS FAST.** Disappears from sight. Not greasy, not sticky. No need to rinse off. Dab on . . . dress . . . dash!

LOOK FOR THE BLUE-PLAID JAR AT TOILET GOODS COUNTERS. 10¢, 39¢.



Etiquet

Buy War Bonds and Stamps!

THE ANTISEPTIC DEODORANT CREAM

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BETTER PAMPER THOSE SHOES

Help keep 'em "young and lively" with SHINOLA WHITE—*stretch* each precious shoe ration coupon!

• Your smart white shoes are rationed now! That means, whether they're old or whether they're new, they'll have to *last*—so keep them fresh with Shinola White.

Just think—Shinola White actually helps to *"feed" the leather;* to keep it young, limber! Whitens beautifully—cleans as it whitens. *Safe,* too—no harsh alkalis to cause cracking. Spreads on easily—smoothly—even a child can do it. A pleasure to use!

Think of your shoes—and ask especially for creamy-fresh Shinola White today!

A Product of THE BEST FOODS, Inc.

In the Big Blue-and-White Package 10¢

SHINOLA WHITE

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

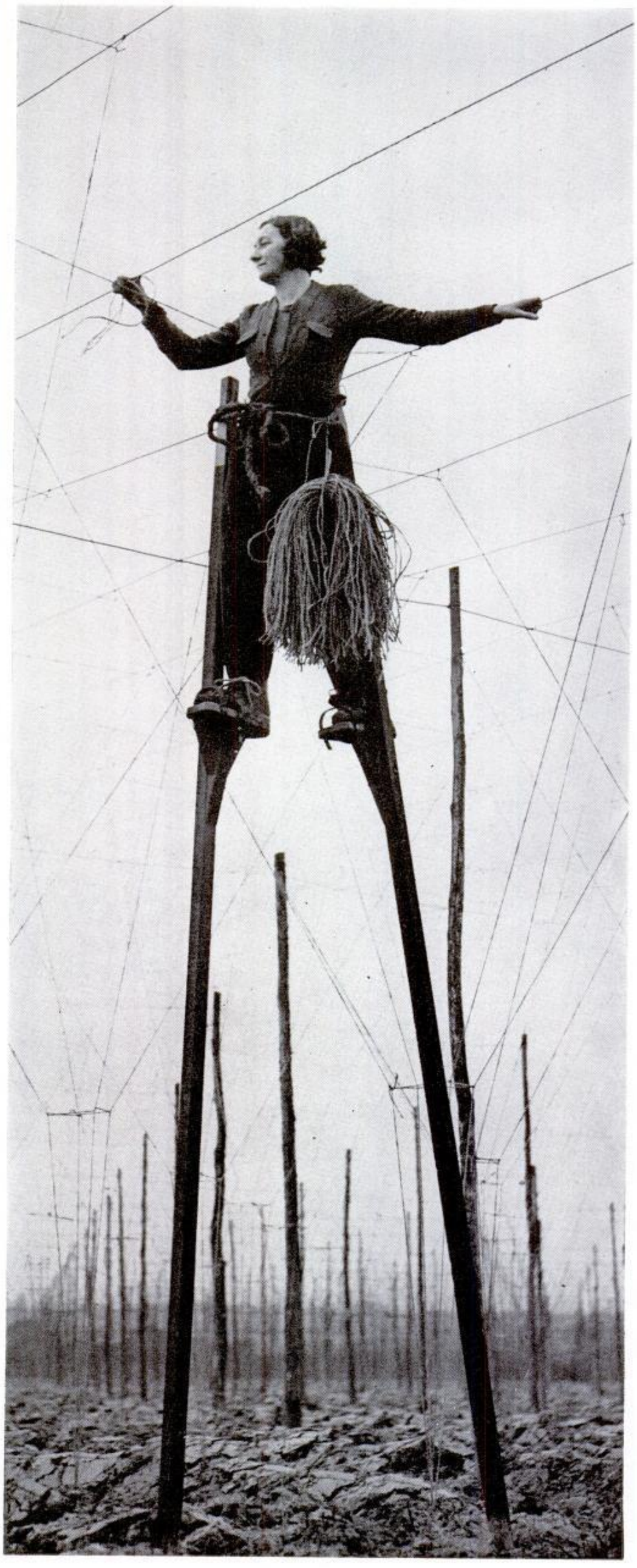
LONG-LEGGED LADY

Sirs

The use of stilts was among mankind's first attempts at an artificial transportation medium supplementing mere leg power. Over the marshy coastlands of western Europe stilts still provide almost the only possible kind of locomotion.

The picture I am enclosing shows another use to which they are being put to this day in the hop-growing regions of Kent, England. The intricate wireworks level with the woman's head support the strings along which the hopbines climb, and the job for which she needs stilts is that of tying the strings (note strands looped to her belt) to their supports. She will need them again in the autumn when the crisp cones, filled with purplish seeds, are ready for picking.

THOMAS KILDEW
Paddock Wood, Kent





Try this
HAMBURGER GRILL

It's the best chopped meat dish you ever ate! Shape chopped raw beef into patties. Then *pour*—and we mean that literally—French's Worcestershire over the meat. Allow the sauce to sink well into the meat, then place on griddle, and cook as you would plain hamburger. Delectable, *delicious*—a wonderful way to step up the flavor of wartime meat cuts.

EVERBEST
Preserves and Jellies

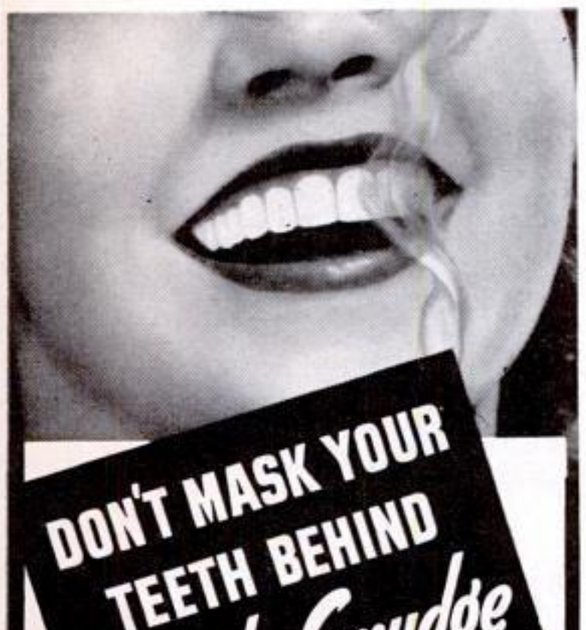
OLD FASHIONED TOMATO PRESERVES

This old-time conserve harks back to grandma's kitchen. To choice, red-cheeked tomatoes we add sugar, spices and lemon peel for a luscious melt-in-your-mouth spread. Pure delight on toast!

Please be patient if your grocer is temporarily out of EVERBEST PRODUCTS. Our armed forces must come first!

AMERICA'S ONLY RICE WITH ADDED VITAMIN B_1

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CHOOSE this POWDER or PASTE

● IODENT No. 2 is made especially for cleaning and polishing hard-to-bryten teeth. Enjoy its clean, refreshing taste. Made by a Dentist.

IODENT No. 1 FOR TEETH EASY TO BRYTEN

IODENT TOOTH PASTE • POWDER

IODENT No. 2 FOR TEETH HARD TO BRYTEN

★ *Buy still* **MORE** *war bonds* ★



Arch your brows to beauty!

● We know you'll understand if your favorite store can't supply you with the La Cross manicure implement of your choice. For the same skill that yesterday made La Cross implements America's finest, today goes into the making of vital surgical instruments for the armed forces.

No. 1027 Tweezers
Non-slip, non-tug—50¢

La Cross

AMERICA'S FINEST MANICURE IMPLEMENTS

Schnefel Bros. Corporation, Newark, N.J. • Est. 1903

Makes All-Day Standing Easy On Your Feet

If you are on your feet all day—walking the floor or standing in front of a machine — just sprinkle Allen's Foot-Ease on your feet and into your shoes every morning. This soothing powder really brings quick relief from the discomfort of tired, burning feet. When feet tend to swell and shoes feel pinched from all day standing, try Allen's Foot-Ease to relieve this congestion. Also acts to absorb excessive perspiration and prevent offensive foot odors. If you want real foot comfort, be sure to ask for Allen's Foot-Ease—the easy, simple way to all-day standing and walking comfort. At all druggists.

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS

(continued)

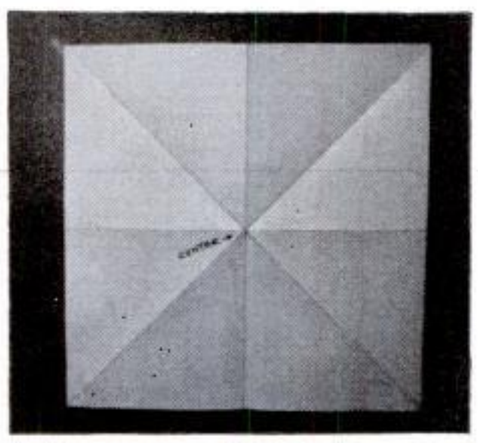
NONPRIORITY HOBBY

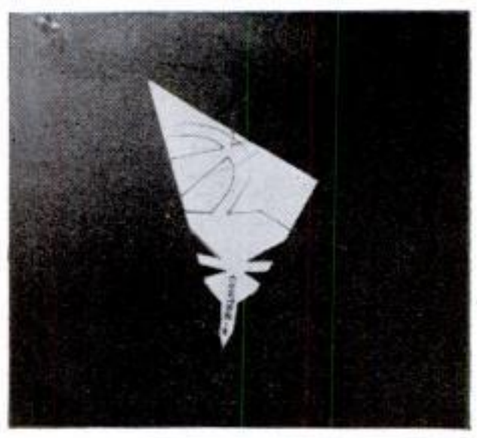
Sirs:

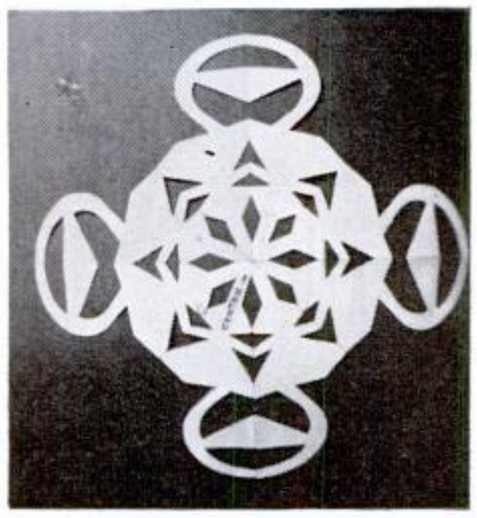
Much fun can be had with the simple tools of paper, pencil and scissors. Remember the paper cutouts of your childhood? I am enclosing some sophisticated versions of them, showing the production technique: find your center, fold through it, draw your pattern and cut. Fold paper over four times to get eight-sided pattern.

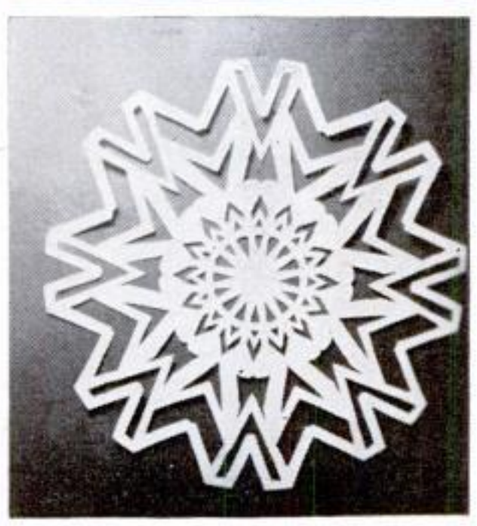
FRED HOROWITZ

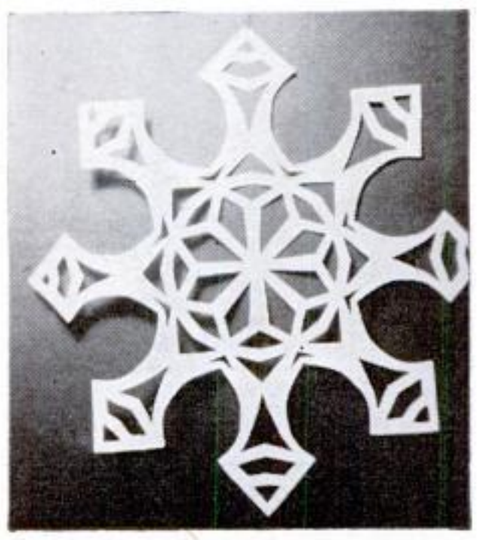
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Hardware stores
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GOOD PAINT + GUM TURPENTINE = THE BEST PAINT JOB

IT'S patriotic to paint. There is plenty of good paint to preserve and beautify American homes. For a long lasting paint job that "needs no excuses," thin paint with Gum Turpentine.

Avoid substitutes. Gum Turpentine is preferred by 9 out of 10 painting contractors and expert painters —the men who know paint best.

Gum Turpentine locks the paint to the surface and contributes to a tougher, longer wearing paint film.

Write for booklet, "1501 Painting Contractors Tell You How to Get The Best Paint Job." *AMERICAN TURPENTINE FARMERS ASSOCIATION COOPERATIVE,* 108-A W. Hill Ave., *Valdosta, Ga.*

Cleans and Preserves:
WOODWORK
FURNITURE
BATHTUBS
PAINT BRUSHES
METAL FIXTURES
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A clear mind for tomorrow's grind—



When the daily chore demands a change of scene . . . when a bit of wholesome recreation is needed to take the kinks out of underworked muscles and the fatigue out of an overworked brain—take along some Websters.

Rebuilding mental and physical vigor becomes really effective when achieved pleasurably . . . when you can enjoy the *fragrance, flavor* and *mellow-mildness* of one of today's foremost quality cigars—*WEBSTER.*

U. S. Revenue figures for the past five years show Webster having a

252.4% GREATER RATE OF GAIN *than the cigar industry's comparative brands as a whole.*

CERTIFIED 100% time-seasoned *long* Havana filler; select light-claro wrapper; superb craftsmanship.



Webster
Six distinctive modern shapes
12c to 30c
FIRST IN THE SOCIAL REGISTER

PICTURES TO THE EDITORS
(continued)

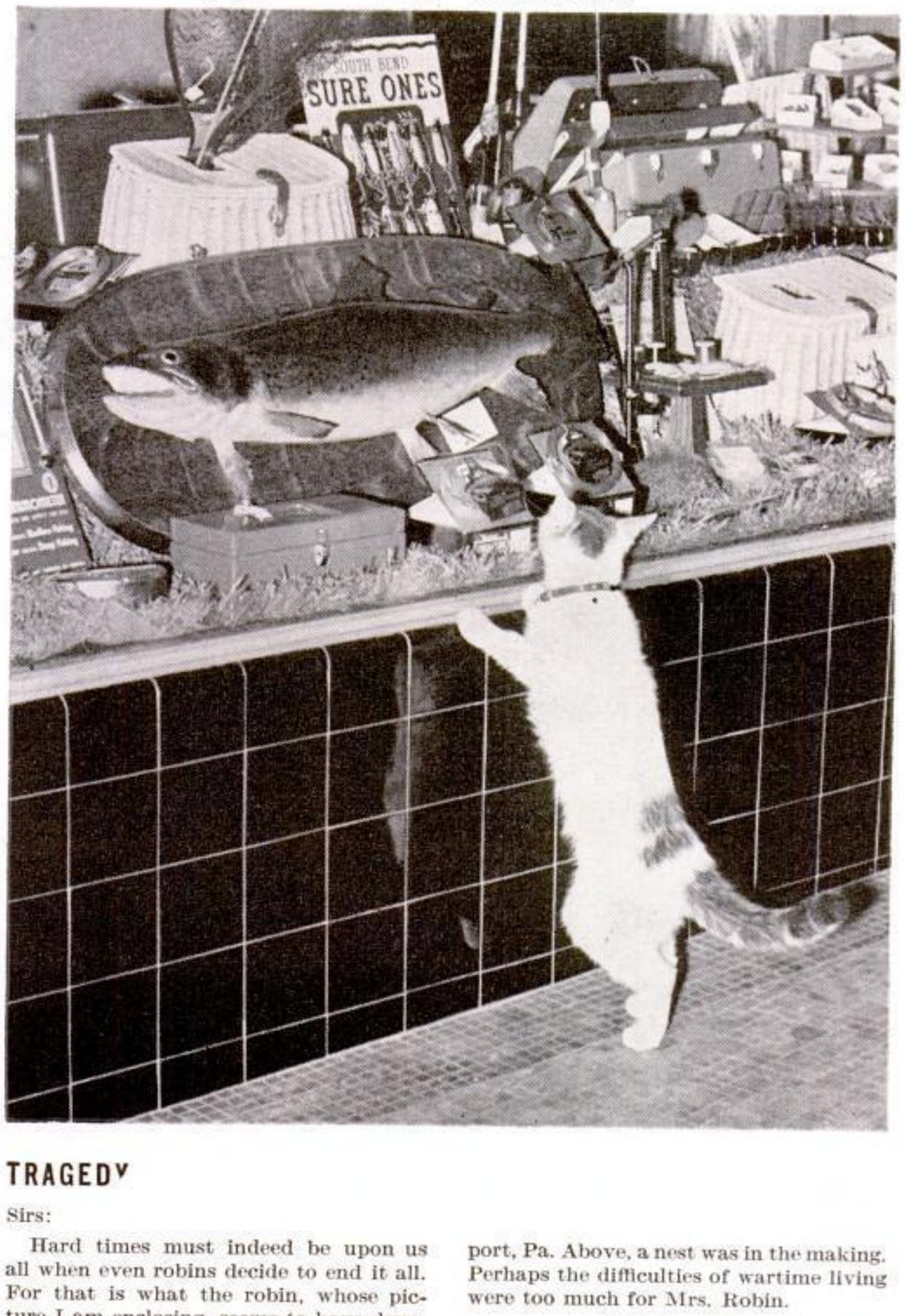
CAT FROM CATASAUQUA

Sirs:

One night about 10 o'clock I came across this cat staring through the window of a sporting-goods store at a prize stuffed trout. Luckily I had my camera and flashlight equipment with me and got this shot for my paper. It turned out the cat was a runaway from the nearby town of Catasauqua and the owner recognized and recovered it.

MILTON ROCKMAKER

Allentown, Pa.



TRAGEDY

Sirs:

Hard times must indeed be upon us all when even robins decide to end it all. For that is what the robin, whose picture I am enclosing, seems to have done. He was found, strangled in a string noose, swinging from a tree branch near Williamsport, Pa. Above, a nest was in the making. Perhaps the difficulties of wartime living were too much for Mrs. Robin.

PUTSEE VANNUCCI

Williamsport, Pa.



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BETTY HUTTON, playing in Paramount's "HAPPY GO LUCKY" a Technicolor Picture, talks the situation over with her pet canary.

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Wise Rhymes for These Times



1. Now look at Cuthbert Kangaroo;
He saves on gas and rubber too!
He never speeds. He'll always share.
He rotates tires and checks the air.

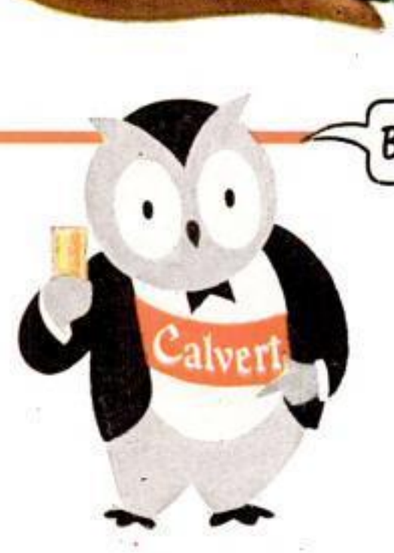


2. Kathleen, his wife, is just as wise.
She carries home the things she buys.
She plans her trips and finds it pays
To shop just once for many days!



3. Together they're a timely team—
A Happy Blend, a match supreme.
And so it is with CALVERT, too,
The whiskey that is matched for you.

4. For CALVERT Whiskey suits today—
A wiser blend in every way.
It's lighter, milder, smoother, *right*—
A Happy Blend for you tonight!



Clear Heads Choose **Calvert**

The whiskey with the "Happy Blending"



Calvert Distillers Corp., New York City. BLENDED WHISKEY Calvert "Reserve": 86.8 Proof—65% Grain Neutral Spirits . . . Calvert "Special": 86.8 Proof—60% Grain Neutral Spirits.

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"Old Belt"...Virginia tobacco painted from life by John Steuart Curry



...YES, LUCKY STRIKE MEANS FINE TOBACCO!

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